

HELL

AND

THE INFERNAL COMEDY



HELL

Per a Spirit-Message Therefrom
(Alleged)

BY

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER, A. B., A. M.,
Member of the Bar.

MEDIUM

Author of "Scorpio"—"Pieces of Eight"—"Jupiter Tonans," etc.

A Study in Graphic-Automatism

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INTRODUCTION.

The impulse to spiritualism given by the Great War and the appalling slaughter following in its train, induced the writer to follow the suggestion given in a review of "Hell"—found at the rear of this book—appearing in the San Francisco, California, *Chronicle*, August 6th, 1912—"Hell" having been written and sent to the reviewers in that year—whereas "The Infernal Comedy," its sequel, has only just been completed, as follows:

"A NEW VISION OF HELL.

NOT A BAD SORT OF PLACE AT ALL, ACCORDING TO MR. CHALONER.

It might be more reassuring for those interested in knowing what sort of a place is reserved for the wicked after death if John Armstrong Chaloner had been permitted to describe more than merely the Audience Chamber of his Satanic Majesty. The picture which he gives us of this room, with its walls of rubies, diamonds and sapphires, is attractive enough, yet doubt is allowed to linger as to the furnishings and other appurtenances of the living-rooms of the transient and permanent guests. * * * It is disappointing not to be told more about this interesting place. *The glimpse into the Audience Chamber, with Satan presiding and looking like Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power, cries out for another and completer picture.* But, perhaps Mr. Chaloner intends to give us this in time, even if he has to go there for it."

Upon this hint the writer spake, with the result that one hundred sonnets form Canto One of "The Infernal Comedy."

The interest of the Californian reviewer would be amply satisfied were he permitted to peruse said Canto One. But at present that satisfaction is denied him, for the reason that this work is brought out in Great Britain before being

submitted to the reviewers in the United States, for the reason that no such interest—as yet—in the other world exists in the latter country, as, for the reason stated above, is to be found in Great Britain today. Before the Great War is over there will be ample reason for American interest in the life beyond the grave—the writer fixing 1919 as the earliest possible date for the termination of the titanic struggle.

In conclusion. The writer is a member of the Church of England and a devout believer in all that Church's tenets. He does not, for one moment, doubt the Divine Wisdom displayed by the Founder of Christianity in dropping an impenetrable veil over the future life. When analysed, the two statements of Jesus Christ relative to Paradise are soul-sufficing. What could be stronger than: "Thou shalt be satisfied." And when—as though to gild refined gold and paint the lily—He adds: "It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him"—the measure is indeed "heaped up, pressed down, and running over."

At the same time, Mahomet—beyond the shadow of a doubt—added something to his schedule of salvation, which carried more weight with it—by way of overcoming the natural dread and horror of death—than did the Founder of Christianity.

This is said in the most reverent spirit. This is said in a spirit of the most humble approbation for the attitude assumed by Jesus Christ in that regard—an attitude commensurate in hopelessness of penetration with the awful pall hung in the Old Testament before Jehovah—commensurate with "The ways of God are past finding out." And the writer would shrink from even allegedly, even hypothetically lifting even the remotest fringe of a veil specifically set in place by Jesus Christ. But since the alleged revelations—in "Hell" and "The Infernal Comedy"—of the delights—as well as the terrific and soul-chilling tortures of the "Place of departed Spirits"—of Hell, in a word—rouse an interest—to put it somewhat mildly—in the heart of a man who understands the meaning of the word love, as well as the meaning of the word war—and therefore do something commen-

surate—to say the least—with what the Koran did in the hearts of the millions of its devoted followers—the writer launches “Hell” and “The Infernal Comedy” for what it is worth—upon the troublous sea of literature.

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER,

“The Merry Mills,”

Cobham,

Albemarle County,

Virginia.

May 28, 1917.

DEDICATION.

The names of: Dante Alighieri, author of "The Divine Comedy," containing the "Inferno" (1265-1321); John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost" (1608-1674); and John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress" (1628-1688); are here printed, as the undersigned's illustrious predecessors in this dread domain.

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER.

FOREWORD

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER GIVES VIEWS TO
THE PRESS.

Talks With "Spirits" on Hades.

(Washington Post, August 5, 1912.)

"All dead game sports enjoy it in hell."—Message to John Armstrong Chaloner, dated Hell, Tuesday, 6:22 A. M. July 31, 1912.

John Armstrong Chaloner, in the presence of a number of representatives of the press, who met him by invitation at Alexandria, Virginia, went into an interesting discussion of his psychological researches, and read to his audience an interview which he said he had had at "Merry Mills" recently through his "subconsciousness" with an old friend, who, according to his chat with the spirit world, is now sojourning in Hades. Mr. Chaloner calls his subconsciousness his "X-Faculty," and stated while in communication with the other side he lies on his back in the dark, with a pad and pencil convenient, and as soon as he is in communication with "the decedent" an unknown force—as is the case with "Planchette"—guides his hand.

Before reading his interview with his departed friend Mr. Chaloner declared that he did not believe a "d—d word of it." He stated, however, that several years ago he became aware of the existence of this subconscious faculty, and believed that some one had a message for him. At that time, he said, he was too busy with his legal matters and thought no more of it until recently, when he made several efforts to renew the contact, finally meeting with success.

VERY MUCH LIKE NAPOLEON.

Mr. Chaloner gave a graphic description of his entry into the semihypnotic state, and said that he gasped for fully five minutes, meanwhile, he had been told, his features taking on a striking likeness of Napoleon. Mr. Chaloner gave the name of his old friend, and stated that he was a noncommissioned officer in the Confederate navy. He said they had been members of the same clubs in New York and a strong friendship had existed between them, though the other was many years older than himself, dying at the age of 80.

Through his "X-Faculty," and "automatic writing," Mr. Chaloner received from his friend a most encouraging report of the hereafter, though to a spiritualist who was present he declared that he did not believe in spiritualism. "I am an Episcopalian," he said. "I believe in a future state, but I don't know anything about it."

Mr. Chaloner arrived at his appointment promptly at 4 o'clock and announced his name, though he was easily recognized. He wore a blue serge suit, white stock, with a pearl scarf pin, tan shoes, and a short tan overcoat. As soon as he had counted noses and asked what papers were represented, he removed his overcoat, which he placed over his knees and feet, saying that his feet sometimes got cold, but that he never got "cold feet."

AUTHOR HAS VISION.

"A fiery throne." Upon said throne sits Satan. His features are precisely those of Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power. In height he is considerably taller, but yet under 6 feet, and regarding weight there is no surplusage of flesh. He is dressed in the costume of Michaelangelo's statue, "The Thinker."

The Hall of Audience (Hell) is an immense apartment, so huge as to be practically incomprehensible to mortal ideas of architecture. It is miles long, miles wide, and miles high. The hall is of rubies, and they are of the size of ordinary building bricks, and of the luster and fire of rubies known as "pigeon blood." In place of mortar, binding the

bricks and making a white line, we have diamonds as large as your thumb nail, and of the purest water. To soften and enrich the fiery effect of such splendor, the diamond line is broken every few inches by several inches of sapphires, as blue as the Mediterranean. The floor is of marble, that has the marvelous quality of being capable of taking on the tone of whatever stands upon it, or is reflected upon it, or flies over it. If a cherubim flies over the floor, the marble at once becomes tinged with blood. The roof is of crystal, so pure that the eye can pierce it as if it were plate glass."—John Armstrong Chaloner's description of hell, as recorded by his "subconscious mind," as announced yesterday.

*John Armstrong Chaloner Gives Interview and Describes
Reception Room of His Satanic Majesty.*

(Washington Herald, August 5, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner, former husband of Amelie Rives and brother of Sheriff Bob Chanler, who married Lina Cavalieri, disclosed yesterday a message that he says he has received from the other world.

The message brings news of the physical characteristics of his Satanic majesty and a description of Hades that at least has the merit of being unique. The message received by Chaloner comes, he insists, from Thomas Jefferson Miller, a former Confederate officer, and member of the Manhattan Club of New York City.

Chaloner summoned the newspaper correspondents across to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

"Last month," said the former husband of Amelie Rives, the novelist, "I picked up a copy of an English illustrated paper and saw therein an account of a supposed spirit communication with W. T. Stead, who went down on the Titanic. The statement, while essentially puerile, attracted my attention because the late Prof. William James had informed me at one time that I was a medium, although I do not believe in spiritualism."

MESSAGE FROM HELL.

Chaloner went on to say that he had summoned his art of "graphic automatism," and had managed to get in touch with the spirit of Thomas Jefferson Miller, with whom he had been friendly when Miller was of this world.

"This," said Chaloner, was last Tuesday evening, "Miller, or whatever force it was, immediately replied through my hand and wrote a lengthy statement, answering my queries and giving much information in regard to his present abode, which he said was Hell, temporarily."

Here the brother-in-law of Lina Cavalieri read a sixteen-page typewritten statement, giving in full the interview with the disembodied spirit. It took eight hours for him to transcribe the message, with short intervals for food and sleep. It was mighty exhausting business.

According to the message that Chaloner gives to the world, Hell was a very bearable place and one which everybody must pass through. Miller admitted to his former friend that he had been bad enough on earth to merit more punishment than he had received, but considered that his relief was probably due to the fact that he had had "his share of Hell on earth, being a New Yorker with social standing and no money."

SATAN RESEMBLES NAPOLEON.

The message handed out by Chaloner describes Satan as a man of medium height, whose face is that of Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power, and whose habiliments were those of Michaelangelo's statue, "The Thinker." His Satanic Majesty was seated on a throne in the center of an immense audience chamber.

"The walls of this audience chamber," says the message recorded, "are of rubies. The rubies are the size of ordinary building bricks, and of the luster and fire of rubies known as pigeon blood. In place of mortar binding the bricks and making a white line, we here have diamonds as large as your thumb nail and of the purest water. To soften and enrich the fiery effect of such splendor, the diamond line is broken

every few inches by several inches of sapphires, as blue as the Mediterranean. The floor of the hall is of marble, that has the marvelous quality of being capable of taking on the color of whatever stands upon or flies over it. Thus, if a cherubim flies over the floor space, the marble at once becomes tinged with red. If, on the other hand, a seraphim crosses the space, the marble at once becomes of a cerulean blue, like an Italian sky. The marble takes on these colors from the armor and vestments of the mighty angels, which are scarlet and blue, respectively."

BLOODHOUNDS SPOIL DREAM.

At this point, the message was interrupted by the baying of Mr. Chaloner's bloodhounds outside, who, he thinks, sensed the subconscious communication. However, the roof, Chaloner learned, is of crystal, so pure that the eye can pierce it.

At the end of the message, Chaloner himself records the following notes: "Knocked off for breakfast. Bread and water."

Mr. Chaloner anticipated his coming from near Cobham, Va., by writing a letter to the Washington correspondents and others, in which he told them of a conversation he had held with Miller, who had spoken to him in the early hours of the morning of July 31st last, from Hell, and of conversations which they had had in the Manhattan Club. This, he said, had convinced him that he could communicate with the dead while in a "Napoleonic" death trance.

CHALONER READS STATEMENT.

This statement was read by Mr. Chaloner, and was a most remarkable affair. It embraced twelve and a fraction typewritten pages. Mr. Chaloner stated that he wrote it in long hand while in a state of subconsciousness. He declared that "he did not believe a damn word of it," after he had completed its reading.

Arriving at the office of the Alexandria Gazette building at a few minutes after 4 o'clock, Mr. Chaloner took exactly two hours and twenty minutes to tell his story to the scribes.

The story of his alleged conversation with a deceased friend while in a state of subconsciousness was related after he had gotten through his other talk.

WEARS PLAIN CLOTHES.

As soon as Mr. Chaloner reached the office in a carriage from the union railway station, he entered and announced himself.

Mr. Chaloner talked with vim and at times he emphasized his remarks upon his auditors by clapping his hands together.

Mr. Chaloner, for a millionaire, was not clad very pompously, wearing but plain clothing. He wore a blue serge coat and waistcoat, and dark trousers, and carried with him a light overcoat with velvet collar, and he also had rubbers in a small suit case, the latter containing books which he has written. The nature of some of these books was explained by him during the course of the interview.

In addition to the newspaper men was Prof. Helmut P. Holler, President of the Washington Psychological Society, who had a conference with Mr. Chaloner. At the conclusion of his interview Mr. Chaloner left for Richmond.

CHALONER'S DESCRIPTION OF HELL.

"The walls are of rubies of the size of ordinary building bricks, and of the luster and fire of rubies known as pigeon blood. In place of mortar binding the bricks and making a white line, we have diamonds as large as your thumb-nail and of the purest water. To soften and enrich the fiery effect of such splendor the diamond line is broken every few inches by sapphires as blue as the Mediterranean. The floor of the hall is of marble that has the marvelous quality of being capable of taking on color of whatever stands upon or flies over it. Thus, if a cherubim flies over the floor space, the marble at once becomes tinged with red. If, on the other hand, a seraphim crosses the space, the marble at once becomes of a cerulean blue, like an Italian sky. The marble takes on the colors from the armor and vestments of the mighty angels, which are scarlet and blue, respectively."

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER MEETS NEWS- PAPER MEN.

(Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, August 5, 1912.)

Alexandria, Va., August 4.—Coming here to-day for the special purpose of making a statement to newspaper men, a number of whom came from Washington and elsewhere, to meet him, John Armstrong Chaloner, of Merry Mills, who had anticipated his coming by writing a letter to the Washington correspondents and others, told them of a conversation he had held with a deceased New York friend, who had spoken to him in the early hours of the morning of July 31 last from hell and who had recalled certain conversations they had had in the Manhattan Club. This, he said, had convinced him that he could communicate with the dead while in a "Napoleonic death trance." He graphically described his apparent death struggles while in his "sub-conscious trance," in which he assumed the lifelike features of Napoleon Bonaparte.

HELL BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE.

Alexandria, Va., August 4.—Hell isn't a half bad place, according to a friend of John Armstrong Chaloner. This friend, long a resident of the region which Dante once so graphically described, has now supplemented the observations of the famous Florentine poet and brought Hell data strictly down to date in a spirit message to Mr. Chaloner, which the latter received by the subconsciousness, which is one of his claims to distinction.

While Hell was Hell for a time, the friend of the author says he has "paid the piper" and is now free from torment. Mr. Chaloner prefaced his remarks with a statement that he "didn't believe a d—d word of it." Satan, according to the spirit message, resembles Napoleon in personal appearance and holds his court in an audience room "miles long, miles wide and miles high, built of rubies the size of ordinary building bricks."

COPY OF LETTER

ADDRESSED TO A SCORE OR SO OF THE MEMBERS
OF THE PRESS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Release by wire.

"The Merry Mills."

Cobham,

Virginia.

August 2, 1912.

DEAR SIR:

On the 25th of last month I happened to pick up an "Illustrated London News" of June 15th last, and saw under the headline "Science Jottings," by Andrew Wilson, an article concerning reputed—to cite—"So-called spiritualistic communications purporting to emanate from the late Mr. W. T. Stead, who perished on the 'Titanic.' The result, as usual has been *nil*. What has been done is that certain 'mediums' professed to put themselves in communication with the deceased journalist. In their supposed trance-state they assert that they received messages from him. Anything more puerile than the supposed communications it has never been my lot to peruse. Mr. Stead is reported to have told his friends that he was quite free, but not yet attuned to the easy and perfect sendings of messages. Later on it was hoped things would improve in this respect. It is tolerably certain the vast bulk of us have not so far lost our grip of common-sense as to accept such rubbish as evidence of another world's existence. *Has there ever been sent or given a 'spirit-message' which has laid before mankind any great fact or truth connected with the hereafter? Has any 'spirit' revealed to us what all of us are devoutly anxious to know something definite about—namely, the nature of that after-state of being which forms so prominent a feature of the Christian faith? You have ignorant persons posing as 'mediums' publishing forth their ability to communicate with the spirits of those*

who have gone before, and making a travesty of certain of the most sacred of our emotions and beliefs. Well may a writer in scathing terms speak of these people to whom death has no sacredness, and who treat the great mysteries of the universe as if they were trivialities of the first order: 'But when we come to real instruction, reliable information, or profitable or valuable knowledge, Spiritualism is as barren as Sahara, as empty as a hollow gourd.' We are reminded of the Mrs. Pipers, and other mediums whose performances, wonderful certainly, are still enveloped in a kind of mental fog. At the very best, I repeat, neither Mrs. Piper nor any other medium has ever shed any light on any of the great problems of the after-state, such as humanity has day by day to face." (Signed) Andrew Wilson.

As far back as October 10th, 1901, Professor William James, of Harvard, (now deceased), pronounced me a medium, and went on to say. "but whereas most mediums promptly adopt the theory current in spiritualistic circles, Mr. Chaloner prepossessed against that hypothesis, appears to have set to work systematically, and, as would appear from his narrative" (by which "narrative" is meant a letter from me together with certain specimens of graphic automatism—automatic writing—made by me in a trance-like state, and submitted to him by mail for his opinion on said trance-writings) "critically, to explore them and determine their significance for himself. In this attempt he seems to me to deserve nothing but praise. Psychology would be more advanced, were there more subjects of Automatism (mediumship) ready to explore carefully their eccentric faculty."

Since Professor James, who, by the way, besides being Professor of Psychology at Harvard, was also a member of the medical profession—having taken his M. D. degree at Harvard in 1870—practically discovered Mrs. Piper, the well-known medium aforesaid, of Boston, and also discovered your humble servant as a medium—*who doesn't believe in Spiritualism, however*,—as shown above, and since so well known a scientific writer as Andrew Wilson, who for years has handled the scientific column for so great a paper as the "Illustrated London News" speaks favorably of said Mrs. Piper as

a medium, therefore it is not a far cry to infer that I am "some punkins" of a medium myself—to put it somewhat jocularly. Such being the case it occurred to me—after reading said article in the "Illustrated London News"—that it might not be a bad idea to follow up a lead I had got from my "X-Faculty"—my term for the Sub-consciousness—some years ago, when experimenting in Experimental Psychology by means of Vocal Automatism. Said lead or tip was nothing less than an alleged "spirit-message," as Andrew Wilson calls it in said article, from a deceased friend of mine, who had died a few years previously. Said "spirit-message" was startling to a degree; and left strictly *nothing* to be desired regarding an alleged revelation of life beyond the grave. Said deceased friend was about 80 years old at the time of his demise and a prominent member, at said time, of a prominent New York Club. He was my oldest and best friend. I had never suggested his communicating with me in the event of his death before mine for the excellent reason that I did not think such a thing possible.

Imagine then my surprise upon receiving per Vocal Automatism, while in a trance-like state—in which state I have for over fifteen years carried on my investigations in Experimental Psychology—imagine my surprise upon getting a so-to-speak wireless message from *Hell!* For that was where my friend said he was at said time.

I shall not attempt to picture my surprise; let it suffice to say that my scientific curiosity was piqued.

Mr. Miller, for that is his name, went on to say that he knew that I wouldn't believe him, but that, nevertheless, he was in Hell, and had had rather a warm time of it for some years past—to put it rather mildly—that the orthodox claims about Hell are strictly accurate and minutely correct—except that said claims fail to give a proper estimate of the heat and torture in vogue down there. He concluded by saying that his head was bandaged—at said time of communication—from the wounds he had received at his torture. That he was thankful to say he had "paid the piper" during the years of agony he had spent in Hell, and was now free for all time from torment.

At said time I was engrossed in legal work, and did not

have time to repeat said experiment in Experimental Psychology. I left it alone for years. Not till a few days ago when I read said article by Andrew Wilson did it again occur to me to resume the experiment.

Andrew Wilson's article proves that there is a public international demand for such an experiment as I proposed with the alleged spirit of the deceased Mr. Miller.

I, therefore, a few hours ago, attempted to reopen communication with Mr. Miller. This time, since Vocal Automatism is much more fatiguing to operate than Graphic Automatism—I decided to employ the latter ; and as a result, have about sixteen pages of legal cap filled with automatic writing from the alleged spirit of my departed friend.

I propose to let you, and the other Members of the Press of Washington, not all, by any means, but a selected group, see the first page of above automatic writing, and have as much of the typed contents of said sixteen-page alleged communication from Hell—about ten pages of typewriting—as you care to take down, as I read it off from my signed typed statement, at seven o'clock next Sunday, the 4th August, at Fleischmann's Hotel, Alexandria.

Very truly yours,

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER.

P. S.—In putting “release by wire,” at the top of this letter, I mean that you gentlemen may release the story upon seeing me at seven next Sunday evening.

HELL

CHAPTER I

THE CALL OF HELL

(Richmond *Virginian*, August 12, 1912.)

CHALONER TAKES TRIP INTO HADES, TALKS
TO FRIEND.

*While in Mediumistic Trance Receives Message From
World Beyond.*

HE, HIMSELF, DOES NOT BELIEVE A WORD.

*Warned by Friend Against Scoffing, He Gives it Out for
What it is Worth.*

With the sensational announcement that he had recently held converse with the spirit of a departed friend, now in Hell, and that he was prepared to give to the world some insight into the conditions existing in that unknown realm, John Armstrong Chaloner yesterday gave to the *Virginian* the prepared interview with which he startled the coterie of newspaper men whom he had invited to meet him yesterday afternoon at Alexandria in order that he might outline the nature of the campaign to which he proposes to devote his life and fortune.

Mr. Chaloner very gravely sprang the unexpected sensation. The alleged message from the spirit world was transmitted by automatism to him while in an involuntary mediumistic trance a few nights ago. The spirit which established communication with him was that of Thomas Jefferson Miller, once a non-commissioned officer in the Confederate

navy, a member of the Manhattan Club, New York, and a personal and club friend of Mr. Chaloner.

Mr. Chaloner explained that he was an "O. K. medium," so pronounced by the late Professor James and others, and at the same time he was an unbeliever in and a scoffer at spiritualism; in short, that his sub-consciousness, or X-Faculty, as he terms it—held communication with spirits against his will. He said that the spirit of his old friend Miller had held converse with him five years ago, and he took no notes of the message because of his absolute lack of faith in spiritualism. He has no more faith now than he had then, but he stated his belief that the "alleged spirit message," as he termed it, should be given to the world on its merits.

DOESN'T BELIEVE IT.

Mr. Chaloner vigorously impressed two points—first that "he didn't believe a d—d word of it," himself, second that he did not invent the communication consciously. He declared that the message from the spirit of Miller was transmitted to him as he lay in a sub-conscious state in his bedroom at "Merry Mills" the night of July 31st. With a pencil in his hand—as is the case with "Planchette"—guided by unknown, unseen forces, his own hand wrote, without his conscious direction, the communication on an ordinary yellow tablet as his decedent friend, Miller, dictated it. He lay in this trance, or sub-conscious state, for a period, with some intermissions, covering the night of July 31st and the greater part of the next day, the mysterious power guiding his hand, dictating through him to the world the decedent's message.

"I want you to understand—and my veracity has never been called into question—that I did not invent this yarn consciously, nor do I believe a d—d word of it. I do believe that my sub-conscious self, my X-Faculty, did invent it in the guise of the spirit of Miller."

Mr. Chaloner then read to the gasping correspondents the alleged spirit message from his late friend, Miller. The message in full, follows, the paragraphs in parenthesis representing the remarks of Chaloner, and those not in parenthesis being the conversation of the spirit:

THE MESSAGE.

"The Merry Mills."

Tuesday, 6:22 P. M.

(My bedroom).

7-30-'12.

(I should like to communicate with the alleged spirit of Thomas Jefferson Miller if the same is possible and permitted).

(X-Faculty).

You are not to begin this until dark.

(X-Faculty).

3:14 A. M.

You are to begin the inquiry

7-31-'12.

into the state of the departed.

7-30-'12 (N).†

You are to ask Thomas Jefferson Miller to speak to you through your X-Faculty.

(Many thanks).

(Uncle Tom, I should like to speak to you if same is possible and permitted.)

Hell

My dear boy, you don't

3:14 A. M.

know how happy I am

7-31-'12.

that the hour has at last struck in which I am permitted by his Satanic Majesty—

(For God's sake!)

You may well exclaim, I repeat, by his Satanic Majesty, to lift a corner of the veil which separates the living from the dead. Before going further I shall briefly recapitulate our last conversation of some years ago after supper in your dining room here by means of vocal automatism. I, using your vocal organs—that is to say—in order to speak to you. You remember?

(Perfectly.)

But you were so engrossed in legal work at the time and so skeptical as to my veracity—not being a spiritualist—that the episode made no impression to speak of on your overburdened mind. You will recall that I had just emerged from torture. That is to say that I informed you that I was bandaged as to my head, for instance, on account of the wounds I had received during my torture. I then briefly told you that the New Testament was literally and absolutely true:

†Night.

That there is a hereafter; that Jesus Christ was not lying when He spoke of hell fire; and that the Roman Catholic church is correct in its statement that there is a Purgatory. I then went on to say that I have had a very mild torture compared to many other persons in my walk of life; largely because I happened to be a truthful and moderately honest man by nature, and also largely because I had my share of hell while on earth in being a New Yorker of social standing, but no money; no profession—in times of peace, at least—and being ever since you knew me in 1887 an old grayheaded man. You will remember also that I hinted at a state of affairs below decks—as we said in the navy—that was marvellously interesting, unutterably lovely, but unspeakably terrible, awful and Hellish.

(Perfectly.)

I started to sketch my experience, but you grew tired at the strain on your scientific credulity, got sleepy, and bid me good night.

(Yes.)

STILL INCREDULOUS.

Well, my dear boy, you are still quite as incredulous, but since I now employ automatic writing, for the first time, by the way, as the means of communicating, the strain on your nerves is so much less than under the trance-like state in which vocal automatism is possible that I have no fear of your growing sleepy to-night, especially as the night is young.

(Pray have no fear, my dear Uncle Tom, if Uncle Tom you are, which I'm d—d if I believe, pray have no fear of my sleepiness to-night. For skeptical as I am, I am for years a student of experimental psychology, and as such am always interested in the performances with the pencil of what the late Professor William James termed—if I remember rightly—my "eccentric faculty." Therefore proceed, my dear Uncle Tom.)

I like your fine airs, my dear Archie (Chaloner), but I'll ruffle that smooth spirit of your's slightly or my name's not Thomas Jefferson Miller, before I've done communicating with you to-night.

(I doubt it, Uncle Tom, I doubt it. It takes the Hell of a lot to ruffle my spirit after fifteen years of Hell on earth at the hands of the New York courts, State and National.)

Admitted, my dear Archie, but ruffle it I shall. So here goes. I shall preface my play with a curtain raiser to protect you and myself from the ribald comments of a more or less vulgar and damnably wicked and dull world.

(Pray proceed.)

The first thought that would enter the head of the average mortal on perusing these pages would be something like this: "What on earth is this I see. On what grounds does John Armstrong Chaloner claim—or allow rather his sub-consciousness to claim—that he, above all men now living or that ever have lived, is the repository of a secret the whole world has been baffled at unearthing?" To which I now reply. (1) You are a medium on the say-so of no less a personage than the late Professor William James. (2) Professor James went on to say that you were opposed to a belief in spiritualism. (3) So much for your being physically attuned to catch the so-to-speak wireless message from the Beyond. Now for other reasons. You have injured no man or woman you ever knew or didn't know. Your reputation in your bailiwick of Albemarle county, Va., as well as Halifax county, N. C., and particularly the manufacturing town you were instrumental in building, namely, Roanoke Rapids, in that county, is to befriend the friendless.

(You are becoming somewhat flattering, my dear Uncle Tom, and as such I doubt you even stronger than before.)

MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

Let it go at that, Archie, but give ear, my boy, give ear. Briefly I shall conclude why you are allowed what no human being of either sex has ever been allowed before. You are a martyr to science, to the science of Psychology, and have been for fifteen years since March 13th last.

(Well, what of it? There have been martyrs to science by the score, and not one of them has had such a palpable "frame-up" "put across" at him as your preposterous proposition that you are about to afford me a peep at Hell.)

Admitted. But, you see, Archie, that said other scientists were not martyrs to a science which dealt with Psychology and all that misunderstood word implies. Psychology means the study of the soul as the Greeks who invented the study taught—as Socrates, Pythagoras and Plato for instance. Hence your martyrdom will bear the peculiar fruit of knowledge that has been hidden from the world from the creation thereof, because you had the ineffable fortune to be first born a medium, second educated an Episcopalian, and third, trained as a scientist; after having been trained as a Bachelor and Master of Arts and member of the bar.

(I hope, my dear Uncle Tom, that you will cut the above short by raising the curtain on Hell.)

I shall. As I began, his Satanic Majesty has been graciously pleased to permit me to communicate with you to-night. I am permitted to exercise what you are pleased to term your X-Faculty or unknown faculty of the mind to practically an unlimited extent in a strictly limited sphere of information. By which I mean that the subject is so vast and the spheres of information so various that although I may and can touch on several spheres of information, I am limited to them and they—in comparison with the number of said spheres—constitute a limited sphere. I shall plunge in *medias res* as Julius Caesar hath it. I shall conduct you to the Hall of Audience. By this I mean that I myself shall at once be there and from there report to you all I see and hear.

TALK UP TO MILTON.

(Now, my dear Uncle Tom, you *are* talking. Talk up to Milton's Satan throned in Hell—"High on a throne of royal state which far, outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, or where the gorgeous East with lavish hand showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold, Satan exalted sat, by merit raised to that bad eminence"—I quote from memory—talk up to that in prose, of course, and I shall arise and call you blessed—although you are in Hell—alleged.)

Now, my dear boy, you must pardon my frankness but if this séance is to continue you must pointedly cease jeering at my claims, or I shall cease to communicate.

(A thousand pardons. I shall not utter another peep.)

So far so good. What I am about to communicate is for your ear alone. You are not to allow anyone to see what follows so you must put it on another sheet of paper, leaving space here for me to begin again when I have less esoteric matter to divulge.

(Very well.)

(At this point Mr. Chaloner says the spirit of Miller gave him a confidential message which he cannot disclose.)

I shall now continue my communication. You must know that I am now in the Hall of Audience of Hell. I am standing against the wall on the right side of the hall looking towards the fiery throne. Upon said throne sits Satan.

SATAN LOOKS LIKE NAPOLEON.

What I am about to divulge will astound, possibly horrify you. His features are precisely those of Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power.

(You do astound me. Professor Sloan of Columbia University—professor of history, I believe, says a word in the preface to his history of Napoleon Bonaparte, first edition, in book form—concerning his “His Satanic ending.”)

In height he is considerably taller, but yet under six feet, and regarding weight there is no surplusage of flesh. He is dressed precisely in the costume of Michaelangelo’s statue entitled “The Thinker,” placed over the tomb of one of the Medici in Florence, the one sometimes said to suggest Alexander the Great of Macedon.

(I have seen it in Florence and admired same.)

The Hall of Audience is an immense apartment. So huge as to be practically incomprehensible to mortal ideas of architecture. Let it suffice to say that it is miles long, miles wide, and miles high.

(Would I be considered impertinent if I exclaimed, “Well played, Uncle Tom!”)

Not in the least, my dear Archie, not in the slightest degree, my boy. To resume. You must not think from this that the proportions are lost in distance, for you must know that when we shed the frail shell of the flesh, and put on the

filaments of immortality, the senses become as much more powerful, as much more penetrating, and as much more delicate and sensitive, as the incorruptible body is superior to the corruptible. Therefore it is as easy for the eye of an immortal to see fifty miles as it is for you—far from near-sighted as you are—to see five hundred feet.

(Highly interesting).

Having sketched the environment, it remains to describe the material of the building in which the Hall of Audience is situated. The material varies. That of the Hall of Audience is of rubies.

(My brace of bloodhounds outside are strongly giving tongue. Might I ask if they, subconsciously, know what you are writing?)

ARCHIE, DO NOT JEER.

Now, my dear Archie, you may permit me to remind you of your bargain, my boy, not to jeer at my communications.

(I apologize.)

The rubies are the size of ordinary building bricks, of the lustre and fire of rubies known as "pigeon blood." In place of mortar binding the bricks and making a white line, we here have diamonds as large as your thumb-nail and of the purest water. To soften and enrich the fiery effect of such splendor, the diamond line is broken every few inches by several inches of sapphires, as blue as the Mediterranean. The floor of the Hall of Audience is of marble that has the marvelous quality of being capable of taking on the tone of whatever stands upon it, or is reflected upon it, or flies over it. Thus. If a Cherubim flies over a floor space in the Hall of Audience, the marble at once becomes tinged with blood: as much as though it were of snow, virgin snow, over which blood has been let. If, on the other hand, a Seraphim flies over a floor space in the hall of audience the marble at once becomes of a cerulean hue like an Italian sky. I do not mean, of course, by that that these mighty angels are red, or blue, in color; but that their armor and vestments are scarlet and blue, respectively.

The roof is of crystal, so pure that the eye can pierce it

as it pierces plate glass with you. To return to the Lord of all here below. Satan is giving audience to an embassy from the Kingdom of Sin: which Kingdom is contiguous to Hell; and between which Kingdom and Hell there is practically perpetual war.

The occasion of the present embassy is a rumour which has got about that the world is approaching its end, by which I mean that the millennium is about to begin, and Satan be bound, as the old legend has it.

Such a state of affairs would naturally be rather disastrous to sin, and, supposing Satan about to be bound, disastrous in an equal degree to Satan. In view of said contingency the Kingdom of Sin sends an embassy to propose an offensive and defensive alliance against Jehovah; upon the part of Satan and his Kingdom of Hell, and Sin and its Kingdom of Sin.

(Laid off at 2 minutes to 7:00 A. M. for a nap.)

SATAN IS MISUNDERSTOOD.

I should here state, in a nutshell, so to speak, and without going into the profound subject as I shall in the future with you, that Satan is about as thoroughly misunderstood a personality as it is possible to picture by the employment of the most vigorous imagination, to put it somewhat mildly. Satan is no enemy of Jehovah as is sin—for whom Satan has stood as a prototype in the Scriptures, both Old and New Testaments, since the beginning of time. Satan is Jehovah's right-hand minister, Satan is Jehovah's public prosecutor as the district attorney is with us in the North and the commonwealth's attorney in the South. Personified Sin is everything vile, treacherous and bad that Satan or the Devil, is alleged to be in the Scriptures. But you must know, that had the existence of Personified Sin been revealed in the Scriptures it would have complicated an already sufficiently complicated state of affairs among believers. Therefore Satan has been employed in the dual role of Jehovah's attorney-general to try out all supposedly fair-minded men and women, and separate the gold from the dross; and the role of Personified sin, or Sin as I shall in future name that most damnable

being. Otherwise it would have been necessary to draw aside the veil, as I am about to do with you, and divulge things which the world was not sufficiently sophisticated to hear sooner than this epoch of widespread education, invention and business methods the world around. Briefly, Satan is the highest power in heaven after the Trinity. He reigns in Hell but appears in Heaven as he pleases: Satan is a Prince; as has been well said, the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. He is far more, he is a hero and noble creature, who has been maligned—owing to the circumstances above described—as no other being has been maligned since the beginning of time. You must know that things are far better down here in Hell than is generally supposed. Jehovah is as loving and tender-hearted a Being as it is possible for an experienced, high-minded and enlightened mind to conceive. To put it mildly, Jehovah is as all embracing in His sympathy as the “good grey poet,” our own Walt Whitman, to whom the prostitute and thief were sister and brother in adversity. That being the case, Jehovah, knowing full well the nature of men and women knew that if He allowed the magnificent facts, that I am about to divulge to you, to get abroad, that the ratio of wickedness to the square mile would be raised to the nth degree, or infinity, throughout the civilized world.

WORLD PREPARED.

In a word, nobody need try to get to heaven if he or she does not care for that sort of thing. There is a world prepared for men and women of the world, for men of the world and for women of the world. Now this bright spot of sublimated earthly bliss stripped of all spirituality, and ought but merely formal, more or less perfunctory, religion; but which is as orderly as the best regulated modern society anywhere on earth, and as outwardly respectable—but no more so, by the way—this bright realm is under the rule of Satan. This realm is known as the Underworld. This realm is situated far from Hell, and far from the Kingdom of Sin. The Underworld is, and ever will remain, more or less modern. I do not care to go into that to-night more explicitly, interesting as it is, on account of wishing to hurry

on with my tale of Joy and Woe. Yes, the cat is out of the bag, for woe there is, and it is of a nature to merit the description, veiled as that is, of Hell by the ghost in Hamlet. For before a person is allowed to make his or her choice as to which goal they aim for, Heaven, or the Underworld, or Hell, or the Kingdom of Sin, or, last of all, annihilation,—if said party is mentally indifferent, and lazy, and cares not to work for either of the four said goals—before a candidate is allowed to elect which goal he or she will strive for, he, or, she, must, so to speak, “pay the piper.” “Vengeance is mine, I will repay,” etc., meant precisely what it says, and to a jot and tittle, debts must be squared.

SETTLE WITH THE CAPTAIN.

After new arrivals in Hell have stepped to the captain's office and settled, then their joy and feasting, and unutterable delight, begins. It requires higher aims and far greater pains and suffering to aspire to and achieve Paradise—by which I mean any one of the various zones of Heaven—than to aspire to and achieve Hell, though said aspiration is far harder of achievement than the Underworld, or the Kingdom of Sin. No party lacking courage, and a certain semi-demi vein of poetry, or romance at least, can aspire to and achieve Hell. So that parties lacking said qualities, or one of them, must content themselves with a choice between the Underworld, the Kingdom of Sin, or annihilation—the Kingdom of Sin is the Botany Bay for utterly bad-at-heart parties. Parties whom the slight restrictions of the underworld repel. Natural criminals and unnatural criminals. Before said promising gentry can enlist under the banner of Sin, they must pay the piper, as aforesaid, in Hell; and, more than that, must do some thinking and striving, even if the striving and thinking are towards wicked ends. *Thought is essential to prevent annihilation.* Parties who prefer annihilation to having to think, will get annihilation. You'd be amazed at the hordes, that, annually—when they have done their time in Hell previously, of course—flock to the Kingdom of Sin.

The number choosing annihilation is large, but far in-

ferior to that of the followers of Sin. Annihilation can only be achieved by being stripped of all one's mental and moral faculties: a process immeasurably more painful than having one's arms and legs cut off without chloroform, and the marrow drawn from one's bones by an exhaust. Nothing remains but the essence of life, which is fire, which is thrown in the Lake of fire and brimstone; to burn painlessly through eternity—since fire can't hurt fire. So, you see, my dear Archie, there's trouble ahead for pretty nearly everybody. It will at once occur to you to think, "How about the power of the Church to save?" To which I reply that no church pretends, publicly, at least, to save a sinner except that sinner sincerely repents. There lies the rub, in that same word *repentance*. There is no more misunderstood word in any language. Unless the repentance is as deep as the crime, or sin, or selfishness, it is no repentance in the eye of the law down here; and said deficit must be made up by pains and penalties too unutterable to plunge into without more preparation than I have time for to-night. Before closing above brief explanatory note, as it were, which is obviously needed to put a mortal in touch with immortality, much as I dislike touching on topics of religion, for you know, my dear Archie, that religion did not interest me very deeply in the Manhattan Club—

COMPLIMENTS "UNCLE TOM."

(There wasn't a "whiter" man, a more honorable and warm-hearted man in the whole club or city, for that matter, than your experienced-in-the-craft and subtlety-of-man-distinguished self, my dear Uncle Tom, if Uncle Tom you are, which you will pardon me if I continue to doubt.)

Certainly put in that way, my dear boy. Don't think me any more of a stickler for etiquette than I was in the club, where you know that, other things being equal, and the amenities of civilization being preserved, I was easy as an old shoe. But, my dear boy, there are certain formalities—in the science which you have spent over fifteen years of servitude to unjust laws to investigate—which must be observed, or the harmony, which is as essential for results

among the initiate in Hell as it is among the exalted dwellers in Paradise, will be wanting. Order is the first law of Hell, as it of Heaven, and *doubt expressed* prevents the said harmony. Doubt *felt*, but not expressed, has no such evil results. As I was about to observe, it was obviously necessary for me to touch upon religion, much as I dislike doing so. I may as well say that I am now a sojourner in the Underworld. You will wonder why I am in Hell communicating with you. The reason is that all aspirants for the Underworld must pass through Hell, which, being the greater of the two, contains Purgatory. In my sojourn of some years, paying my moral obligations by a systematized scale of torment, graded up into torture, by the side of which an Indian at the stake is in a cool and shady spot. (Is that "cool and shady spot," sir?) It is Archie.

(If so, I ejaculate "Phew!")

KNOWS THE ROPES.

You well may, my boy, you well may. To resume. In my sojourn here of a few years I got, naturally, to know the ropes, as we say aboard ship. Hence I am fitted, as any one need be, to tip you off to the secrets of Hell. Since I was about your most intimate friend—at least as intimate as any one—and being so much older than you, stood in the position of Father, or at least guide, philosopher and friend, from the time I first met you—though not the first time I saw you about the Club—at the time of the "Volunteer" and "Thistle" international yacht race in the fall of 1887 to late December, 1896. I was selected as the party of all others, since I died not very long thereafter, to put you in touch with surely the most interesting proposition—that is, to a man of sense—on earth. I can assure you that the topic of religion will not soon obtrude itself in our communications, and shall now pick up the thread of my story where I left it some pages back. Nothing can induce Satan to accede to the overtures of the Kingdom of Sin. In the first place, Satan will only be too charmed with the advent of the millennium—being what he is, a Prince of Paradise as well as Lord of Hell. But Sin sees everything

through sinful and therefore more or less blinded eyes; and therefore fails to catch on to the situation. Satan has never had anything friendlier than an armistice, or now and then a truce of some months—never a treaty of peace—with Sin or his vile, but beautiful—to the not too critical eye—and vastly powerful Kingdom. During the time it has taken to write this, *pour parlers* have been interchanged and propositions made, by both sides, and then remodelled. (Knocked off for breakfast, bread and water, about 2:15 P. M. 7-31-'12, and then went to bed, 4:05 P. M.)

CHAPTER II

THE PASSAGE OF THE STYX

“The Merry Mills,”

8-21-'12.
3:36 A. M.

(Spirit-Message Continued).

You must know, my dear boy, that death comes without the least transitional shock or feeling, whatever. By this I mean that upon making the passage of the Styx—as the ancients had it—there is neither jar, nor shock nor sense of falling and landing—though, of course, the soul *does* fall and *does* land; since Hell is within this terrestrial ball. I do not, of course, mean that there is no *physical* pang at the dissolution of the human existence at death—sometimes the pang is dreadful, any physician can tell you that who has seen people die in agony, but I refer to the aftermath, so to speak—what follows after the heart ceases to beat, and life in your world is entirely extinct. There is, upon my word, no more sense of movement upon the part of the immortal soul upon finishing its mysterious flight through air, earth, and sometimes water, and arriving at the Judgment Seat in the Hall of Judgment—or elsewhere—than there was sense of movement during said flight, and in neither the said flight nor the said arrestation of flight before the Judgment Seat—or elsewhere—is there any more sense of movement or of feeling than you experience when I communicate with you by means of automatic writing—I mean of course, *mental* motion, feeling in your mind—for, of course, your hand, wrist, forearm and fingers are in a continual whirling motion while I am operating the nerve centre in your brain that controls and operates the said members of your body corporate, so to speak. Am I, or am I not exact in that? (You are perfectly exact. The only mental movement I experience is that of a spectator at a play wondering what the actors are going to say and do next. I being in complete ignorance of what the next word you are going to write will be).

Upon reaching "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns" the first sensation I experienced was that of awaking after a sound and peaceful sleep. I felt refreshed, vigorous, calm and cheerful. Not a pain or an ache, and not a care on my mind, all of which—as you know hounded me like duns, as duns hound a debtor, for years and years. I could scarcely believe my senses—this unutterable relief from years and years of pain and care. I mentally prepared to look about me and wonder *not where* I was, but *how* I was—for all these delightfully new sensations coursed through my being before I had had time to open my eyes and see where I was. When I did open my eyes what did I behold! Napoleon Bonaparte, my dear boy, sitting upon a throne the like of which never before was seen. I shall fully describe said throne since its nature has a good deal to do with the *mise en scène*. It was in shape like a bed but *such* a bed. It was, in the first place, not less than half a dozen yards long (That's eighteen feet). It is. And not less than the same distance wide, and stood not less than six feet off the floor. There were steps leading up to the side of the bed, which stood on the floor, *not* on a dais, or platform, as thrones usually do. The foot of the bed faced me: the head of the bed being against the wall.

There were steps only on one side of the throne, on the left side of the bed there were steps, the left side of the bed was the right side to the observer. On the right side of the bed was a barrier one yard high rising perpendicular to the plane of the bed. At the foot of the bed was a railing, over which was thrown a red robe. The railing was highest in the middle, and curved downwards therefrom to either post at the foot of the bed. Said railing was about a foot high in the centre and was filigree work. The bed was of pure gold, with a canopy some six feet above it projecting towards the foot of the same, some two feet. Said canopy was of scarlet cloth. The clothing of said bed was of white linen and creamy woolen blankets. You should know that the vulgar idea of the heat of Hell is utterly aside from the fact. There *is* heat here in certain, so to speak, localities, but the general temperature is the most perfect climate, of the nature of our temperate zone. To resume. From said canopy de-

pended curtains of azure silk shot with gold. Napoleon was dressed in a garment rather unknown among men of your world, it being of the nature of a shirt, resembling the ancient Greek costume, sleeveless, and falling only a short distance below the hips. I am speaking now of experience gained later. Of course, the length of the garment did not appear when he was under the bed clothes. On his head was a cross between a helmet and a crown, by which I mean the exact replica of the same headpiece surmounting the brow of Michaelangelo's "The Thinker," over the tomb of the Medici in Florence. His flesh was of the most dazzling whiteness, but, withal, with a rosy hue, such as snow or marble take on at sunset. This was noticeable in his arms which were superbly muscular, but at the same time, far from muscle-bound, or brawny. His face was rosy of hue, upon a dazzling white *fond*, as the French say, or base, of marble whiteness, without its pallor. You must remember that I am painting, or rather attempting to, an immortal, not a mortal; so what sounds like exaggeration of beauty must be charged to the nature of the immortal frame those of us achieve who so elect to undergo the punishment, torment and torture which is the price, my dear boy, of immortality.

(The following insertion of automatic writing—done on the night of August 18, 1912,—is inserted here by me to elucidate what follows.—J. A. C.)

Now, nothing can be farther from my mind than for you to infer that said prophecy is meant to be believed, by a solitary inhabitant upon this terrestrial ball, male or female. Belief is not in the least desired. Far from it, dear boy, far from it. The time has come when God Almighty is about to wipe out His score against that damnable aggregation of foul qualities yecept man and woman. I know from the feeling in your hand, that holds the pencil that I am guiding; that you shrink, and shrank from including the fair sex—whom, you know, personally, I respect, and from a respectful distance—I refer to you, for I am not so far from the enjoyment of the loveliest portion of Creation as in your ascetic self—in Hell tho' I be. (Who *wouldn't* be ascetic on my diet—bread and water! St. Anthony was a monk you remember). Admitted, my dear and martyred friend. To resume. I

know that you shrank when I included women in the curse aforesaid. But you know that as a Southerner my admiration and respect for women was something approaching the romantic. (I do). You can then well believe that nothing but the direst necessity could force me to write such a damnable ungallant thing about women, as I just did. But, my dear student of humanity, you must know that you, half Southern as you are on both your Father and your Mother's side, and from Charleston, South Carolina, at that—that the heart of woman is just about as black and foul—(Come, come! Uncle Tom, you make me sick). Now, my dear Archie, permit me. You know that I thought fully as highly of women as do you, when I was on the earth. (I do, and that's what makes your language now, so surprising and distasteful—to put it rather mildly). You must in fairness then allow me the benefit of the doubt regarding what I have learnt in my, so to speak, collegiate course in Hell. (*Collegiate* course, did you say?) I did. For you must know that upon arriving here we are at once put to work preparing for the torment and torture we must undergo to pay the piper. This entails eventually a collegiate course very much such as you took at Columbia University, by which I mean a series of lectures upon morality such as I shall not now take up time to describe, but shall at no distant period. Suffice it to say that every man and woman arriving here is sent eventually to a, so to speak, University, where Morality is as enthusiastically and scientifically taught as, say, Mathematics or Physics at any modern University. During said, I may say, highly interesting and instructive lectures, spread out over a series of years, the *moral* diagram of the human heart is displayed at large upon the blackboard, and upon charts, and in illustrated works as scientifically as the *human* organ is mapped and *physically* limned, and described in that standard work Grey's Anatomy '(I know the work and have it in my Library at "The Merry Mills")'. It is a frightful revelation, my dear boy, a Hellish disillusionment, this view of the human heart of man and woman from the spiritual, or ideal, side. All this will be gone into specifically, line upon line, precept upon precept, before very long. (End of insertion).

You may as well know first as last, that the vicarious sacrifice of Jesus Christ by which *alone* we miserable, damnable race of mortals escape perpetual flame, does not, as so many fools think, land the elect, as they self-sufficiently dub themselves, on the sunny side of Jordan by a very large majority. Far from it. Over and above said vicarious sacrifice each man and each woman must, and shall, and does, work out his or her salvation in Purgatory—which is but another name for Hell. Work it out he or she must in agony and bloody sweat such as Christ experienced upon the accursed cross. I do not at all mean that all men and women are crucified, tho' I may as well state that millions and millions of them, both women, as well as men, *are* crucified and for precisely the same length of time and in precisely the same manner as was Jesus Christ. To resume. His eyes were truly marvellous, being like jewels in their deep fire and pearly beauty. That last may seem strange as applied to eyes. But Napoleon Bonaparte's eyes are precisely the color—and with the marvellous orient—of gray pearls. There is a softness playing through the fire, and at times, and for cause, ferocity, of his glance, that more nearly resembles a beautiful woman's look when she is willing to let the person regarding her for the nonce see that she loves. Napoleon's voice is as much more resonant and marvellous in its steel-like lambent flexibility and penetration than it was in life. His teeth are pearly white and regular, his lips a cool, not a hectic, red. I have now, at some length attempted to picture the being that met my astounded gaze upon opening my eyes after death. There was a mischievous smile lurking in the corners of his mouth as I opened my eyes and rested them on his glance. He recognized me at once—as I him. I shall not attempt to picture my surprise. I rushed forward and threw my arms about his neck and he held me to his breast while tears dropped from his eyes upon my neck. I shall draw a veil—for certain reasons—over our conversation. You know that I always admired Napoleon and apparently—he was as well aware of that fact as was I, and appreciated it in the above astonishingly unimperial manner. (You amaze me, Uncle Tom, alleged) I dare say I do, but I don't advise you to press me on our conversation, etc., my dear Archie—I

warn you as a friend to "keep off the grass." When I undertook this job I desired to intimate that I was not at liberty to describe every solitary secret under the lid of Hell—(My dear alleged—I beg pardon—in my interest I had quite forgot the reservations you made *re* alleged revelations. Pray proceed). Some half an hour was consumed in our marvelously friendly chat, whereupon he intimated that I might as well glance towards a tall cheval glass at the left of his bed. I had been standing upon the steps of the throne resting against its side, holding Napoleon Bonaparte's hands clasped in mine. The said cheval glass was almost directly opposite me— but so overwhelmingly absorbed had I been in the man beside me that I had not even seen that there was such a thing as a cheval glass in the apartment. No sooner did I turn and glance at the glass than I saw that I was nude. Once more, I shall have to ask you to imagine my surprise—not to say shame. Napoleon Bonaparte instantly patted me on the shoulder and said in perfect English, without the slightest hint of an accent or loss for a word: "Never you mind dear Uncle Tom, we're all like that when we first arrive in Hell—frankness is the key-note down here, and to impress it upon my subjects I have it arranged so that male and—ahem!—female make their passage of the Styx *sans* anything, bar luxuriant Lady Godiva hair for the ladies, which I have arranged every female shall find she possesses upon opening her amazed—not to say horrified—eyes upon my countenance. Pray do not consider your nudity as in the least embarrassing: for we all have to go stark naked male and female, here below, until we lose the foul hypocrisy and lust begotten by clothing that is meant to indicate what it does not show: until we become like little children in that respect at least, if in no other. I do not want you to think that men and women mingle in society down here stark naked at all times. Far from it. At first, upon reaching my hospitable shores the sexes are strictly kept apart, as strictly as they are kept apart in jails, and in some places, Poor Houses. Not until the new-born sense of modesty, by which I mean purity free from all tinge of *false* modesty, not until the new-born sense of purity which distinguished the ancient Greeks, in their best and purest epoch, and has pretty much always distinguished savage

nations, not until this new-born sense has become nature, are males and females permitted to meet in Hell. So pray do not consider that you are not garbed in your good old dark grey sack suit, that saw so much service at the Manhattan Club—you *are* to my eyes. I shall at once instruct you as to what awaits you. My dear Uncle Tom, it pains me more than I can say, that pain and suffering, toil and torment, and even torture, awaits you here. Now, do not consider that you are in the old-time Hell of perpetual, indiscriminate combustion. Far from it. That old scare-crow serves well enough on earth, and is near enough the truth to deserve to serve its purpose on earth. But Hell is more an affair of intellect, will-power and aspiration, than merely combustion. By the employment of those three things, will-power, intellect, and aspiration, you can reduce your sufferings, toils and torments and tortures, not a hundred per cent. only. I shall not take up your time expatiating upon the almost infinite variety of mental, moral, and, so to speak, physical combinations that can be worked in the game, each man and woman has to play with flame. The infinite combinations of the chess-board seem puerile and restricted by the side of the triune combinations of the so to speak, physical, mental and moral in Hell. The infinite combinations of the fencing-school seem as limited and bare of imagination and scope of intelligence as the crude gestures of boys playing at mimic warfare with sticks for swords. Lastly, complications of life, in the complicated, sophisticated and hypocritical age you have just left seen as simple and unintelligent as the ruminations of a Central African savage, full of food and desiring sleep, when weighed with what I shall term the coruscations of the Hellish Triangle—aforesaid.

I shall personally instruct you in the art of fencing with Hell-flame. You must know that Hell-flame is alive—is sentient. Hell-flame is, so to speak, a thinking—diamond rattlesnake—that beautiful and noble reptile that molests no one that does not cross its path, but strikes to kill all that do cross its path and do not give way before it. Hell-flame is a composition of my own, a composition invented shortly after arriving here from Paradise. I invented Hell-flame as Dr. Guillotin invented† the guillotine—as a merciful means

†Improved. It being a Scottish invention of ancient date.

to a needed end. In Hell-flame I put, of course, naturally, under the circumstances, more than Dr. Guillotin could put into his guillotine. In Hell-flame I have, so to speak, a combination of Deputy-sheriff, crossed by a judge, and mixed with nitroglycerine. In a word, Hell-flame first arrests the culprit, second, tries and condemns him or her, and thirdly executes—figuratively of course, in respect to the immortal soul—the felon. I should add that Hell-flame differs from more than one human judge, in that, Hell-flame is absolutely just and impartial, and does not desire—in fact is chemically incapable of tyranny, injustice, fraud or any of the dozen or so pastimes of so many human judges. It hates hypocrisy and cold-heartedness as heat hates cold, and fights it as Vesuvius would fight ice thrown into its crater. To a man of your vast experience in legal matters—although a Layman, I know of your sitting on commissions-of-lunacy in New York as the layman among the legal three—lawyer, physician and layman—gathered from years of intimate acquaintance among the most learned judges in the Manhattan Club—men like that really great judge the late Judge Rapallo, Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals—added to your profound knowledge of human nature, gathered both in war and in peace—to a man of your intelligence and honesty and experience it will not be long before you conclude that in Hell-flame I had a good thing. I shall not continue this conversation, because, although there is no such thing as time in Hell, yet what goes for its substitute among new arrivals here calls you from me, and to begin your long training for meeting in battle array at the point of your rapier my faithful snakes—Hell-flame. Now, my dear Uncle Tom, you must not think me cruel in so soon broaching so unpleasant a topic as fencing with a fiery enchanted serpent that stings—not bites—you every time it lunges at you unless you can parry its thrust with your steel duelling sword. But you must know that I have begun your actual training by bringing before your mind the horrid prospect of fencing—so to speak for your life—with an enchanted and venomous human—so to speak—snake, though generally speaking my Hell-Snakes aforesaid are far superior to human beings morally as well as mentally and effectively. For you must know that in Hell everything is

judged primarily by intent. In law with you, intent of course governs, but the intent must be followed by action on earth in order to bring the party under the law. Whereas in Hell the intent in itself is enough to convict a man of crime. That is a startling proposition, is it not? But such is the act. If a man *thinks* adultery in Hell he commits adultery, and sharp and shrewd will the reckoning be. If a man thinks rape in Hell, he commits rape. If a man thinks murder, he commits murder. If theft, theft. Arson, arson: and so on down the list. And lastly, if a man thinks a lie—by which in this as in previous cases of course, is meant if he wishes in his heart that he had a chance to lie, and *would* lie if he had the chance—lastly, if a man *thinks* a lie he *lies*. Therefore in bringing before your mind the horrid picture of yourself fighting, for your life, with the natural and legendary enemy of man, the serpent, I, *ipso facto*, prepare to steel your courage, and arouse your character to the deadly campaign before you, which will require years of severe and torturing training before you can possibly be ready for the ordeal. As I said, what stands for time in Hell calls you away from me now. To cheer and comfort you I shall say that eventually you will triumph, before bidding you adieu for several years—this sounds brutal, but my dear Uncle Tom it is simply absolutely necessary to cultivate your courage, hardihood and self-reliance against the said awful day of reckoning. Being as dear to me as you are, you will at once wonder why I do not mitigate the torment or protect you from it by keeping you always by my side. My dear friend, this cannot be. *In Hell, justice rules, but it is justice untempered by mercy.* This is sadly but *necessarily so*. The Law of the Universe compels me to arrange my Kingdom of Hell as severely according to the laws foreordained from the foundation of the world to govern my Kingdom of Hell, as the Laws of the Universe compel Jehovah, Almighty God and omnipotent tho' He be, to arrange His celestial Kingdom of Heaven according to the laws foreordained from the foundation of the world to govern His Kingdom of Heaven. I have large leeway in the arrangement and method of government of my Kingdom of Hell. So, of course, has Jehovah. *But neither of us can change essentials necessary to salvation.* This hard and cruel necessity stares God Almighty as bitterly and hopelessly

in the face as it does me. It will at once occur to you—the dictum of Jesus Christ that with God all things are possible. Without going into that too deeply now, I shall simply say that that is as relative a remark as though one were to say of a so-called “lightening calculator” in mathematics—“He’s so powerful in mathematics that he can do what he pleases with the rules of Arithmetic.” Yes, he can do everything—but change them. The same holds good of God. He cannot change the Laws of the Universe. Such being the case, I can no more shield you from your dread ordeal than—were I a man with you on earth—I could shield you from death when your hour had come. Nor can I show you the slightest partiality. *Dreadful are the laws of Hell; dreadful is the Law of the Universe under which, and under Jehovah and Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit—I rule.* To a man of your sagacity I have said enough. I would that there were a talisman that I could give you; but there is none beyond that your keeper will furnish you with upon your leaving my presence. Farewell, Thomas Jefferson Miller; and may God Almighty strengthen you, as far as He is permitted to—for nought can I do for you—in your hour of need.

With these ominous words, my dear Archie. I left the presence of Satan.

(Provided it is strictly according to Hoyle, so to speak, I put up a plea for the writing-current to be less severe and strenuous, less vice-like from now on, if possible, and correct). Certainly, my dear boy. The reason for the rigor of the pages preceding is that the matter therein is somewhat unusual and I want you to have no doubt in your mind as to whether you wrote the preceding pages or not. (There’s no possible doubt about that, Uncle Tom, alleged, none in the world. I’ll take my dying oath to that. My hand is as cramped as though it had, so to speak, been in the stocks). So far, so good, my dear boy. Now, to proceed. (Before doing so might I ask the size of the bed-chamber of Satan,) You may. It was about the size of your bedroom at “The Merry Mills.”* (Many thanks. Pray proceed. One moment. May I ask if there was anyone present at your audience with Satan?) You may. There was no one present. (Many thanks. Pray proceed).

*About 24 feet square.

So soon as Satan had spoken the above recorded words, the door of the chamber opened, apparently of its own accord, inwards, and I felt myself as it were, gently pushed by an invisible force, in the direction of the now open door, and through the same. No sooner had I crossed the threshold than I saw a sight which chilled my very blood, so to speak. Within six feet of me curled up in a corner of the hall outside the door lay an enormous snake. Its eyes were as yellowish-green as the glow of a glowworm on a summer night in the South, or a firefly's flash. It riveted its eyes upon mine, but did not raise its head from its coil or open its mouth. It was as thick as a thinnish boa-constrictor, and from the number of its coils must have been over thirty feet long. Had I not been impelled by the said mysterious current I should have stood stock still in my very natural—it strikes me—horror. But the friendly current carried me by the dreadful object. (May I ask its color?) You may. It was snow white. (For the Lord's sake! No wonder it gave you the jumps! A white boa-constrictor thirty feet long is rather more than the limit. I saw a white snake once—as I remember—once in Don Cameron's canal at Roanoke Rapids. But this was a snake not more than a foot long, and a water-snake at that. I'd walked to the head of his canal, miles from Roanoke Rapids one Sunday afternoon in 1895, alone, and was sitting on a stone at the junction of the Roanoke river and canal when this little snake swam into the canal from the river and disappeared under the bank of the canal; I remember how pretty and graceful it was in the water—tho' I hate snakes—but a white snake thirty feet long!) You may well exclaim. I descended the stairs leading from the landing upon which the snake lay curled, having passed through a door on the landing that opened of its own accord. No one was visible in the front hall, and no more snakes. I felt carried along as described to the front door, which opened as had the others, of its own accord, and stood upon the front piazza. I shall limit my description of the palace to saying that it was small rather than large—as palaces go—low rather than high in the same domain—and was built of solid gold. The pillars of the piazza were of alabaster, as were the supporting pillars at each corner of the house,

as well as a border that crowned the upper story. The door was of bloodstone—a solid slab of bloodstone without blemish or flaw—a wide door—and the bloodstone was peculiar in this particular, that the blood color in the stone predominates as largely over the green as the green does over the red in your world.

As I stood on the piazza a most entrancing vista met my gaze. At the base of a flight of steps of a strange blue stone resembling the sky in color, and unlike anything I had ever seen on earth, stretched a carriage way paved with pebbles that had a prismatic effect, but whose splendor was softened by a strange sort of haze that seemed to hang on and above it like a perpetual dew. This laid all possible dust. Beyond the driveway stretched a most entrancing lawn, spotted here and there with the filigree shadows of the most airy and gracefully foliated trees, of an unknown variety. Birds with really sweet and musically satisfying notes, and brilliant plumage, darted in and out among the leaves, or soared in the ether. The most sweet perfume of flowers that shone like golden stars on the velvet sward assailed the nostrils, and awoke as subtle longings. Beyond rose a range of dark, sombre, frowning mountains, which stretched in an almost perfect amphitheatre across the—what I afterwards learned was—North. I mean by that that the mountain range bent like a hoop, with the ends of the hoop pointing towards the palace. Dark forest stretched between the Imperial pleasure grounds and the mountains. The same held true of all other points of the compass. Dark velvet foliated trees stood like serried ranks of spearmen in all directions. I became lost in delighted wonder at the beauty of the prospect, when suddenly I heard a sound that stopped my heart from beating for a moment. It was the most blood-curdling thing I had ever dreamed of. It sounded like a cross between the roar of a lion and the scream of a wounded horse. The next moment I saw a creature the like of which I had never seen, dart towards me from a clump of bushes on the edge of the lawn. The creature was about the size of a lion—a large, full-grown lion—but in place of having the hind quarters of a lion—though it had the head, forepaws and mane of the King of Beasts—those of this horror were those of a horse. '(Is that "horse," may I ask?)

It is. (It must have been a horror). It surely was. The gait with which it rushed towards me was an unwieldy gallop. Its eyes shot fire, and its mouth opened as it roared. I felt that I should petrify. To my unutterable relief the thing had not gone more than twenty paces before it was seized by a current such as had been gently pushing me, and tripped up and hurled with a back somersault high in the air, and flat on its back, whereupon it set up a piteous moaning, as heart-rending to a humane-minded man as its former noises had been hair-raising. I could scarcely forbear a smile of relief. My relief was short-lived however. While I was sympathizing with the unwieldy thing, as it writhed in pain on its back and sides, a sound like the (I see the current has stopped; as I feel sleepy, I presume it means bedtime?) You are correct. (9:17 A. M. 8-21-'12), J. A. C. (About 1:15 A. M. 8-22-'12, 8-20-'12 (N), J. A. C.) hissing of a thousand serpents struck upon my startled ear. I looked in the direction of the sound, and saw from a cluster of umbrageous undergrowth opposite the lair of the half-horse-half lion creature, and protecting as it were the left flank of His Satanic Majesty's palace—a something undulating towards me that made my hair stand on end—I actually felt my hair stiffen and bristle from the roots up. I hasten to add—since these words may reach the ears of some of my quondam Club associates of the Manhattan Club, that whereas I was as bald as an egg on earth, upon regaining consciousness after death at the foot of the throne in the bed-chamber of His Satanic Majesty, I saw, when at the request of Satan, I glanced at my reflection in the cheval glass, that I had as thick a head of hair as your curly self, and, you will smile at this, as curly as your own. (Delighted to hear it, my dear Uncle, alleged—pray, what is its color, may I ask?) You may, Archie, its color is red. (Ha, ha! Uncle Tom, you make me laugh). I am not surprised, since, ever since you knew me, what fringe of hair I had below the hat-line, together with my patriarchal beard, were as gray as a grizzly bear. I may as well complete the catalogue of the marvelous and highly desirable changes, that said glance in the cheval glass showed death had conferred upon my face and figure. You, of course, remember that I was short and roly-poly, so to speak. Not more than say, five foot five inches

high, and with irregular, and highly Socratic, features. (Exactly what you were, Uncle Tom—but please to remember that I imported the bust of Socrates as cast in plaster from the Greek original in the Louvre Museum in Paris eighteen years ago, along with other Greek statuary, for “The Merry Mills” and that I literally love Socrates’ brave, honest, ugly face, and Olympian brow). I know you do, my dear boy, and that’s one of the reasons you loved me—but not of that here—I must press on. Well, my dear Archie, in the first place I have gained some six inches in height. I’m five foot eleven in my bare feet. In the second place I am—who would not say it under any other circumstances—a strikingly handsome man, without a ray, a solitary ray—of resemblance to my former comically ugly face. (You amaze me.) I well may. Whom do you suppose I look like? (God alone knows, Uncle alleged! I can’t imagine). Prepare yourself, Archie, for a tremendous surprise. I am an idealized likeness of Marshal Ney! (I am dumb. I said something, but refrained from putting it down). It seems that I *am* Marshal Ney himself—not that I was in life—in life I was *partly* Marshal Ney—about one-quarter of his personality was submerged in me; a man can be alive and yet not be *all* of his own personality. That may perhaps appear a paradox. (It does, rather) I inferred as much, Archie. I shall explain all this to you scientifically, in time, when I reach the unveiling of some of the Secrets of the Universe. Till then, let it suffice to say that Brown, Jones and Robinson may be three men; all alive at the same time: and yet Brown may be more Jones and more Robinson, than Brown. Thus, Say for example that a personality consists of twelve-twelfths. The unit Brown may consist of five-twelfths Jones, and five-twelfths Robinson and only two-twelfths Brown; and the same—in *another equation*—might be the case with Robinson and Jones. The secret of this is this. Prepare for another and most momentous surprise. I am well aware, my dear boy, that you do not believe a word I say, believing that you are bamboozled by what you are pleased to call your X-Faculty, or subconsciousness, which you honestly, and before God, Who sees all hearts, believe is masquerading in the guise of your old, and tried, trusted, loved and true friend, Thomas Jefferson Miller. (I do, so help me God, Uncle

Tom alleged—I only wish I could get proof strong enough to scientifically prove your claim; but I am fully aware of the utter impossibility of such proof being vouchsafed; and therefore, as a philosopher, and follower, in all but religion, of the great Voltaire, I smilingly listen to all you say, and with great interest, I assure you, for I well know that the world has never seen such an exhibition of unconscious cerebration as my X-Faculty is turning out on Hell, since the beginning of recorded time.) To resume. Here follows the surprise. The great Pythagoras was right in his doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls from man to man; woman to woman, and animals to men; vice versa, etc., etc. (You do surprise me) I thought I would. Thus a man called Brown may not be Brown at all, but only a negligible fraction of him: the *real* Brown being split up into other fractions, and parcelled out into as many as a dozen men. Eventually, all Brown will be gathered together into the soul of Brown—but it may take a thousand years. (There you surprise me again, Uncle alleged). I fancied I might, Archie. When St. Paul spoke about the dead being raised, he was correct; but not until their final reincarnation has been accomplished—which may require a series of incarnations running through as many as ten centuries. I am Marshal Ney in his full perfection and completion of soul, which includes intellect, heart and physique. (I now salute “the bravest of the brave”). And I in turn salute you. To proceed.

Brave as Ney is generally admitted to be, my very hair stiffened and bristled from the roots up as I watched the “Something” undulating towards me, filling the air with a thousand separate and distinct hisses with each breath from its fiery jaws. (I smell a dragon, Uncle Tom). You have an excellent nose, Archie, the nose of a blood-hound, for typical old time St. George—and-the-dragon—dragon it was. The first thing I sensed out of a score or more of conflicting horrors, was the most foetid—and strange as this sounds, it’s true, but incomprehensible to flesh and blood—terrifying stench that had ever offended my nostrils. I say terrifying, advisedly, for as the scent of a wild beast will stampede a herd of horses, or make one horse run like mad away along a country road, so the scent of a dragon is freighted with

fear. As I say, a human being simply cannot understand or take in this, so we will not waste time over it. The scent was a mixture of ordure and bilge-water crossed with the odor of burning flesh. (Not attar of roses—I can comprehend that). Fire gushed and spouted in gaseous smoky jets from its flaring cup—or other saucer-like—nostrils, which sucked in and puffed out like flabby lips, as the flame shot out, and the creature thereupon inhaled more air to work its bellows with. Said flames shot several feet from each nostril and were each as broad as the flame of a gas jet in full flare. Its eyes were bottle green, by which I mean a green flame glowed and rolled in each socket. In length the monster was about sixteen feet, and about as thick through as a crocodile. Its horrible tail swished from side to side, curling exactly like a cat's, only more so. Its dreadful claws spread out and tore up the earth in its path. I was stark naked, of course, and felt the feeling of being defenseless, which that condition brings to all civilized beings unless armed. I was at my wits end. Suddenly the self-same blessed current seized and shot the thing flat on its back where it writhed and bellowed—instead of hissing—very like the bray of an ass; and what's more spun round at a furious rate, for all the world like a dish to which a rotary motion has been imparted, seemingly unable either to stop spinning or flop over onto its belly. Relieved as I now was by my escape from death by fire, and suffocation by stench, my mind was wholly concentrated upon the condition of the crestfallen chapfallen dragon, when once more the current of my veins was turned awry. (About 3:15 A. M. 8-22-'12, 8-21-'12 (N.), J. A. C. About 11-15' (N.) 8-22-'12 (N.) (The current won't work, may I ask why,) You may, it is because you are not alone on this floor, a party having come in. (He is not in the room—the dining-room where I am munching my supper of bread and water). I am aware of that. (About ten minutes later. The party has now left the floor). At a second's space—hardly so much as that from the moment when my mind was absolutely and entirely free from anxiety, care or concern concerning the spinning dragon, I was aware of something occurring within my mind which you—as a mortal—are incapable of conceiving. It was not dread because it was so much more deadly chill than dread, that dread does not deserve to be men-

tioned in the same week with it. It was not fear, because it was so much more numbing, relaxing, in the sense of weakening, say a strung bow-string—than fear. Lastly, it was not terror, because it was so much more stunning and paralyzing than terror that terror dwindles into insignificance beside it. Before I had had time to move a finger, so swift was this overwhelming, engulfing sensation, I was aware of something which you are not permitted to allow anybody to know about. You are to take a separate sheet of paper for the recording of precisely what it was that I saw. (Very well, I shall do so). (The recording of the cause of your mysterious engulfing sensation required less than half a sheet of paper, and ten minutes' time. It being done, I presume you will proceed.) No sooner did the cause of my said sensation disappear into thin air than a yet more terrible sensation overwhelmed me, said description will also require esoteric recordation. (Very well, I shall put it on the latter half of the same secret sheet of paper). (Nine lines were all that were required to record the second secret cause. I presume you will now proceed). So soon as said second cause of said sensation had disappeared as had said first, my mind became aware of a most divinely lovely sensation of peace and confidence and satisfaction. No cause was consciously behind said delectable delight. I simply stood at ease, and so to speak, drank in the sensation which—after what I had been through in the way of sights, sounds, and smells in the past few minutes—was about as near Paradise as I had ever expected to get. After about five minutes of said delightful experience, my ears were enchanted with the sound of female voices singing in unison. The sounds were so far sweeter than those possible to the human voice, that I shall not attempt the impossible task of imparting it to you—devoted as I know you to be to music, both vocal and instrumental, of a high class. It was simply ravishing to the ear, heart, and soul, alike. I stood as tho' entranced. So entranced that the scantiness of my apparel did not so much as cross my enraptured mind. It appeared to be a hymn that the females were chanting, and to my unutterable amazement, I soon learned that English was the language they were using. Their enunciation was so exquisitely distinct that I could distinguish every least word uttered and this without that

mouthing and explosive utterance of mortal singers in public. The words seemed to fall from their lips as softly and easily as drops from a flower sans any strain or effort or loudness of enunciation. It was more what I imagine was meant by Tennyson in his description of music in the land of Lotus-Eaters. The females sounded as though they were on the East side of the Palace and on the ground. The Palace faced North and South. I soon found that the object of their adoration was Apollo. The metre appeared to be that known as the iambic pentameter. I listened and learned that the singers either were—or took the role in the said hymn of—the Nine Muses, or female companions of the Greek God of Song. I shall not attempt to picture the mingled passion and purity, self-sacrifice and devotion hinted at by the words of the Hymn, and made convincing as proof of Holy Writ, as Shakespeare has it, by the passionate, penetratingly thrilling, almost convulsing charm of the voices. As I said, I stood entranced. Suddenly a shadow fell across the glittering driveway, proceeding from the East side of the Palace, proceeding slowly and with rhythmic dignity. To my mingled horror and joy I saw—one by one—nine maidens all in the flower and perfection of beauty of face and form and youth, file majestically by, and, unutterable shock, file my way! Had I not been rooted to the piazza floor by the said current—incapable of moving more than an eyelid—I would have braved rousing the half-lion-half-horse, plus the dragon himself—both of which creatures had been put out of their misery during mine, and were sleeping peacefully, but not silently, for, from the half-lion-half-horse, came a muffled purr, as loud as a cat the size of a lion would make when pleased; while from the dragon came the chug-chug of a locomotive on a siding. Both of the said animals were asleep I saw in the glance that I darted in my despairing effort to make a break for the underbrush, and play Ulysses to Nausicaa and her maidens, by hiding. But budge I could not. My horror increased when I saw that the line of maidens was headed directly for me (Uncle Tom, I sympathize with you). Well you may, my boy, well you may! '(A stark naked, red-headed man, of presumably husky build—presumably in the heavy-weight class in the "P. R.", and five feet eleven inches high, being approached by a bevy of Greek Goddesses

—takes *all* cakes, Uncle Tom). It does. To resume. The fear I now experienced was as penetrating as any of the horrid sensations that had previously coursed through my over-worked veins. I don't like to dwell upon it. Singing lower, and, if possible, more sweetly as they drew nearer, the group of Goddesses left-wheeled—so to speak—or rather columned-left and slowly ascended the piazza steps. I was rooted to the spot some ten feet to the West of the steps which faced due North. Slowly and gracefully they mounted the steps, their flowing garments fluttering softly about their divine shapes in a breeze that seemed to accompany them. Each held in her hand a small harp such as is usually depicted on Greek vases of an antique pattern. Upon this each played by touching the strings deftly and softly with her right hand. Chords soft as music on the waters was the result. To these chords was joined a music the cause of which was unseen, for it could not come from harps, being in the nature of strains from sweetest and richest violin you ever listened to. The combination of the harp's chords, the unseen violin, and the unutterable witchery of the maidens' voices I shall despair of ever imparting to mortal ears. Embarrassing as was my position, stark naked as I stood, petrified by the mingled horror, enchantment and current that held me as in a vice, yet, and nevertheless I had never in my life on earth—and in my youth, and before the war I had known happiness—never on earth had I experienced such ecstasy. The music slowly ceased as the last of the maidens set her snowy sandalled foot upon the cerulean pavement of the piazza in a direction opposite to me and seated herself on a stone bench that bounded the east and west side of the piazza, which stood some six feet from the ground. Said benches were of green marble the color of the dark trees that lined the horizon on every side. Each Goddess seated herself quietly holding her harp in her left hand, but allowing it to rest upon her lap. Slowly the Goddesses seated themselves in an easy but still upright attitude and slowly they turned their glorious eyes towards mine. Although I am operating the nerve-centres in your brain controlling the work of the pencil I can see your face as plainly as though I were sitting opposite you, and I smile at the smile that you are vainly trying to hide from playing about your lips. (You have created what I as

a reader of plays—from Shakespeare to Sardou, from Marlowe to Voltaire—term an embarrassing situation). Admitted. To resume. Slowly the Goddesses turned their glorious eyes towards me. The first thing that struck me in comparing their ravishing features and glorious orbs with the surely handsome women I have known on earth, was an inexpressible sweetness of expression that you may say is wholly wanting in the faces of beautiful women with us. I hasten to say that you know that no one had a more respectful admiration for women than myself. (I know that). You also know that I was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty in women—beauty of feature, beauty of figure and beauty of soul, and of course, mind. (I certainly do). Very well, then, you will admit that in saying sweetness of expression is wholly wanting in the faces of beautiful women with us, I surprise you. (You surely do, my experienced veteran in the pursuit of loveliness. You surely do). Nevertheless what I have just said is strictly and unequivocally true. But you must know this. That I did not know that when I was on earth. I fancied that I had seen—and far better than that, my dear Archie—at least half a dozen women with ravishingly sweet expressions. Their expressions were sweet to me because I had never yet seen sweetness of expression, as sweetness of expression is depicted upon expressions, faces and features of females in Hell. (You finished strong, Uncle Tom, you finished that sentence strong. My compliments). It is all very well for you, my blasé friend, reclining as you now are on a lounge, with a writing-board resting on your breast and held in place by your left hand, it is all very well for you to lie back and sneer at me; but let me inform you sir, that could you but be vouchsafed so much as a glimpse of one of said Goddesses' profiles, no matter how fleeting, no matter how scanty a glimpse; or of their glorious forms, veiled but yet outlined by the supernatural texture of their apparel: or of the front view of their divinely adorable faces, you would be brought up by such a round turn that it would give you pain, and you couldn't close your eyes for striving to conjure up the vision again, no, not close an eye for twenty-four hours. (I should like very much to have you put me to the test: Now *here's a proposition*. I am—according to the late Professor William James—a bona fide,

dyed-in-the-wool medium. Now a medium is what was called in the Old Testament a diviner, sorcerer or witch. The possessor of a "familiar spirit." Such was the Witch of Endor to whom went one of the most tragic figures in all History—sacred or profane—that precursor of "Macbeth," Saul, King of Israel. We have therefore pretty good authority that the only bona fide medium mentioned in the Old Testament—namely, the Witch of Endor, aforesaid—could do what no modern medium has *ever* done, though any number of the lying, thieving crew of professional mediums—I except that most admirable lady, Mrs. Piper, and Mademoiselle Helene Smith (a disguised name), the Swiss medium observed by Professor Flournoy, author of "From India to the Planet Mars, a Study in Somnambulism," among other most scientifically reasoned and splendidly arranged studies in Experimental Psychology—published by Harper & Bro., New York—though any number of that aggregation of thieves and liars known as modern professional mediums—as rank impostors as that old Hell-hag, Madame Blavatsky—though any number of these cheats and charlatans claim to be able to do it and take gullible peoples' money for tricking them into believing that they do it—we have the authority of the Old Testament that the Witch of Endor *could* "materialize." This, of course, means conjure-up the visible presence of a dead person, as the Witch of Endor conjured-up at the request of Saul, practically on the eve of battle, the visible presence of Samuel from the bowels of the earth. Now, why should not I, a bona fide medium—do what another bona fide medium has done. Why should not I, tipped off by your respected, and thoroughly posted and distinguished self—why should not I be permitted to do—I am perfectly well aware of the fact that I am unable to do it of my own will and power—why should not I be permitted to do on the strictly "Q-T." of course, what a former predecessor in my art has done. I don't care a tinker's curse about conjuring-up you, my dear Uncle, alleged, for—among other reasons—I wouldn't know you if I saw you—but I'd risk considerable to be allowed to conjure up even *one* of the nine young ladies that gazed upon you so complacently—*naturally*—from the fact that to the pure all things are pure, none but little children-like attain Paradise, and these nine were Goddesses—I'd

risk considerable for a glimpse of one of your young ladies aforesaid. I'm frank to say that young ladies of this world no longer interest me. I "cut them out" *years* ago. Nothing in petticoats can move me—but I'm perfectly willing to make an attempt at a move on Paradise, in the shape of one of your said nine, in clinging, diaphanous drapery). My youthful friend, pardon my frankness, but you talk like a damn fool. (On what grounds, may I ask?) By what right, I should like to know, do you push yourself forward towards a prize no man has won? (The notoriously hard lines I have had in this world, after spending thousands of dollars and years of my life in helping others—offset by no crimes or even injury, to others. I'm no puritan, of course, and don't want to be, but I'm d—d if I deserve what I've been getting for fifteen years, if God Almighty is anything like what He was for power and justice when He argued with Abraham before destroying the aggregation of rascals known as Sodam: Unless the Judge of all the world has "gone back," He would admit—if I could only get within speaking distance of Him—as Abraham did—that He has administered unto me a "raw deal"). To resume. The first Goddess gazed meditatively upon my countenance for some moments in silence. My eyes met hers, and were riveted upon her face as by a spell. Slowly she parted her perfect lips and said in such mellifluous tones as have never reached mortal ears: "Mortal, put on immortality." At the completion of said formula, in the twinkling of an eye, I felt myself clothed in armor from head to foot. My right hand—impelled by said current and without the slightest guidance or thought upon my part sought my left thigh, and there grasped and drew from its sheath a sword such as Greek and Roman warriors are represented as wearing. My hand then brought the weapon to my face and lowered its point in the salute. At the same time I felt that a shield was strapped to my left arm—by which I mean had become so in the same twinkling. The moment the point of my sword pointed towards the ground, in the salute, a fanfare of bugles startled the air and a shout like that of the Old Guard as it passed Napoleon Bonaparte at its last charge at Waterloo rent the air, coming from the lawn. Instantly the Goddesses vanished as though they had never existed and

in their place on the same green marble seat I saw Napoleon Bonaparte asleep. He was to my amazement, after all that I had seen, and after the antique fashion in which I was clothed, as I have said—he was to my amazement dressed in the familiar long gray overcoat and small cocked hat. He was wrapped in his coat, and his face had the expression of approaching victory. Instantly I recognized the situation, it was a replica of Napoleon sleeping by the camp fire on the eve of his greatest victory—Austerlitz. No sooner did I recognize the above than a veil of something seemed lifted from my memory, and I remembered I had played the role of Marshal Ney in a former life. No sooner had the said veil fallen than Napoleon awoke. Instantly he became clothed in the costume of Michelangelo's "The Thinker," it was so lightening—like that you could not even see the lightening, so to speak, by which I mean that I could not see the slightest sign of the change of costume from an early 19th century soldier to an ancient Greek warrior. All I saw was one instant Napoleon asleep wrapped in a long gray overcoat with a cocked hat on his head. The next instant Napoleon, in the armor of "The Thinker," was standing, sword in hand, before me. The glance of his eyes was terrible. It was as blinding as the lightening's flash. I could not bear his gaze, but my eyelids closed convulsively, as they do on a dark night when in a thunder storm out of inky blackness, a blinding streak of forked lightening cleaves its way. I also experienced a slight sensation of heat on the closed lids, as one does, standing at a safe distance from a blast-furnace. I recovered my self-possession and opened my eyes. This time, prepared as I was for what they had to encounter, I was able, by will-power to-so to speak—force my lids to remain open under the glare of Napoleon Bonaparte's battle-glance. I succeeded in forcing the lids to remain open, but I could not prevent a convulsive blinking which continued for some seconds. Finally, this, too, passed away and I could look at Napoleon steadily. I shall not attempt to picture his countenance. At the lapse of a few seconds, he said in slow, grave tones, "Marshal, we meet again." With out the least thought—and as though I were employing Vocal-Automatism, my lips uttered "Sire, we do." "Marshal, the time for payment has come." "Sire, 'tis true."

“Marshal, adieu.” Whereupon Napoleon vanished. Thereupon I felt myself instantly stripped of all armor, and reduced to natal nakedness as before. Thereupon, upon the self-same bench that had borne such different—first lovely, then terrible—burdens in so short a time, appeared a form clothed entirely in scarlet. The costume was that worn by Pontius Pilate, in other words, the Paludament, or red cloak-like robe, worn by Roman generals. The features of the said being were those of the typical Roman Military Governor, by which I mean typical Roman soldier-politician, as practically all Roman soldiers of rank were. Said being gazed upon me sternly for some time. His gaze seemed to search my very soul. At the end of about ten minutes, said being said in hard, cold, dry, judge-like tones, in perfectly good English: “Marshal Ney, you are about to prepare yourself to be able to undergo the trials, toils, torments and tortures merited by you for your self-indulgent, obstinate, thoughtless conduct of the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo; the which animadverted against the general plans of the Emperor. The heroic courage you displayed at Waterloo, taken together with your heroic end, mitigate largely the charges against your heart and intellect. Be assured that you will triumph in the end, and emerge as invincible as your courage is and always has been, indomitable, adieu.” Immediately his place was taken by a female figure dressed somewhat after the fashion of a sister of charity in the Roman Catholic Church, with the following marked differences. The color of her robes was a creamy white, not dazzling, but soothing to the eye. The shape of her head-dress was not in the least bonnet-like. The material was white linen, which was wound in a band under the chin and around the crown of the head. Her hair was done after the Greek fashion. Her robes were Greek also in cut. Said female allowed her hands to fall into her lap, the left hand over the right, in an easy posture, as she gently gazed upon my face. Slowly she studied my features. Slowly she opened her beautiful, but gravely sad lips, and said in a voice in which subdued sadness, was the dominant tone: “Marshal Ney, prepare your soul for trial.” No sooner had she spoken than a most terrific shout rent the air—yells such as Indians give in charging in a night attack upon their foe, split the very firmament.

Instantly, the said female form vanished, and I saw dashing towards me from among the trees on the East of the Palace a skirmish line of naked American Indians in full war paint. Each had in his hand a bow with an arrow in place to draw to the head, while the gleam of tomahawk and scalping knife shone at their belts. A quiver of arrows was strapped over the shoulder of each. The bodies of the oncoming band were stripped to the waist, their limbs being clothed in deer-skin leggings. Their heads were shaved except for the bristling scalp-lock, and their faces and chests were painted fantastically. I made shift to get to cover, but once more said mysterious current held me riveted in my tracks. The next moment a flight of arrows whizzed past my head and shoulders. Instantly, each brave drew another arrow from the quiver and (stopped at about 6:35 A. M., 8-23-'12, 8-22-'12 (N.) (Napped on the sofa till about 8 A. M. and now resume automatic writing at about 3 to 9 A. M., 8-23-'12, 8-22-'12 (N.), J. A. C.), fitting same to the bow string let fly another flight. This time I did not escape so easily. About half a dozen arrows struck me. Before describing their location, I should observe that the texture of the arrows was somewhat remarkable. Instead of being of wood shod with steel, the arrows were of steel shod with flame. The steel again merits description. It was the most delicate lambent material, metal was ever bounded by. In thickness the arrows were not grosser than the thinnest lead pencil you ever saw. Furthermore, the steel had the quality of bending, upon impact, as flexibly as though it were coiled into a series of spirals. Lastly, regarding the nature of the steel, it was the lightest metal imaginable, far lighter than aluminum is by the side of lead. Said arrows were feathered as wooden arrows are, but the feathers were as much heavier than ordinary feathers and also stronger, as the steel was lighter than ordinary steel. It remains to describe the flame that tipped each arrow. Said flame had a magic quality, in that it offered as much resistance to a foreign body as did the steel. The said flame also kept in place, by which I mean did not flare or flicker, but stood straight out stiffly and firmly as though it were steel painted to represent flame. I shall first describe the location of the half dozen hits made on me as a butt, next the sensation accompanying same. The

first hit was precisely and directly in the center of my heart. (Is that "heart," may I ask?) It is. The second hit was precisely and directly in the centre of my right eye. (Phew! Harold, the last English King's fierce fate). Precisely. The third hit was precisely and directly in the centre of my liver. The fourth hit was precisely and directly in the centre of my kidneys. The fifth hit was precisely and directly in the centre of my right lung. The sixth and last hit was precisely and directly in the centre of my mouth. (Uncle alleged, you surely were shot up). It is very easy, my dear Sir, for you to sneer, but permit me to suggest that when the time arrives for you to take the same kind of medicine—after passing in your checks—pray attempt to remember that flippant remark. (No offence, Uncle alleged, no offence). Oh, I am well aware that your mouth is choke-full of glib phrases to ease your way through life—none more so, my dear sir, none more so. (If you will pardon a suggestion coming from so unworthy a source as my "glib self," may I push forward the idea that you would have no farther trouble in procuring a respectful hearing from me, if you would only deign to furnish me with a scintilla of proof, of the authenticity of your incredible statements, in the slightest degree commensurate with the enormity of the same). What did I just tell you about your glib tongue? (I perfectly well remember what you just told me regarding that usually unruly member). I shall now proceed. Concerning the sensations following hard upon the heels of the entrance of said peculiarly constructed arrows into my frame, I shall attempt only a partial description. In the first place the inconvenience and pain caused by the entrance of said arrows into my frame was incredibly increased by two peculiarities before alluded to in respect to the flaming tips of the said arrows and the flexible spiral-like stems—so to speak—of the said shafts. For, unlike ordinary arrows, the greatest pain was not caused by the entrance of the same into the frame—that was noteworthy certainly, but not a court-plaster patch upon the excruciating agony immediately following said entrance. *For then the burning only really began.* The flaming tips aforesaid began to get in their work only after obtaining a foothold—so to speak—in the centre of the *heart, liver, lung, kidneys, mouth and eye.*

The said flaming tips then began to wheeze and flare—so to speak—precisely as a blacksmith's bellows wheezes, and causes the flame on the forge to flare. It was as though each Indian had his lips attached to the other end of each arrow, and was using it as a blow-pipe to excite the flame and increase its penetration and area. Of course, such was not the case, the flames—so to speak—took care of that themselves. *Next, we come to the damnably uncomfortable said spiral-like steel shafts at the end of said flaming tips. These said accessories seemed suddenly to become attached to a steam-roller—so marvellously did said delicate, frail looking shafts increase in weight. Each shaft began to weigh tons.* (Is that “tons,” may I ask;) You may. I reiterate the incomprehensible statement to mortal ears, that each steel shaft began to weigh tons. In order to aim to help you to attempt to take this in, I should add that the supporting strength of my frame exactly increased with mathematical exactitude and precision so as to keep pace with the strain placed upon same by the magical increase in weight of the said flexible steel shafts. The same, of course, held good with the resisting power of the texture of each organ aforesaid, subjected to the above Hellishly unpleasant process of extermination, purification and concentration. I may as well lift another fold of the veil separating the living from the dead. It is far from my present purpose to break the thread of this narrative sufficiently to subject you to a discourse upon the nature of, and cure required for the extermination of sin—far from it, my dear Archie. But I must, in justice to the situation, say a few words of explanation touching the above frankly incomprehensible—otherwise—statement. The object of all trial, toil, torment and torture in Hell and Purgatory, is to purify the mind, heart, frame and soul, and thereby *cure* it of moral evil, and fit it for better things than being turned into a chopping block, archery butts, or macadamized road, as I was by the said flight of arrows lighting in me, and getting in their work. “Vengeance is mine, I will repay,” is perfectly true, and surely carried out. But the repayment is so far in excess of the original debt that it would be horribly unjust to carry out the said archery practice and road-making—I might call it “good-road” making—were the same not scientifically necessary to burn up and crush out of the

system—so to speak—the corroding, rotting quality of sin. I hope that I have said enough to show you that Jehovah does not permit Satan—should Satan desire so unjust a thing, which his superb nature would forcibly prohibit his doing—to allow wandering bands of redskins to Fenimore Cooper, the Human Race in Hell—to coin a phrase meant in no disrespect of that great and far from properly appreciated in most quarters, novelist of all time—Jehovah is far too just to permit Satan, as Lord of Hell, to organize bands of roving savages to attack in the above dramatic manner, new arrivals in Hell. Satan acting in accordance with the most dark, dire, inscrutable and ominous code of Law ever compiled, and known as the Decrees of Destiny, Satan acting in accord with said dread code, has used his poetic and dramatic art to render heroic, romantic, and far from damnably mechanical, the surgical and chemical processes necessary for the purification of the human heart and other organs in Hell.

Having had a shot at showing you why *I* was so shot at, I shall now proceed with my tale of woe:

The first thing that will occur to you will be to inquire what I did under the circumstances. Well, I did nothing, for the excellent reason that I could do nothing. Said mysterious force held me in a vice, while it sustained me, under the tons of weight rolled round in the various said portions of my anatomy, from breakage under said strain, and, at the same time, permitted the full and free burning, and grinding, cutting, grilling and flattening necessary for the eradication of the corroding and rotting effects of sin from said portions of my frame. You will at once desire to inquire as to whether I cried out under said torture. To which I instantly reply that I had the strongest possible desire to do so, but was as strictly prohibited from so doing as I was prohibited from budging or moving a muscle. I attempted to cry out, in rage and despair, curses, and what not, that would naturally come to the mind of any one worthy the name of man, at such apparently unjust and tyrannical treatment of a newcomer in a perfectly helpless unarmed state—in a state of nudity. But try as I did, I could not utter a sound. Meanwhile the Indians were gloating over the sight of my sufferings—no doubt feeling that they were merely getting their dues for the outrageous robbery of their rights

by the white man from the first time that individual ever came in contact with the red. As I learned later, every emotion of my mind, every wish of my heart, every thrill of my nerves in agony was as legibly readable to a sojourner of experience in Hell, in my countenance in torture, and in every man and every woman's countenance in torture, as are stock quotations on the bulletin board in a Wall Street Stock Broker's reception parlor. You will ask if I got accustomed in the slightest degree to the agony as it went on, as we do in the world. To which I reply, not in the faintest degree. The reason for this difference is the difference in the texture of the corruptible body and the incorruptible. In the former, of course, after the nerves have been sufficiently affected by torture, there is more or less diminution in the power of sensation. Not so in the incorruptible body. Here the torture is as penetrating in its last moment as in its first. Unutterably suffering as I was, yet said mysterious force compelled me to take note of the faces of the Indians. Never in my life had I ever imagined anything comparable with the savage joy lighting up the faces of the braves. Their eyes gleamed like stars in their dark faces. Their cruel lips parted, showing their white teeth as the emotion of retribution at last meted out to the enemy and destroyer of their race's power on earth, spread itself through their souls. Now and then a fierce, triumphant war-whoop would shatter the silence, as a brave noted a peculiarly poignant desire of revenge at such diabolical injustice as I was receiving, sweep over my storm-tried countenance. Now and then a chief would rise, and throwing out his chest, would begin to chant a war-song of triumph at my woe. Now and then a brave would beckon to another and point to my face and smile exultingly. Whereupon the second would sometimes shout out a defiance at me, and sometimes begin in *his* turn to chant his war-song. The group consisted of about a score of male Indians. After about half an hour (For Heaven's sake! A half hour of such work!) A full and ample half hour, I do assure you. After about half an hour of torture, a sound of peculiar sweetness pierced the cloud of agony shrouding my perception. It came from the West side of the Palace. Slowly it drew near. Of course, I could not turn round, nor would have turned round if I could

have, having other pressing matters in mind at said time. But wild—*with half an hour of such agony as no man has ever imagined*—as I was, I could not be insensible to the peculiar sweetness of the sound that fell upon my anguished ears. Slowly it drew near. Slowly it came abreast of me, and as slowly passed. It proceeded from the lips of a bevy of Indian maidens, about a score in number, which slowly filed by me in Indian file, singing in low accents as they passed. In Hell as I was, in more than one sense of that much used and frequently grossly abused word, in Hell as I was, I could not escape the beauty of these maidens. (Uncle Tom, I salute you as the Hero extraordinary, of the male sex in its adoration of the female. With a flaming arrow in one eye, revolving, if not rotating as well—and rubbing it in on you to the extent of several tons, to say nothing of the several other arrows—yet and nevertheless your unoccupied-by-an-arrow—*other* eye, true as the needle to the pole, followed its loadstar beauty to the bitter end). As I before remarked, wait till you get what's coming to you, my boy. To resume. As the beauty of the Goddesses transcended the beauty of all women I had ever imagined, so did—in its sphere—the dark beauty of the Indian maidens surpass that of all Indian beauties I had ever seen or heard of. In place of the copper color of the Indian on earth, their skin below has the hue of bronze mingled with and lightened by gold. The color is sometimes seen on earth in an unusually beautiful mysterious summer sunset, but nowhere else. Their eyes were much more beautiful than their eyes on earth, as were their skins. Their figures—of which more could be seen than of the Goddesses. but nothing that could affront modesty—were as perfect as those of the Goddesses. Their costume was an idealized pattern of the usual Indian female garb. The maidens slowly filed past me and took up position towards the South, that is to say, towards the Grove from which—as I afterwards learned—the Goddesses had emerged on the East side of the Palace. No sooner had they done so than the warriors, with one ear-piercing war-whoop of defiance, vanished into thin air.

At that instant, my torture instantly ceased, and you mortal, cannot comprehend this—as instantly did every vestige of it disappear from my memory. (Come! Come! Uncle

Tom.) What did I tell you, my dear Archie. To resume. Not only did every vestige of the agony disappear from my memory, but I also was deprived of the slightest recollection of what had just occurred. (Phew!) You may well whistle, my observant and attentive friend.

Now, you can see the mercy of God. *Now* you can comprehend, that in spite of the Hell-awful punishment one undergoes in Hell, yet, through it, over it, and under it all, are the Everlasting Arms, are the encircling, protecting arms, of a Fatherly, loving and tender God. (That, my dear Uncle Tom, is the best you've done yet). To resume. So soon as the torture ceased and all memory of it and its occurrence was erased in a twinkling from my mind, I perceived that I was no longer nude. At the same instant I became clothed as before in antique armor. So soon as this most desirable change in my costume had taken place, the bevy of maidens approached and ascended the steps of the piazza, much in the same dignified, yet graceful, and easy way, in which the Goddesses had filed past me into position on the aforesaid stone seat. The leading maiden of the Indian band regarded me slowly with a searching penetrating look. Her hands were in precisely the same attitude of repose in her lap as had been those of the—so to speak—sister of charity, aforesaid. Slowly, she regarded me. Slowly her perfect lips opened, and slowly issued forth the following words in English, slightly tinged with an Indian accent: "Pale face, welcome to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The Great Spirit has been pleased to number you among the chosen braves of His band. Again, I bid you welcome." To which strange speech I at once, without the slightest conscious ratiocination, and, as it were, by vocal-automatism, made reply "Princess, be graciously pleased to deign to accept the homage and devotion of the most unworthy of his race." To which, I may add, for my part, equally strange speech—the leading Indian maiden made the following reply: "Warrior, I accept thy homage. The Great Spirit loves and trusts thee above all other pale-face warriors. You are his favorite. The Great Spirit will not as yet convey these words to you because you are still new and strange to this strange world, but I am deputed by Him to notify you of your lofty place in His heart. Warrior, know that many

perils lie along thy way. Thy way is beset with terror, as the way of the Indian was beset with terror after the coming of the Pale-face. But rest assured that your heart is strong, and your fate even stronger, and the Great Spirit's love for thee stronger than all; Warrior, farewell." With these words, the bevy of maidens vanished.

For a few seconds thereafter I was actually left alone with my thoughts, I could hear the rhythmic purring of the sleeping monster before described as half-lion-half-horse. It was lying on its side in the attitude of a sleeping cat. I was now free to move my body, but not yet my feet from where I had been glued, so to speak, during so many startling experiences. I could therefore see the recumbent dragon, also fast asleep, and chug-chugging as steadily as ever. A thin stream of smoke ascended from each nostril as it slept. I hasten to say that the unspeakable odor of the creature—I found to my unutterable relief—which had not only terrified but nearly strangled me—is never emitted unless the creature is irritated, and desires hostile action upon its part. Nothing could surpass the peacefulness of the superb prospect. I recalled nought of the torture, as aforesaid, but minutely recollected the slightest detail of each other incident. My heart swelled within me, with mingled pride and ambition, at the words of the Indian Princess. Slowly, the sinister meaning lurking in the background of her kindly warning, began to steal over my senses like a cool, almost chilling breeze. No sooner had this impression of impending evil reached my being, than I saw a shadow stealthily project itself round the Western corner of the Palace. As I did so, I felt my feet released from the stocks, so to speak, in which they had been riveted, and the current instantly crouched me down behind the green marble bench on the West—as on the East side—of the piazza, and my hand stole to the hilt of my sword and waited. Slowly the shadow crept round the corner of the Palace. At length I saw the head of an Indian warrior, in full war paint, project itself beyond the shelter of the corner of the Palace. His gaze met mine. With a yell of surprise, the head disappeared. Instantly I felt myself speeding after the retreating savage with my sword drawn and shield advanced to cover my front. As I rounded the corner of the Palace, the Indian reached the

edge of the lawn, that surrounded the Palace on all sides, and turned to look in my direction. He then drew an arrow from his bow—not a flame-tipped one, as in the former band of Indians—but a wooden arrow, as I afterwards ascertained, with a steel point—and let fly at me. Instinctively I raised my shield, and the missile clashed against the metal surface of my shield, and fell harmless to the ground. With an whoop of defiance, the savage disappeared into thin air. At the self same second of time, a third figure appeared in view. This was nothing less than a giant. (Is that “giant,” may I ask:). It is “giant.” This creature was about the size, build and equipment of one Goliath of Gath. You may imagine my surprise and concern. He was standing in precisely the same spot from which my Indian friend—the one who had shot an arrow at me—had vanished into thin air. The aspect of Goliath—for so I shall dub him—was highly truculent and menacing. He was without his shield-bearer, but bore his own door-like shield on his left arm. His features were handsome, of an antique, stern, fierce type of oriental beauty, and his muscles and limbs and arms were superb. He haughtily observed me for a few seconds, and then said, in tones that rumbled like mimic thunder, in English, hinting of a strange accent “What make you here, Abner.” To which I replied, as usual, without the least thought: “I make my rounds, Goliath, I make my rounds.” To which the giant said: “Harken, Abner. The time has come for a trial of strength betwixt us twain. You have often boasted that the force from the Spirit of the Lord of Hosts could equal the strength Baal and Ashtaroth have implanted in my arms and limbs. Now hark you, Abner. I will a wager lay with thee. I will wager a talent of gold against a talent of brass, that I can throw my spear against thy shield, on thy arm and spit thee as I would a beast.” “Goliath, I will joyfully accept thy wager, and let the game begin now.” “Stay, friend Abner, where is thy forfeit?” “It is here Goliath.” And with that, I produced from the air—as it seemed to me—a talent-weight of brass and laid it on the greensward in front of me, but to the left of the line of vision, between Goliath and myself. Thereupon the giant produced from apparently the same obliging quarter a talent-weight of what appeared to be pure gold, and deposited it

on the grass to my left. Thereupon he said, "Now I will essay." I may as well observe that I was as much amazed at my own hardihood and indifference to inevitable destruction—as it appeared to my judgment, to turn myself into a human target for a spear-throwing contest with Goliath of Gath, Goliath to hurl the spear, and I to hold the target—I was as much amazed at my own hardihood and indifference to death by violence, as I was at the sudden sense of overwhelming strength, gigantic, all-subduing strength that swept into my being from the soles of my feet, as though I stood on a magical battery of some sort and was being charged with magic force—and coursed through my veins until it reached my heart, which it thrilled and inflated with a feeling of confidence and physical strength, little short of superhuman. No sooner had I felt this ecstatic throb of power in my heart than I shouted in a loud voice: "The Lord liveth! Let His enemies be scattered! Advance, Goliath of Gath, to thy humiliation!" With that Goliath flew into a rage that was terrible to witness, but which left me absolutely calm and indifferent. I was standing in a nonchalant attitude, except that my shield was on my arm and my arm bent and ready to fly into place should Goliath let fly his spear. The giant, without more ado, raised his right arm, and hurled his weaver's beam of a spear at me. To my amazement, I felt no more shock when it struck my shield than I had when the Indian's arrow fell harmless therefrom. The monstrous spear crashed harmless against my shield, and dropped, broken in two, at the impact. Thereupon Goliath drew his enormous sword, and advanced upon me at the charge, with his huge shield on his left arm. To my utter amazement, I felt no more concern at this than I had at the former threat of death aforesaid. The feeling of supernatural strength aforesaid, if anything, seemed increased rather than diminished, and I rushed to meet his charge with the joy of a Homeric Hero. I shall not now attempt to describe this combat, but shall at some future time. You are getting somewhat, naturally, sleepy now, and need repose after practically incessant writing, bar some three hours' nap, since yesterday evening. Let it suffice to say that the force in my sword-arm was fully equal to that in my shield-arm, and my skill at fence amazed me. Goliath was a skilled

swordsman, and, as may be well imagined, a powerful one. But he did not do more than supply a strong foil to show off my dangerous and aggressive attack. He never touched me, whereas I drew blood from his arms and thighs more than once—not deep or dangerous wounds, but ones that bled freely for a few moments. After the fleshing of my blade several times in his carcass, Goliath concluded that I would be a good man to leave alone, and brought the combat to a close with these gutteral words: “Abner, I did thee and thy God gross wrong. I know that the Lord of Hosts is a powerful God, and after Baal and Ashtaroth, worthy to be praised. Abner, take thy prize, and know that Goliath harbors thee no ill.” To which I replied, unconsciously, as always, under said circumstances: “Goliath, speed thee well. I take not thy forfeit, for the glory is to the Lord from whence cometh my strength. May Baal and Ashtaroth bless and reward thee for the greatness of thy soul. Adieu.” Whereupon Goliath of Gath disappeared into thin air. No sooner had Goliath disappeared than I found myself once more standing on the same spot on the piazza of the Palace, stript of everything but my skin. In front of me, standing this time in front of the familiar bench on the East side of the piazza, stood my keeper foretold by Napoleon Bonaparte. To my delightful surprise, I saw that said keeper was none other than the said Sister of Charity. I of course, did not know the above from having been so told, but the instant I saw her standing there with a white garment like a Roman toga, depending from her uplifted hands, I divined that she was to be my keeper, in very much the same way that female nurses attend male patients in hospitals. Instantly, I was wrapped in the ample fold of the toga. Thereupon, she spoke as follows: “Marshal Ney, you have acquitted yourself well in the heroic struggle you have encountered. You must know that from now on for a considerable time, you will have no more feats of strength, skill, and courage to occupy you, but your preparation will be purely spiritual. I do not wish you to infer from this that you will have to submit to homilies by me or anybody else, on matters religious or moral, but simply that the scientific side of spirituality will be shown you, and the vast field of mind opened up. This field will require some years for you to conquer. You

will not don warlike habiliments again until the aforesaid field has, by your own efforts, been made your own. I shall see you for several hours each day, but for the first year here you will see nobody but myself. Your life will be that of a prisoner condemned to solitary confinement, except that there will be no disgrace connected with your confinement, nor will it be in a building in the least resembling a gaol. I shall conduct you to your place of abode." With that we both of us disappeared into the centre of the earth. (Is that "disappeared into the centre of the earth," may I ask?) It is. The action was so incredibly swift and sudden that for the life of me I couldn't tell what had taken place. I discovered later the minute details. Briefly the nurse—as I shall in future term her—and I were standing opposite each other on the fatal spot on the piazza, when I felt the floor of the piazza sink beneath me precisely as you feel an elevator in a sky-scraper sink swiftly under your feet when the man in charge has slammed the gate shut. We went with the swiftness of thought, the nurse and I, down a chute or elevator shaft apparently concealed in the flooring of the piazza. I could see nothing as we shot, as though expelled from a catapult, down the pitch black shaft. I noticed a damp, earthy smell, as though on entering a mine shaft. That was the solitary observation I was enabled to make as we whirled downward. At times, I was aware of great heat, but there seemed to be a—so to speak—cool atmosphere that accompanied us as we descended—as a bank of cool air hangs in a hollow on earth. Through the bank fierce jets of heat at times pierced their way, and they were terrible, but so short-lived that they were hardly noticeable, since the enveloping bank of cool, pure, upper air appeared to continually replenish and renew itself from above as we shot downwards. At the lapse of some five minutes, roughly estimated, a faint ray of light began to be perceptible in our elevator—so to speak. This swiftly broadened and brightened until it was as bright as day when the elevator came to a gradual stop. As it did so, its sides—so to speak—disappeared, and I found myself in a most ravishingly beautiful country. I shall not attempt to describe this now, for reasons already stated—you *must* go to bed and to sleep. Let it suffice to say that I saw within a few yards of me a building precisely like an old-time Roman

Catholic monastery. "There lies thy goal," said the nurse. I shall not touch upon the architecture at this séance. I shall hurry to a close. Before the frowning portal the nurse halted: "Marshal Ney," she said, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you. Seek and ye shall find. For the nonce adieu." With that she disappeared. I approached the gloomy doors and knocked with my right knuckles upon the door. A wicket—so to speak—a small space in the door, opened, and a deep sepulchral male voice said, "Who Knocks?" "Marshal Ney," I replied, with the usual unconsciousness. "Marshal Ney, enter in the name of the Lord." Whereupon the huge doors slowly swung open, and I beheld a chapel lighted very much as in Ritualistic Protestant Episcopal churches, but less ornate than in the Roman Catholic Church. At the head of the chapel stood the altar, which was also more Ritualistic than Roman Catholic in construction. There were lighted candles thereon. I saw no one. The same voice said "Kneel, Marshal Ney, and confess thy sins to God." Whereupon I found my knees kneeling naturally. "Pray, Marshal Ney, for the sins of the world." Whereupon I found my lips moving, and low words issuing from them. At the end of say, five minutes, the voice said, "Arise, Marshal Ney, and follow me." Of course, as the owner of the voice was absolutely invisible I could not have followed him through the long windings and turnings of the monastery at either side of the said chapel, which I afterwards found was in the centre of the vast pile, had I not found myself once more in the grasp, so to speak, of the friendly current. It pushed me along as gently as it had out of the bed chamber of His Satanic Majesty, and through Napoleon Bonaparte's Palace. After traversing a building as much vaster than the Escorial in Spain as the Escorial is vaster than a village chapel, to put it rather mildly, I found myself in front of the door of a cell. The cell door was shut. It was the only door on that corridor. The voice said "Marshal Ney, behold thy home for years. Enter, and fear not. Adieu." Whereupon the door of the cell opened of itself from within and I entered. The cell was the size of an ordinary large bedroom. The windows were barred heavily with iron. There were two aspects from the cell: one to the South and one to the West. The cell opened on those points of the compass by its win-

dows. The view to the South disclosed another vast building, whose architecture I shall not now take time to describe. The view to the West embraced a beautiful prospect, which I shall not now describe. Not a soul was in sight nor a sound heard. I next addressed myself to acquainting myself with the furniture in my future home. There was a plain, monk-like bed, comfortably furnished with clothing, and on the walls, to my surprise, were engravings of historic incidents, known to mundane history. A large plain table, a chest of drawers, and several chairs completed the furnishings in my cell. I saw a second door in the wall. As I approached it opened of itself inward, and to my amazement I found a marble bath sunk into the floor, through which a stream of water was falling from a fountain—carved in the form of a lion's head—the bath and fountain were antique in build and design. Feeling a desire to bathe, I stopped the progress of the stream through the bath, and throwing off my toga, plunged in. The bath was deep enough and large enough to cover my shoulders with water when I stood up, and to allow of my floating and taking a few strokes before reaching either side. After a most refreshing ten minutes, I climbed out by some marble steps let into the side and found what I had not seen before, clean towels precisely like our bath towels. Also I found another costume laid out for me by the side of my toga, the costume of a Greek when indoors. This I put on and re-entered my cell. So soon as I did, I heard the same voice say “Marshal Ney, prepare thy soul for prayer.” Thereupon the idea occurred to me to banish all thoughts from my mind but those of the Deity and my own unworthiness. This I did as best I could. Thereupon the voice said “Kneel,” I found a *prie-dieu*, or kneeling bench, with cushions for the knees, and rest for the head—such as is found in Roman Catholic oratories, for instance. Upon this I knelt. Thereupon the voice said: “Marshal Ney, know that this place was ordained for thy reception from the foundation of the world. Nothing happens by chance, all is foreordained. Chance exists, but it is only chance in name—actually it is the working out of God's will in the world. Prepare to pray.” I once more composed my mind to prayer. Thereupon the voice said, “Marshal Ney, why dost thou think that thou art here?”

Whereupon I unconsciously, as usual, replied "For the good of my soul." "Thou sayest well," replied the voice. "Marshal Ney, what dost thou intend to do during thy stay in the monastery?" "I intend to prepare my soul for the grand things in store for it." "Thou sayest well. Marshal Ney, whence comest thou?" "From Hell." "Where art thou now?" "In Purgatory." "Thou sayest well. How dost thou propose to prepare thy soul for the grand things in store for it?" "By prayer, fasting, and deep inward searching of the heart." "Thou sayest well. Marshal Ney, whither art thou bound after thy sojourn in Purgatory?" "To rejoin my Emperor in Hell." "Thou sayest well. Marshal Ney, how dost thou propose to deeply, inwardly search thy heart?" "By, *first*, a study of the Scriptures, in order that I may know what fashion of Being Jehovah is; what fashion of Being Jesus Christ is; and what fashion of Being the Holy Spirit is. By, *second*, forming a rule of conduct for my daily guidance in my dealings with my fellow beings, based upon the fashion of Being I shall find Jehovah to be by said study of the Scriptures; and based upon the fashion of Being I shall find Jesus Christ to be by said study of the Scriptures; and based upon the fashion of Being I shall find the Holy Spirit to be by said study of the Scriptures. Upon said two pillars of faith hang all the secrets of life." "Thou sayest well. Marshal Ney, what thereafter dost thou propose to do?" "Thereafter I propose to quicken my spirit by prayer, and thoughts on the welfare of the world; and how I, by prayer, may guide and aid the destinies of the world, and my fellow beings." "Thou sayest well. Marshal Ney, what thereafter dost thou propose to do?" "Thereafter I propose to perfect myself in all manner of learning, to the end that I may aid the destinies of the world and my fellow beings as best I may." "Thou sayest well. Marshal Ney, may God strengthen thee in the hour of trial. Farewell." Thereupon I rose from my somewhat cramped—from being somewhat unaccustomed to an adoring attitude—knees, and heaved a profound sigh of relief. Whereupon said voice said "*Scoff not at humility before the idea of Perfection, for that is the essence of true prayer in the form of adoration of the Supreme Being.* Know that from now on thy slightest thought will be answered—unless it requires no answer, either because

it is correct, or does not ask an unconscious question of creation, or because it is incorrect and demands correction for the good of thine own immortal soul. Know that from now on knowledge shall take the place of ignorance in thy heart, and certitude, of doubt. Know, moreover, that by strict attention to a high ideal of thought, *as well* as of intention, *as well* as of conduct, is the only way in which to achieve thy aforesaid future high and worthy purposes. *From now on thou art never alone.* I take the place of thy conscience, and shall chide thee, or sparingly praise thee, as does conscience. In no other way can the dictum 'Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect' be attained, than by constant attention to the slightest hint of ideas suggested to your mind by conscience."

You may see from the above, my dear Archie, that life below decks has a very serious side ~~of~~ it. A side that bores all wordly people to stupefaction, but a side, nevertheless, that *must* be cultivated, if one wishes to achieve either Hell or the Underworld and avoid the Kingdom of Sin and Annihilation. Believe me, you have not been more fatigued by the above catechism than was I. I don't wonder at your spelling the pronoun I, e-y-e after the above hours.

(Stopped about 4 P. M. exact, 8-23-'12. J. A. C.)

End of first Spirit-Message (alleged) from Hell.

L'Envoi.

(Houston (Tex.) *Post*, July 28, 1912.)

From the way John Armstrong Chaloner writes, it seems to us that he is bound to be happy.

(New York *Evening Telegram*, August 5, 1912.)

See that John Armstrong Chaloner, former husband of Amelie Rives, brother-in-law of Lina Cavalieri has received a "message from hell." No news in that for New York, but if the psychic receives any information from Chicago or the man higher up, would like to hear it.

(Portland, (Ore.) *Telegram*, August 5, 1912.)

"HELL'S NOT HALF BAD OLD PLACE, YOU KNOW."

Alexandria, Va., August 5.—"Hell isn't a half bad place," according to a friend of John Armstrong Chaloner. This friend, long a resident of the region which Dante once graphically described, has supplemented the observations of the famous Florentine poet and brought hell data down to date in a spirit message to Chaloner, which the latter received by the subconsciousness that is one of his claims to distinction.

Chaloner came from his home at Cobham, Va., to-day especially to give this data to the Washington newspaper correspondents.

The dead friend informed the author that for a while hell was what all preachers claimed for it. But he had finally "paid the piper" and was free from torment.

Satan, he said, resembles Napoleon, in appearance, and holds his court in an *auditorium* room "miles long, miles wide and miles high, built of rubies the size of ordinary building bricks." Chaloner remarked that his correspondent had been a prominent New York Clubman and that he himself "did not believe a — word" of the spirit message.

(Richmond (Va.) *Leader*, August 5, 1912.

CHALONER'S WEIRD DREAM LIKE DANTE'S MASTERPIECE ABOUT TERRORS OF HADES.

Owner of "Merry Mills" Gives Out Interview Telling of Communication With Departed Friend.

Going into Alexandria yesterday by prearranged appointment, John Armstrong Chaloner, of "Merry Mills," Albemarle county, astounded his audience, a number of newspaper men, by making several statements of a weird character, among them being that he had recently been in communication with a departed friend, who told him all about that region whose terrors form the theme of Dante's masterpiece.

According to this friend, who communicated with Mr. Chaloner by that subconsciousness which is a gift of the latter, that place Hades is not so bad it has been painted.

Mr. Chaloner gave a very vivid description of his vision of Hades. The description follows:

A fiery throne. Upon said throne sits Satan. His features are precisely those of Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power. In height he is considerably taller, but yet under six feet, and regarding weight, there is no surplusage of flesh. He is dressed in the costume of Michelangelo's statue, "The Thinker."

The Hall of Audience (Hell) is an immense apartment, so huge as to be practically incomprehensible to mortal ideas of architecture. It is miles long, miles wide, and miles high. The hall is of rubies, and they are of the size, luster and fire of rubies known as "pigeon blood."

In place of mortar binding the bricks and making a white line, we have diamonds as large as your thumb nail, and of the purest water. To soften and enrich the fiery effect of such splendor, the diamond line is broken every few inches by several inches of sapphires, as blue as the Mediterranean.

The floor is of marble, that has the marvelous quality of being capable of taking on the tone of whatever stands upon it, or is reflected upon it, or flies over it. If a cherubim flies over the floor, the marble at once becomes tinged with blood. The roof is of crystal, so pure that the eye can pierce it as if it were plate glass.

NAPOLEON.

John Armstrong Chaloner, in his statement in Alexandria yesterday, relative to the message he got from his friend in Hades, alleged that Satan resembled Napoleon Bonaparte.

The above brings to mind the theological deductions of an English preacher and writer named Baxter, who flooded the world with literature about a third of a century ago in efforts to induce people to believe that Napoleon or one of his family is the antichrist pictured in the thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse. The preacher imagined that Napoleon III was destined to play havoc in this world by abolishing all semblance of religion. This worthy, however, paid the debt of nature in the early seventies when the preacher switched to his son, the Prince Imperial. The latter fell in the Zulu war, when Prince Pierre Napoleon, an unpopular member of the Napoleon family attracted the attention of Baxter. In time death visited Pierre, and the last of the family, Prince Victor, was fixed upon as the man who was to array himself in defiance of his creator. The latter, so far, has caused no stir in the world.

The deductions of the theologian referred to above are curious and interesting. In the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Revelations the antichrist is given a mysterious number—six hundred and sixty-six. It is one of the many biblical puzzles to the learned, although many not learned have imagined they have solved it. Some have played the part of Alexander and cut the knot, but it is still defying the penetration of all Bible readers. The English minister in his theory calls attention to the fact that when the Apocalypse was written, figures were not in use and letters were used as numerals. By spelling Napoleon in the dative case—*Napoleonti*—he made the Greek letters stand for 666. His etymology of the name is as follows: *Napos*, a thicket; *leon*, a lion. Hence Napoleon means “Lion of the thicket.”

It is said that many Englishmen long after the body of the Corsican had reposed beneath the willows in St. Helena, believed he was still alive somewhere in the world. According to Chaloner, Napoleon resembles his Satanic Majesty, and he may be the scourge who, according to Scrip-

ture, is to emerge from the bottomless pit to fulfill the fears of certain Britons.

(Richmond (Va.) *Virginian*, August 5, 1912.)

MR. CHALONER TAKES ELEVATOR "DOWN."

Inspired by the assertions of Andrew Wilson, the scientific writer of the *Illustrated London News*, that none of the so-called mediums had ever succeeded in drawing from the spirit world any message giving real insight into the conditions there, or giving any great truth or fact, John Armstrong Chaloner's "X-Faculty," he he terms it, has succeeded in communicating with the shade of a decedent friend and drawing from him a very vivid description of the "under world."

It has been testified on occasion that Mr. Chaloner is a medium—we have the word of no less an authority than the late Professor James—and when Mr. Chaloner tells us in unequivocal terms that he really went into a trance and received this alleged spirit message by means of automatism, we must take his word for it; for whatever else might be said, his veracity has never been called into question. We must also believe him when he says that he is a medium "against his will," and he doesn't believe a word of the stuff his own hand sub-consciously wrote. These two facts he sought to impress firmly upon the newspaper correspondents to whom he transmitted the mysterious "alleged" message from the spirit world yesterday; first, that he did not invent the communication, and, second, that he doesn't believe in it himself. He was frank enough to declare that he did believe it was the invention of his "X-Faculty." The disclosures the spirit message pretends to reveal are too serious to be disclosed lightly, perhaps, and whether one believes in the spiritualistic cult or whether he be a scoffer, the communication itself, which we are printing this morning, "makes mighty interestin' readin'."

(San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle*, August 6, 1912.)

A NEW VISION OF HELL.

Not a Bad Sort of a Place at All, According to Mr. Chaloner.

It might be more reassuring for those interested in knowing what sort of a place is reserved for the wicked after death if John Armstrong Chaloner had been permitted to describe more than merely the Audience Chamber of his Satanic Majesty. The picture which he gives us of this room, with its walls of rubies, diamonds and sapphires, is attractive enough, yet doubt is allowed to linger as to the furnishings and other appurtenances of the living-rooms of the transient and permanent guests.

The fact that Chaloner's information came to him through "Graphic automatism" from the spirit of one Thomas Jefferson Miller, a former Confederate officer and member of the Manhattan Club of New York, will undoubtedly be considered by many persons as evidence of authenticity. Certainly Miller, who was on the opposite side to General Sherman, ought to know what Hell is, and as a New York clubman it is reasonable to assume that his present address is the correct one.

According to the message which Chaloner gives the world from his former friend, the Infernal Regions would seem to be a very tolerable place in which to live. At any rate, the precious stones which ornament the audience chamber of the Prince of Darkness would seem to give to that place very much the same aspect ascribed to heaven with its pearly gates and streets of gold.

The floor of marble that has the quality of taking on the color of whatever stands upon or flies over it is another interesting touch in the vision. With cherubs and seraphs flitting back and forth, changing the color alternately to red and blue, a kaleidoscopic effect is no doubt produced that would be worth going far to see.

It is disappointing not to be told more about this interesting place. The glimpse into the audience chamber, with Satan presiding and looking like Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power, cries out for another and completer

picture. But perhaps Mr. Chaloner intends to give us this in time, even if he has to go there for it.

John Armstrong Chaloner's vision of hell, with an audience chamber built of rubies, diamonds and sapphires, is quite different from the picture Dante gave us. However, it may be a true one. It would be hell to see all these things and not be able to have any of them.

(Sacramento (Cal.) *Bee*, August 6, 1912.)

PLENTY OF HELL ON EARTH FOR NEW YORKERS.

J. A. Chaloner, of Virginia, announces that while in a "subconscious" state he has received from Thomas Jefferson Miller, "a friend in Hell," a message that things are not so bad down there as is generally supposed; and that as between Hell and Heaven it is all a matter of individual preference and inclination—or words to that effect. Of his own case, Miller says:

I have had a very mild torture compared to many other persons in my walk of life; largely because I happened to be a truthful and moderately honest man by nature, and also largely because I had my share of Hell on earth in being a New Yorker of social standing, but no money.

On the whole, this must be regarded as cheering information for many persons.

(Boston (Mass.) *Morning Globe*, August 6, 1912.)

HELL AND THE DEVIL.

Right at the heels of the published opinion that there is no such place comes a sixteen-page, typewritten interview in which a disembodied spirit describes hell in detail and the monarch thereof to John Armstrong Chaloner, the former husband of Amelie Rives.

His Satanic Majesty is pictured as of medium height, with the face of Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power and

habiliments like those of Michaelangelo's statute, called "The Thinker."

Horns, mark you, are not mentioned.

Can it be that the Mephistopheles of our grand opera and the labels on our devilled ham constitute a criminal libel upon a person of really respectable appearance?

The message declares that the throne room of the chief of the fallen angels has walls of rubies cemented with diamonds and a marble floor which turns from brilliant red to the cerulean blue of an Italian sky whenever a seraph flies over.

This taxes our credulity.

Marble cracks and disintegrates when exposed to an intense heat.

Far easier to believe is the final statement of the communicating ghost that existence in the nether regions is fairly pleasant compared with living in New York with social standing and no money.

(Chicago (Ill.) *Tribune*, August 6, 1912.)

VIA MR. CHALONER.

Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner disarms the skeptical who would pooh-pooh his revelation of hell. Some one called the world over his wires and said Satan looked like Napoleon Bonaparte, that his residence was of marble, rubies and diamonds, and that the place would be a relief to any man who had been trying to maintain a social position in New York without money.

That's the message that came via Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner. As a medium he is neither skeptical nor credulous. A genuine medium is merely a cosmic telephone wire. Mr. Chaloner does not guarantee the good faith of the person on the other end. He thinks it was Thomas Jefferson Miller, but it may have been Artemus Ward, or Mark Twain, or William James, who said he would send back a message if there were any way of doing it.

That hell would have no terrors for a man who had been broke in New Yor has been suspected—confidently declared

in some instances—and if Mr. Chaloner's message is confirmation of the idea it will cause no particular sensation. The most interesting part of the revelation is that Satan looks like Napoleon. That explains the notion prevailing in Europe that the head devil was absent from his domain about 1769 to 1821.

(New York *Telegraph*, August 6, 1912.)

Mr. Chaloner selected an appropriate season for receiving his message from Gehenna. He was enabled to read it without waiting for it to cool.

(Wayne (Ind.) *Gazette*, August 6, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have received a message direct from a friend in hell. It's a wise man that knows the habitat of his friends.

(New York City *Telegraph*, August 6, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner, always interesting and sometimes unique, has learned that "Satan is a gentleman." Hum—he has to be to get away with it.

(Chippewa Falls (Wis.) *Independent*, August 7, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner has received a message from a departed friend stating "Hell is not such a bad place after all," which will no doubt be cheering news to some.

(Albany (N. Y.) *Press*, August 7, 1912.)

HOW SATAN LOOKS.

John Armstrong Chaloner, the former husband of Amelie Rives, claims to have a sixteen-page typewritten interview in which a disembodied spirit describes Hades and the devil. His Satanic Majesty is described as of medium height and stocky build, with the face of Napoleon Bonaparte and habiliments like those of Michelangelo's statue, "The Thinker." Accord-

ing to Chaloner's report, Satan has no horns. The beef trust will not hail this news with joy. It will now be necessary to change all the labels on deviled ham.

(Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, August 7, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner avers that he has had a message from hell. Some of his friends must be living in Texas.

(Washington (Pa.) *Record*, August 7, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner, always interesting and sometimes unique, has learned that "Satan is a gentleman."

Hum—he has to be to get away with it.

(New Orleans (La.) *States*, August 8, 1912.)

THE PASSING SHOW.

According to a spirit message, John Armstrong Chaloner has received from a former friend on earth, "the walls of hell are of rubies the size of building bricks, and the lustre and fire of rubies known as pigeon blood. In place of mortar binding the bricks and making a white line, we have diamonds as large as your thumb-nail and of the purest water. To soften and enrich the fiery effect of such splendor the diamond line is broken every few inches by sapphires as blue as the Mediterranean." Persons who contemplate going to the place which Chaloner has so prettily described, should take with them a complete equipment of mining implements.

(New York City *Tribune*, August 9, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have communicated with a New Yorker in hell. Kindly note that "New Yorker." —Columbia (S. C.) State.

(New Orleans (La.) *States*, August 9, 1912.)

The message which John Armstrong Chaloner has received from a spirit says his Satanic Majesty is a gentleman who has strong Napoleonic features. This tends to strengthen the belief that we are right in thinking that some men we know look like the devil.

(Chicago (Ill.) *Blade*, August 10, 1912.)

HELL IS NOT SO WARM.

SO SAYS MESSAGE TO JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER.

Friend Describes it for Him, but Author Finds it Hard to Believe—Satan Looks Like Napoleon and is Not Criticized by Former New Yorker.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8.—John Armstrong Chaloner, has disclosed to Washington newspaper correspondents a message he says he has received from the other world. The message, he asserts, comes from Thomas Jefferson Miller, a former Confederate officer and member of the Manhattan Club of New York City.

GETS DESCRIPTION OF SATAN.

After informing the reporters that he did not believe in spiritualism, the former husband of Amelie Rives, the novelist, said he had got in touch with the spirit of Thomas Jefferson Miller, with whom he had been friendly when Miller was of this world.

According to the message Miller admitted he had been bad enough on earth to merit more punishment than he had received, but considering his relief was probably due to the fact that he had had "his share of hell on earth, being a New Yorker with social standing and no money."

The message described Satan as of medium height, with the face of Napoleon Bonaparte at the apex of his power, and the habiliments of Michelangelo's statute, "The Thinker." His Satanic Majesty was seated on a throne in the center of an immense audience chamber.

Chaloner acknowledges that he finds it difficult to believe these revelations, and he is offering them to the public "merely for what they are worth."

(San Francisco (Cal.) *News*, August 10, 1912.)

Chaloner claims to have a personal message from hell, but he neglects to say whether or not it smelled of brimstone.

(Bridgeport (Conn.) *Post*, August 10, 1912.)

We have it straight from John Armstrong Chaloner that "Satan is a gentleman." We'll take his word for it.

(Columbia (S. C.) *State*, August 10, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have received a message from hell. Didn't know that John had any Texas acquaintances.

(Nashville (Tenn.) *Tennessean*, August 11, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner has undertaken to enlighten the world as to what the devil looks like. This is one subject on which we prefer to remain everlastingly in the dark.

(New York *Herald*, August 12, 1912.)

MR. CHALONER TO TALK ON NOMINEES.

Hires a Hall in Richmond for Lecture Series and Invites Representatives of all Parties.

Richmond, Va., Sunday.—John Armstrong Chaloner, who recently startled the country with a psychic message from Hades, which he said he had received from a friend who departed this life some years ago, has pronounced that he has rented a hall in Richmond for a series of lectures.

He will give the first lecture the first Wednesday night in September, and will have as his subject Presidential Candidates.

Invitations will be sent to twenty representative men affiliated with each of the four leading parties in Richmond—Republican, Democratic, Progressive and Socialist. He will reserve spaces for prominent labor men.

Mr. Chaloner proposes to give such lectures before the November election.

(Norfolk (Va.) *Pilot*, August 12, 1912.)

CHALONER WILL DELIVER LECTURES.

*Rents Hall in Richmond—To Discuss Presidential Candidates
Wednesday.*

Richmond, Va., Aug. 11.—John Armstrong Chaloner, who recently startled the country with a psychic message from Hades, which he claimed to have received from a friend who departed this life some years ago, is out with another surprise.

This time, he announces that he has rented a public hall in Richmond for a series of lectures, which promise to be as interesting and unique as anything he has yet sponsored.

He will give the first lecture the first Wednesday night in September and will have as his subject the presidential candidates. He will discuss their qualifications for the office, and in so doing will be coldly remote, as he very aptly expressed it tonight. In other words, he will handle his subject purely from the standpoint of a law writer and student of current events and actions.

(Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader*, August 12, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have communicated with a New Yorker in hell. But he fails to tell what ward of the metropolis he located him in.

(South Norwalk (Conn.) *Sentinel*, August 12, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner, always interesting and sometimes unique, has learned that "Satan is a gentleman." Hum—he has to be to get away with it.—New York *Telegraph*.

(Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times*, August 12, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner says he has received a message from hell. Unfortunately, it was of a private nature and no light was thrown on opinion down there as to the Bull Moose platform.

(Omaha (Neb.) *Bee*, August 13, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner's revised vision of Dante's Inferno, bringing into view a picture of surpassing sweetness

and light, affords no assurance that the fall's output of political hot air will sweeten political tempers.

(Sioux Falls (S.D.) *Press*, August 13, 1912.)

The contention of the International Bible Students, that there is no hell, goes a-glimmering now that Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner's message from the sizzling regions is made public.

(Schenectady (N. Y.) *Star*, August 14, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner asserts that he communicated with a New Yorker in hell. The transplanted Gothamite probably didn't feel any unusual change.

(Richmond (Va.) *Journal*, August 14, 1912.)

With the Bible students' effort to eradicate the present ideas of hell and John Armstrong Chaloner's spiritualistic interview that it really exists in a not objectionable manner, Dante's Inferno must take a back seat.—Blackstone Courier.

(Springfield (Ill.) *Register*, August 15, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have communicated with a New Yorker in hell. But he fails to tell what ward of the metropolis he located this policeman in.

(Memphis (Tenn.) *Scimitar*, August 15, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have communicated with a New Yorker in hell. But he fails to tell what ward of the metropolis he located him in.

(Keokuk (Ia.) *Gate City*, August 15, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner's revised vision of Dante's Inferno, bringing into view a picture of surpassing sweetness and light, affords no assurance that the fall's output of political hot air will sweeten political tempers.

(Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer*, August 15, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner makes announcement that he has had a message from hell. That's a mighty warm place to even talk about right now with the mercury doing the climb-

ing stunt. Let's hold it over till the ice-wagon is replaced by the coal cart.

(New Orleans (La.) *Times*, August 18, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner claims to have communicated with a New Yorker in hell. But he fails to tell what ward of the metropolis he located him in.—Cleveland Leader.

(Brockton (Mass.) *Times*, August 20, 1912.)

John Armstrong Chaloner has undertaken to enlighten the world as to what the devil looks like. Any office boy can tell us that, however, particularly on an afternoon when his request to get off for the ball game is refused.

(Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, September 5, 1912.)

CHALONER TALKS TO LABORING MEN.

Says Wilson Will Win.

CHAPERON FOR CONGRESS.

Would Have "Plain People" Send a Delegation to Washington to Sit on Lid.

For one hour by the clock last night John Armstrong Chaloner, millionaire master of "Merry Mills," addressed an audience which occupied every available foot of floor space in Thompson Hall, 20 East Broad Street. He stepped lightly to the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, dismissing these two worthies with only a passing reference.

The Roosevelt reference amounted only to an endorsement of his stand for the recall of judges. Of the Colonel's twin doctrine of the recall of judicial decisions, said Mr. Chaloner, he was by no means in favor, because "absolute justice in the inscrutable scheme of things was *sometimes* unattainable."

The recall of judicial decisions, carried to its logical conclusion, said the master of "Merry Mills," would mean that in place of the trained careful mind of an upright and honest judge, whose only object in life is to dispense justice from

the bench, there would be substituted the—in said particular only—utterly *untrained* impulses of the populace.

THINKS WILSON WILL WIN.

Although Mr. Chaloner, in his reference to Woodrow Wilson, expressed the opinion that the Jersey man would win out next November, he took him to task for signing, about a year ago, what he designated as a “monstrously unconstitutional and anarchistic sterilization bill.”

“I shall simply say,” said Mr. Chaloner, concluding his remarks upon the Governor of New Jersey, “that when Governor Woodrow Wilson is elected President of the United States—as I believe he will be—I trust that he will be surrounded by abler advisers than when, as Governor of New Jersey, he put his hand to such an infamous bill.”

The speaker took the audience by surprise when he stopped short in the middle of a sentence at the beginning of his Wilson reference and asked that the women in the audience retire for three minutes. The twenty women present withdrew, returning at the appointed time.

MASS-MEETING CLUBS.

One-half of Mr. Chaloner’s address was devoted to the outlining of a scheme for the organization of what he called “Mass-Meeting Clubs” in every city, town, county and voting precinct in the United States.

Each State capital, under this plan, would have a Mass-Meeting Club composed of delegates from the clubs in the smaller State political units, and would, in turn, send two delegates to a ‘National Mass-Meeting Club, which would sit in Washington during the sessions of Congress to “chaperon” that body and make known to it the wishes of the plain people in matters of legislation.

The present meeting, said the speaker, was the initial effort in the realization of the plan. Until plans could be devised for financing the scheme of clubs, he said, he will assume himself all expenses incident to the Richmond meetings, which he proposed holding fortnightly from now until the end of the presidential campaign. He announced that

he will speak again on the evening of Wednesday, September 18 and that he would uncork some "hot stuff."

SCORES "SILK-STOCKING BRIGADE."

In the course of his address, Mr. Chaloner found time to address himself scathingly to the "silk-stocking brigade," which he said was responsible for the great mass of national and political insincerity.

"When young—at school or at college—the hearts of the silk-stocking brigade," said Mr. Chaloner, "being yet unspoiled and uncorrupted by society and business life, are as sound, spontaneous and pure as the hearts of the plain people. But the trouble is that it doesn't last."

(Richmond *Virginian*, September 5, 1912.)

CHALONER WILL ORGANIZE CLUBS OVER COUNTRY, BEGINNING IN CITY OF RICHMOND.

SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT CANDIDATES.

Distinguished Citizen of Merry Mills Also Pays Respects to Silk Stocking Brigade.

Figuring for the first time—and unwillingly—in the role of public speaker, John Armstrong Chaloner last night unfolded to a curious audience in Thompson Hall the unique plan by which he hopes to accomplish the remedying of evils with which the people are afflicted by reason of sumptuary legislation.

Mass-Meeting Clubs, which shall be "senates of the people," designed to preserve the "Absolute Rights of the Individual," with headquarters in the capital of every State in the Union and national headquarters at Washington, is the cherished ambition of the master of "The Merry Mills," and he announced that he proposed to hammer away at his idea with fortnightly meetings in Richmond until this nucleus of the nation-wide organization was able to stand alone. Then he would carry the work into other fields.

REQUESTS WOMEN TO LEAVE.

When Mr. Chaloner arrived—fifteen minutes late—he found a crowd of from two to three hundred, which included a dozen women, one of them an announced suffragette, awaiting him. He read his address from manuscript, and before he had proceeded far with it created much amusement among his audience by politely requesting that the ladies retire for just two minutes; at the end of that time he would be glad to have them return. This request came at the period when Mr. Chaloner had disposed of Colonel Roosevelt and was about to enter upon a protest against a measure which Governor Wilson had indorsed as Governor of New Jersey. When he concluded his reference to the New Jersey measure he asked that some one request the ladies to return “if they are still there.” Six of them were and they filed back into the hall. One or two of the women expressed indignation at the request; and immediately left the building. Others took it philosophically, realizing that the meeting was intended for the sterner sex, and while the newspaper invitations extended an invitation to the “general public,” women were not specified as is usual in such cases. The incident was evidently embarrassing to Mr. Chaloner.

Mr. Chaloner touched briefly upon policies of Roosevelt and Wilson from the standpoint of constitutional law; took a fall out of the “silk-stockings brigade”, hit the pension steal a hard lick, and expounded in detail and at length his plans for the formation of Mass-Meeting Clubs.

Despite the insufferable atmosphere of the hall, his audience gave him the closest attention and occasional applause, and when the address—which occupied nearly an hour in reading—was concluded about fifty pressed forward to shake his hand and procure tickets for the next meeting, many of them assuring Mr. Chaloner of their sympathy with the intention to support the Mass-Meeting Club plan.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

Coming to the matter of the presidential candidates from the “standpoint of constitutional law,” Mr. Chaloner said:

“I shall first take up the proposition of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, concerning the recall of judicial decisions.

"Before touching that I shall say that I am in hearty accord with Colonel Roosevelt concerning the recall of judges.

"Concerning the recall of judicial decisions, however, I cannot say that I am in accord with Colonel Roosevelt.

"We occupy the earth. We are not yet inhabitants of either Eutopia, or Paradise. Such being the case, justice—the most enlightened possible justice in this world—is *at times*, alas, a choice between evils. By which I mean that *just* decisions, *at times*, work injustice, and hardship; and must do so, until the end of time, and the advent of the millennium; the sad, but simple reason being that, apparently, absolute justice is meant—in the inscrutable scheme of things—to be *sometimes* unattainable.

"Concerning the Sterilization Bill signed by Governor Woodrow Wilson about a year ago:

"I shall preface my remarks by saying that I am somewhat surprised that this important measure has not received more attention from the press.

"Without the least desire to appear egotistical, it appears that I am about the only man in the United States who was struck with the ominous danger to the absolute rights of the individual, and bold defiance of due process of law, lurking in said measure.

"I, therefore, as a law writer, mindful of my oath—when admitted to the bar of New York over a quarter of a century ago—to protect the Constitution of the United States from attack by illegal legislation, for example—at once, the very same day that I saw that the governor had signed said measure, wrote to the New York Tribune—in which paper I had read said news item—protesting vigorously against Governor Wilson's said action.

"When Governor Woodrow Wilson is elected President of the United States—as I believe he will be—I trust that he will be surrounded by abler advisers than when, as Governor of New Jersey, he put his hand to such an infamous bill."

ABOUT SILK STOCKINGS.

Mr. Chaloner then paid his respects in no uncertain terms to the idle rich, or "silk stocking brigade," saying in part:

"The Richmond *Virginian*' in announcing this course of addresses in its issue of August 12th, last, said: 'Mr. Chaloner made it plain last night that the plain people were the ones he hoped to reach with his series of addresses, and to the plain people he extended a free and hearty welcome. The silk stocking brigade would oblige him by staying away.' "

"When young—at school or at college—the hearts of the 'silk stocking brigade' being yet unspoiled and uncorrupted by society and business life, are as sound, spontaneous and true as the hearts of the plain people. But the trouble is that it doesn't last.

I am merely calling on my class *knowledge*—the ultimate experience I have had with all classes of men, rich and poor, good and bad, exemplary and criminal—gathered in a busy and studious life of fifty years' duration—in order to explain why I am not playing to the gallery in my quoted remarks in 'The Richmond *Virginian*,' that 'the silk stocking brigade' would oblige me by staying away'."

At this the speaker reiterated the fact that he intended to remain neutral in politics believing that nonpartisanship was essential to achieve the reform he had set out to accomplish, and in detail explained to his audience his main purpose—the organization of "Mass-Meeting Clubs," he said.

I propose to inaugurate in time—it may take a life time—a Mass-Meeting Club in every large city and in every capital of every State in this Union, including the capital of the United States, namely, Washington. The organization of all Mass-Meeting Clubs in all State capitals, or what I shall term Capital Mass-Meeting Clubs, would differ from all other Mass-Meeting Clubs in the following respect:

The membership of the Capital Mass-Meeting Clubs—one in each State capital in the United States—of the forty-eight States, would include at least one representative from other Mass-Meeting Clubs in the State; so that when the legislature was in session here—for example—we should have with us, to aid us in our deliberations, brother members from all over the State.

For my purpose is, not to confine Mass-Meeting Clubs to cities, but to spread out and capture the counties, townships, and voting precincts of every State in the Union. And thus take the real government of the country—the government of

the United States—out of the hands of politicians and place it where it belongs, namely, in the hands of the plain people of the United States in mass meeting assembled.

(New York *Herald*, July 16, 1912.)

A RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION.

In setting aside a large part of his patrimony† for educational purposes in the South, Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner has done a praiseworthy thing. If we may be permitted to offer a suggestion it will be that he devote a portion of his noble endowment to a chair of English prose composition, to be filled by himself so long as he may be spared to a grateful nation.

The rather florid style of rhetoric that still obtains south of Mason and Dixon's line was well adapted to the easy going days when people had time to enjoy the well rounded periods and glowing metaphors of literary dignity. The South has entered upon an age of energy and accomplishment that calls for terser forms of expression.

Who in all this broad land is better fitted to teach the art of concise epigrammatic writing than the author of that model of brevity that flashed up from the Southland, a message of good cheer, rich in suggestion and surcharged with the sub-acid quality, "Who's Looney Now?"

†One million dollars.

HELL

By

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER.

"The volume is a wonderful work as books go, and its title represents adequately its contents."—Richmond, Virginia, "*News-Leader*," October 28, 1912.

"This last work of Mr. Chaloner is literature.

John Milton has not got much in the way of word painting on John Armstrong Chaloner and Thomas Jefferson Miller, when they get together over the long distance.

The author may rest assured that his book will be read."
—Richmond, Virginia, *Evening Journal*, October 30, 1912.

A MESSAGE FROM HELL.

John Armstrong Chaloner has just written a book entitled "Hell," which he declares is an account of his study in graphic-automatism. The book, which is dedicated to Dante, John Milton and John Bunyan, described as the author's "illustrious predecessors in this dread domain," tells in weird and picturesque language the experiences in Hell of one Miller, a former friend of the author, from whom Mr. Chaloner received the messages by means of what he calls The X-Faculty. Mr. Chaloner has opened up a new, if somewhat red-hot, field of modern literature.—Richmond, Virginia, *Times-Dispatch*, October 30, 1912.

The Infernal Comedy

Canto One

BY

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER



“THE INFERNAL COMEDY”

IN MEMORIAM DURANTE.

I

The womb of Death and Hell will now unfold
The awful secrets of their Mystery
The upthrow will at times the blood run cold
And make the reader *curse* this History.
But fear or favour strangers are to me—
The meek recorder of these dreadful things—
I tell the story as 'twas told to me
With blunt veracity the whole thing rings.
As “Medium”—so-called—to me did come
Across the Gulf of Death long-distance call
From dear-loved friend who'd gone to his long home
Who knew my number—rang me up—that's all.
For those who treat me fair all's fair and well
For those who don't the road runs straight to Hell.

II

By “automatic writing” did he weave
A web as pictured as Penelope's
Of deeds so dark stout hearts contracted heave
When the mind's eye their blood and Hell-fire sees.
I tell the story as 'twas told to me
Telling the same with every—*all* reserve
Giving and asking no credulity
Save for the telling o't my meed of nerve.
I'll let my friend Tom Miller speak for me—
He tells the tale I turn same into rhyme—
Continuing the Ancient History
Called “Hell” which I did write once on a time.
So far so good fair dames and sportsmen all
I'll now proceed—and G—d protect my “gall”!

III

In "Hell"—writ by Tom Miller as is this—
 Save there his words in prose are straight set down—
 'Twas shown that Satan is God's friend I wis
 His mighty right arm to protect His throne.
 That Sin Personified's another thing
 That Sin Personified's God's enemy
 Upon whose head anathema doth fling
 And 'twixt whom and Satan there's dread enmity.
 That Hell's heroic and a Paradise
 For brave romantic souls who follow war
 Other abodes there are for milder eyes
 And 'twixt Hell and Sin's vast Kingdom there's grim war.
 That Satan reigns in Hell, God's deputy
 Coming and going as in Job we see.

IV

"'Artie'† my boy, 'tis after many years—
 Five stricken years as I do make it out—
 That once again I 'call' the Vale of Tears
 On Hell's Long-Distance and thus hunt you out.
 My tale I'll take up where I did leave off
 Or, rather, I'll hark back to how souls land—
 The instant following their taking off—
 Upon the verge of this most awful strand.
 My landing was, you know, exceptional
 And straight to Satan's Bed-Chamber did go
 Thus exceptional was I to nearly all
 Who land upon this strand of dreadful woe.
 The reason was my lot on earth was fell
 I passing honest, hence I won in Hell."

†Our Great-Grandfather—on the Distaff side—the late William B. Astor, of New York—gave us that name as being the only diminutive possible for "Armstrong." He being a college chum of Schopenhauer, being logical—if nothing else. Thomas Jefferson Miller evidently prefers the stricter etymology of "Artie" to "Archie," when communicating under the auspices of the Muse—the latter being a distillation from "Armstrong" which has nothing etymological in it, and was merely the haphazard attempt of an infant relative to pronounce "Armstrong."

V

"And other reasons, too, mysterious
 Which need not here be entered on at all
 'Twould make my story seem too devious
 Too deep replete with bitterness and gall.
 So let it go for what it's widely worth
 And open now thine alabaster ear—
 Thine ear was shapely and cool pink on earth—
 Lend it me now my dreadful words to hear.
 In Satan's Chamber there's an *Oeil de Boeuf*
 Which doth command all Hell—her vast expanse—
 From Torture-Chambers where Fiends 'cut up' rough
 To flowery Pleasance where sweet Fairies dance.
 To's Chamber from my penitential cell
 I monthly came—the sight did pay me well."

VI

"I'll take a soul when it arrives in Hell—
 A man's grim soul—fair woman's later on—
 And what said soul goes through viridic tell—
 On earth my record was a truthful one.
 But bear in mind I do not tell it all
 Some things there be are draped in mystery
 Which can't be told till flesh from soul doth fall
 And face to face the soul its Judge doth see.
 But these are things beyond the reach of man
 He couldn't guess them in a million years.
 So—believe me—the Hell I'll bid you scan
 Will satisfy your doubts if *not*—your fears.
 Now brace yourself my friend—call up your nerve
 None but the coldest chilled steel now may serve!"

VII

"I saw a Judgment Hall before me rise
 Rich draped in ruby red—the ceiling gold
 Much like unto our earthly Courts in size
 Save that the air thereof was rich not cold.
 Upon the bench a figure dread did sit
 In antique Roman armour clad was he
 A red paludament did drape o'er it
 His sword hilt peeped beneath it brilliantly.
 Such face on earth I never, never saw
 So stern—so awful in its majesty
 Severe inflexibility sans flaw
 Justice's enfeatured self did meet mine eye!
 Alone upon that awful bench sat he
Imperial in his awful majesty."

VIII

"Beside the dock stood a Centurian
 Armed at all points and leaning on his spear
 Th' expression that his lean shaved face had on
 Was one to chill the stoutest heart with fear.
 No other beings were there in this Hall
 Whose utter silence almost could be felt
 A silence that the bravest would appal—
 If to that Judge in suppliance they knelt.
 Sudden a pon'drous door that faced the bench
 Did open with a sullen sombre clang
 As unseen hands the mighty knob did wrench
 Admitted guarded soul then closed with bang.
 A naked man betwixt two soldiers grim
 Then slowly crossed the Hall—clothed but in 's skin."

IX

"His Majesty Satanic had been pleased
 To name a day when one of our club-friends—
 'Manhattan' Club—from the flesh was released
 And was—in consequence—on his beam ends.
 Being a sailor I employ that term
 To paint a man in case most desperate
 A state of facts that doth contain no *germ*
 Of safety—in which none is situate.
 Egotist, liar and a hypocrite
 His very common faults lump-summed up were—
 Outside of that a gentleman polite
 Who never *once* in Fashion's Code did err.
 You hated him. I wish you'd seen his face
 When he that marble bench and Judge did face."

X

"The two soldiers grim into the marble dock
 Escorted our swell friend of former years
 And once within the gate *itself* did lock—
 The soldiers at each side leaned on their spears.
 The awful Judge then slowly turned his head—
 His eyes before had gazed on vacancy—
 And gazed upon the trembling recent-dead
 With a gaze it chilled my very *soul* to see.
 It was as though a knife shot from his eyes
 And pierced the heart's core of the looked-upon
 A gaze ice-cold, immune to all surprise
 A gaze that conjured up the Book of Doom.
 The sinner's knees gave way and down he fell
 All of a heap, inert, mixed up, pell mell!"

XI

"The Judge then sounded on a golden gong—
 A glistening disc of gold hung by his hand—
 When a small door to's right swift open swung
 And entered in a female fair and bland.
 This maiden garbéd was as is a Nun
 Save that her head-dress showed her lustrous hair
 Her face my eyes did ravished gaze upon
 I never in my life saw one so fair.
 Upon her arm she bore a mantle soft
 A vial and a glass were in her hand
 The soldiers raised the sinner straight aloft
 And mantle o'er him threw when he did stand.
 The maid th' elixir then raised to his lips
 Tipping it with her rosy finger tips."

XII

"The magic liquor courséd down his throat
 And swift the sinner's senses did revive.
 Whilst his 'mazed eyes did on the maiden gloat
 An 'attitude' he aiméd to contrive.
 For he pursued the sex when on the earth
 And widely as a 'masher' known was he
 And as of the 'long green'† he knew no dearth
 For lust he was a 'spender'—spender free!
 The Judge took in this little comedy
 Although his iron face gave ne'er a sign
 The soldiers too looked on in irony
 Thinking upon his pending pains condign.
 The maiden with serene indifference
 Resumed the vial and departed thence."

†Greenbacks.

XIII

"The small door closéd softly after her
 Whereon the sinner's face did sadly fall
 And he heaved a sigh as from a sepulchre
 Shuddered, and round him closely drew his pall.
 Once more the Judge turned on him his dread gaze
 And coldly measured him from top to toe
 The gaze this time the sinner did not 'faze'
 Th' elixir magical did buoy him so.
 But as he gazed the sinner felt a chill
 Creep slowly down his spine and raise his hair
 It conjured up the phrase *re* 'looks that kill'
 Of pending danger made him swift aware.
 He braced himself against the Judge' grim word
 And well he might—for this is what he heard."

XIV

"Sinner give ear unto my final words.
 The sins thou'st done on earth shall straight begin
 Upon that screen—as actors on the boards—
 As they were done in life to whirl and spin.
 The maids thou hast seduced thou'lt there seduce—
 The deed as done on earth thou'lt there do o'er
 The crimes which lovely maidens did reduce
 Unto the frightful status of a ———.
 Each kiss thou gavest shalt thou give again
 And each caress and stroke of stealthy lust
 Each sundry gesture made, there view with pain
 Nor miss an attitude—for *look thou must*.
 Thou mayest sit. Thy limbs would fail thee sure
 When thou dost witness thy fell acts impure.'"

XV

"The brazen tones that rolled athwart his lips—
 Not loud but hard and resonant as brass—
 Could scarcely wound more had they barbéd tips
 And through the sinner's beating heart did pass.
 Scarce had dread silence settled in their wake
 Than on a screen across the Judgment Hall
A sight appeared which made the sinner quake—
 Nought but his sitting posture saved a fall.
 A maiden and himself he there did see
 In semblance like as life—life's colours—*all!*
 Sitting beneath a low umbrageous tree
 A maiden whom he lured unto her fall.
 He made to turn away but felt a spear
 Held by each soldier hard upon each ear."

XVI

"He groaned aloud as the scene did progress
 Started to raise his hands to shade his eyes
 When two sharp spear points did those hands caress
 But yet did not draw blood—to his surprise.
 As all the act of love was there portrayed—
 The sacred act no eye may gaze upon—
 His breath came short as he grew dread dismayed
And in his anguish leaned the spears upon!
 Their points did pierce his flesh but no blood came
 Their points were torture but less than the sight
 Of his unutterate and nameless shame
 At sight that seemed his very sight to blight.
 He groaned and sobbed and from his eyes shot tears
 Which stung his cheek as did his arms the spears."

XVII

"No sooner was this scene in anguish viewed
 Than fell adultery shot on the screen
 And in a scene with treachery imbued
 He debauched the wife of one whose friend he'd been.
 In sinister procession then went on
 Each act of selfishness through lust he'd done
 Perforce of spears each act he looked upon
 Nor missed a posture—not a single one.
 His other vices then did troop in view—
 Mendacity and foul Hypocrisy—
 Full many a lie and act did he then rue
 Thrown on the screen for Judge and him to see.
 In less time than it takes the thing to tell
 He felt assured his place was right in Hell."

XVIII

"And when at last this suffering was o'er
 He looked upon the Judge—the Judge on him—
 And then began to suffer even more
 On thinking what he'd pay for this his sin—
 Something akin to pity in the eye
 Of his most awful *vis-à-vis* he gleaned
 And from his bosom heaved a mighty sigh
 And on his storm-tossed soul some faint hope beamed.
 The Judge—who saw these signs—encouraged them
 Unbent his awful brows and almost smiled—
 At all events did lighten his grim phlegm
 And seemed by pity for the nonce beguiled.
 The sinner upward shot his first short prayer
 Of which Recording Angel was aware."

XIX

"The Judge began in tones metallic-hard—
 'Sinner, thy doom I now decree to thee.
 Upon the wheel till broken as a shard
 Thou shalt revolve and writhe in agony.
 Two brawny Fiends with mallets of chilled steel
 Shall bray thy ribs and arms, thy limbs and thighs
 Shall break and rend till thou hast ceased to feel
 Till hush in agony yells, groans and sighs.
 This done one hundred years in penance dire
 In penitential fast varied with pain
 Till purged are thy foul sins in Hell's own fire
 Lo! I have spoken. Further words are vain.'
 He rose and stalkéd thro' a door at's rear
 Leaving the sinner paralyzed by fear."

XX

"The stern Centurian then roused him
 And rose erect from leaning on his spear
 Stroked with his horny hand his shaven chin
 And said in tones metallic—trumpet clear—
 'Soldiers to work—and rouse that sinner there
 The dog has had his day—Hell now has her's.
 The Judge 'threw into him' a pretty scare
 He always does when dealing with such curs.
 The scare he's had is not a circumstance
 To the scare he will have when he doth see
 The Fiends of Vengeance round him dance and prance
 Before they start him forth his weird to dree.
 When ye attain the grade Centurion
 Ye'll marvel at the sights my eyes gaze on.' "

XXI

"The soldiers stiffened, then gave the salute
 Mounted the dock and seized the prisoner
 All huddled in a mass, inert and mute
 And straightway shook him to—both then and there.
 He rolled his eyes in agony around
 He gasped and moved his lips in vacancy
 His senses numb and foggy as a swoond
 His thoughts chaotic as in infancy.
 The soldiers swiftly pulled him on his feet
 And thrust their shoulders underneath each arm
 Thus boosting him along with steps full fleet
 But at the same time doing him no harm.
 At said small door they touched a silver bell
 A silvery voice said: 'Enter. All is well'."

XXII

"The door swung open and the soldiers paused
 Upon the threshold—bending rev'rently.
 This act in them unusual was caused
 By the sweet maiden in her dignity.
 'I thank thee, soldiers'—said she in that voice
 As sweet as water falling in one's sleep
 In which the tones as rich as they were choice
 Were varied as the murmurs of the deep—
 'I thank thee, soldiers, for thy courtesy
 In bringing to me thus the new-arrived
 Whom I assure will look less piteously
 Once at my hands he has been duly shrived.'
 The soldiers pushed him in. The door swung to.
 The three then left the Court sans more to do."

XXIII

"The sinner drew his first unstrained breath
 As his dazed eyes gazed on this lovely Nun.
 And felt as though he'd 'scaped the jaws of Death
 As her entrancing face he gazed upon.
 Expert in beauty he did swift take in
 The wondrous beauty of the face he saw
 How like to alabaster was her skin
 The pink therein all matchless—sans all flaw.
 The lips were full as they were beautiful
 And delicate as they were rosy red
 But o'er them hung a shadow sorrowful
 As one in love, deep loveth one—long dead.
 Her eyes glowed 'neath her brows like two grey stars
 Which have lit battlefields at night—grim Mars."

XXIV

"Her figure full as it was virginal
 Showed her round bust by girdle at the waist.
 Lissome and willowy and somewhat tall
 The air of her as mountain ice was chaste.
 The sinner heaved a deep and piteous sigh—
 As sad as wind across a wintry sea—
 As this pure beauty met his wanton eye—
 This chastity his bestiality.
 He sighed and blushed and sighed then groaned aloud
 Then dropped upon his knees as tho' shot dead
 And kissed her garment's hem as 'twere her shroud
 Then hushed him as in presence of the dead.
 The maiden nothing said and nothing did
 Save—'fore her eyes—a tear stood on each lid."

XXV

"Slowly the sinner rose upon his feet
 Then bowed his head in all humility.
 The Nun then said in voice as music sweet
 'Spite of thy doom I may encourage thee'—
 The sinner started at th' unlooked for words—
 The maiden raised her finger warningly.
 'Beware!' she said 'for my hint dread accords
 With toil and pangs will wring the heart of thee.'
 As sudden frost kills flowers in a night
 These dreadful words the sinner's heart did chill
 And filled his very soul with deadly fright
 And in an instant new-born hope did kill.
 '*Courage!* I did but caution thee' she said
 '*Justice, Hell rules. And God is overhead.*'"

XXVI

"Now follow me and I shall lead the way
 Unto the quarters due allotted thee.
 Which same thou wilt inhabit many a day
 Until—thy penance done—thou shalt be free.'
 She spake and glided onward as in a dream
 Almost sans motion one sees figures move
 As noiseless as a leaf floats on a stream
 As graceful in her poise as hov'ring dove.
 A sombre corridor they traverséd
 Hewn from black marble interlined with gold
 And thereupon a wide cell enteréd
 Built of white marble full as chaste as cold.
 A cushioned marble bench she sat upon
 And motioned the sinner to a second one."

XXVII

"An iron pallet in a corner stood
 With ample drapery in place thereon
 At's head hung a Monk's garb—the gown and hood—
 At sight of which he scarce repressed a frown.
 She saw the frown but let the action pass.
 A table with some books stood near at hand
 I'th' corner, basin, ewer and a glass†
 A chair, and chest, too, were at his command.
 A door ajar showed him a marble pool
 Sufficient deep and long some strokes t'accord
 His heart since mounting penitential stool
 Here first gave birth unto a sunny chord.
 Bars of pure gold did arm each window sill
 And hope of all escape did instant kill."

XXVIII

"‘Now our first lesson shall I now begin’
 The maiden said and smiled bewitchingly.
 ‘I am thy teacher all the time thou’rt in’—
 ‘A hundred hundred years!’ He gasped beseechingly.
 ‘A *hundred years*’ she smilingly replied.
 ‘Time’s nothing to us here—*we grow not old*’—
 Here—since his death—for th’ first time he gay cried
 ‘I understand thy point—I make so bold.’
 The maiden smiled and bowéd gracefully
 ‘Hell hath her charms—when once “thy bit” thou’st done.
 Thou’st no conception how the years roll by
 And how—tho’ yet in Hell—there may’st be fun.
 Hell—of all places—thou in time wilt find—
 Of *all and sundry*—is the most maligned’."

†Looking-glass.

XXIX

"God is the God of love and not of hate.
 He sends his rain on just and the unjust—
 From time to time I aphorism state
 From time to time because—I simply must.
 You see the secret of all life in Hell
 Is hid in just one word—one little word.
 You'll laugh when I to thee the word shall tell
 For 'tis so simple that 'tis just absurd.
 The word is: "*Thought*"—Ha! Ha! I see thee start—
 The sinner started had and turned dead pale
 And on his brow the sweat in beads did start
 He cowered on his bench—he e'en did quail.
 '*My God! My God!*' he cried 'my whole life long
 To stifle thought was th' burden of my song'."

XXX

"And that is why we women find that Hell
 Is far less hot than it is said to be.
 Because if I to thee the truth must tell
We women think far, far, far more than thee!
 From when we're tiny tots we're taught to think
 Lest from our mouths should pop some naughty word—
 Not gross of course—but to make Grundy blink—
 Naught *coarse*, of course, but something plump absurd.
 This "totine" training makes us by and by
 Look sharp as weasels at the words we use.
 And every word we weigh, and dust and try
 To make full sure the word can't bring abuse.
 In other words we think from morn till night
 Not on high lines perhaps, but what is right'."

XXXI

“Whereas you men despise the *name* of thought—
 You’d rather walk a mile than think a minute—
 Unless to think ye have been duly bought
 Unless ye think because “there’s money in it.”
 Hence, when ye get to Hell ye’re in despair
 For “thought” is here the crowning word of all
 It floats serenely on the very air
 ’Tis sword and buckler against Hell her gall.
 Therefore, fair sir, I’ll straight teach thee to think
 To think on lines of logic—sound and hard—
 The effort *now* would cause thine eyes to blink
 But in good time thou’lt play the winning card.
 One hundred years gives thee time to turn round
 And say—at last—“The secret I have found.” ”

XXXII

“The newcomer then fixed his eye on her
 And murmured in a maze: ‘*One hundred years!*’
 Then with a start cried out: ‘By Jupiter!
 The time for preparation soothes my fears!’
 The maiden swift replied: ‘You’re very right’—
 For time is everything in Hell you’ll find.
 By time you train your sinews for the fight
 By time you train the powers of your mind.
 When you are ready for the great essay
 When to the wheel you do with pride advance
 You then the rôle of hero stern will play
 And glory that you have the dreadful chance.
*For as you rule the powers of your mind
 Just so from torture full relief you’ll find.*”

XXXIII

“The Scriptures give one picture *sole* of Hell—
 The one where *Dives* in the throes is seen—
 Where—by the way—*Dives* plays his part well
And better than his play could not have been.
 He first did follow Nature’s mighty law—
 Self-preservation did he full pursue.
 Then when he found that his “attack” held flaw
 Prayers for his brothers then did swift ensue.
 Herein doth lie the complete key to Hell
Think first for thyself: next for others strive—
 In speaking thus I thus the story tell
 Thus doing thou dost save thy soul alive.’
 The newcomer drank in her every word
 And thought: ‘This is my job—howe’er absurd’.”

XXXIV

“So now, fair sir, this talk draws to an end
 I must leave thee to ponder on my words
 Bearing in mind in me thou hast a friend
 Whose aim—to save thy soul—with thine accords.’
 Thus speaking she did rise with dignity
 And towards the newcomer extend her hand
 Which he did grasp with Passion’s rhapsody
 Which she sustained with calm and aspect bland.
 She said: ‘I leave thee now for thirty days
 At end of which again shall I appear
 To further lecture thee upon the ways
 That spell salvation, and thy soul win clear.
 Farewell. *And bear in mind there is a God*
To Whom all things in Hell bow—to Whose nod’.”

XXXV

"Thus speaking did she float swift from the cell
 Or seemed to float so lightly did she move.
 The new-arrived encircled by her spell
 Muttered t'himself: 'That creature do I love.'
 He then did heave a devastating sigh
 A sigh that seemed his very lungs to crack
 Then brushed away a tear from either eye
 And then reclined at ease upon his back.
 Thus gazing at the ceiling of the cell
 A voice broke on his ear—*deep* and *sonore*—
 'How likest thou thy first view, sir, of Hell
 I trust it is not one unbroken bore.'
 The new-arrived rose swiftly to his feet
 And glanced about in hopes this male to meet."

XXXVI

"‘You’ll look in vain for me—my worthy sir
 I am a voice—a voice and nothing more—
 I supplement the future work of her
 Whose lovely form has just passed through that door.
 I am thy conscience speaking loud to thee—
 That conscience which hath whispered all in vain
 That conscience thou didst slur so shamelessly—
You threw me out but here I am again!
 And here, my friend, I have thee “dead-to-rights”—
 Stooping forth’ nonce to the vernacular—
 As dead as “John L.”† had his man in’s fights
 Those knock-out bouts so rare-spectacular.
 “Thy name is Denis”‡ now, my friend, trust me
 For I see thee, but me thou canst not see.”

†John L. Sullivan.

‡A slang phrase of twenty years ago signifying that a man had
 “lost out.”

XXXVII

"The new arrived gazed round him in amaze.
 His hair stood straight on end—the sweat burst out—
 His eyes stood out as in galvanic gaze
 He felt he knew not what he was about.
Sudden he felt himself seized by the throat
In grip of steel that shut his windpipe off
 And for his life he would not give a groat
 And felt he'd met a second taking-off.
 The very instant this idea occurred
 The pressure instantly was swift relaxed
 And he sucked air so hard, to say a word
 His whole mentality had been sore taxed.
 He gasped and panted like a hard-run dog
 Then fell back on his back still as a log."

XXXVIII

"The bench he lay on was full three feet broad
 And its thick cushion rested him full deep
 He closed his eyes and looked no more abroad
 And in a little while was fast asleep.
 How long he'd slept he knew not when a start
 Convulsed his very *soul* with terror dread
 Clutched with convulsive hand his beating heart
 And once more raised each hair upon his head.
 He felt an awful 'presence' in the cell
 Something he knew not what that chilled his soul
 An odour damp of tombs he 'gan to smell
 And felt once more he stood upon Death's goal.
 The awful presence then drew on more near
 Rousing in him an *ecstasy* of fear."

XXXIX

"He rose convulsively upon his feet.
 His parchéd tongue clave to his mouth's dry roof
 His eyes seemed scorching with a fiery heat
 His heart-beats struck as though each bore a hoof.
 This tension final snappéd in a yell
 The like of which his ears had never heard
 It seemed to him its peal would rouse all Hell—
 He yelled and yelled but uttered not a word.
 The awful presence still drew on more near.
 He seemed to hear the rustle of a pall
 He listened and it came distinct and clear
 In silence which could have heard a pin fall.
 Once more he did emit a ghastly yell
 Then in a dead-faint on his face he fell."

XL

"How long he lay thus he did never know.
 After a time he came his senses to
 Oppresséd by a *mountain's* weight of woe
 And dread as to what next he must pass thro'.
 He rose unto his feet then sat him down
 Upon his 'mourner's bench' and groaned aloud
 As he recalled the cause of's recent swoon
 The awful presence with its ghastly shroud.
 His weary head he rested on his hand
 Supported by his elbow on his knee
 He felt so weak he was afraid to stand
 Deep dreading what the next foul fright would be.
 'No more today'—then said the Voice sonore
 'I rest in hope that Hell doth not thee bore'."

XLI

"‘Me bore!’ cried out our friend exasperate—
 But comforted to hear e’en ghostly voice—
 ‘For throwing scares into one Hell’s first rate
 A nonpareil—leaving no second choice!’
 ‘I’m pleased thou art not bored’; the Voice then said.
 ‘Boredum dulls th’ edge of hospitality
 Boredum and Hell are two things never wed
 The one thing Hell lacks *not’s*—vitality.
 Hast thou a mind to dine before too long?
 Your dinner will be richer than you think
 And while you dine your ear’ll be joyed by song
 And lovely sights will make thy scared eyes blink.
 For you must know that Satan, Lord of Hell
 Treats all his visitors surpassing well’.”

XLII

"‘I’ll not take time to paint the ecstasy
 These words brought to our friend’s most storm-tossed soul
 Suffice to say his face was sight to see
 ’Twas that of wanderer who’s made his goal.
 ‘Perform ablution and then follow me.
 A plunge will do thy tortured soul much good.
 And think meanwhile on what thou soon shalt see
 And on thy viands—Hell’s *au fait* in food.’
 The new-arrived then hied him to the pool
 And shed his pall and plungéd head-first in
 Exulting in its limpid waters cool
 Which like smooth satin did caress his skin.
 He took three strokes then floated on his back
 And thought: ‘Variety in Hell’s no lack’.”

XLIII

"He found a bath-towel handy and it used
 Then donned his monkish garb with wry grimace.
 His smile was half contemptuous half amused
 Thought—if they saw him—on his Club friend's face.
 He found new brush and comb of first-rate make
 The same he plied with care and solemn zeal
 Before the glass and got his hair in shape—
 So much so, like himself he 'gan to feel.
 'Now follow me my friend and have no fear'—
 Thus spake the Voice—"Thy strife today is o'er.
 Banish from out thy mind all hint of care
 And on Hope's pinions let thy spirit soar!
 As guest of his Imperial Majesty—
 As Satan's guest—thy soul should be care free'."

XLIV

"Know that our princely King and Emperor—
 That Satan—King and Emperor of Hell—
 Is guide and friend o' t' humblest newcomer
 To all and sundry Satan wisheth well.
 Of course the piper each must frankly pay—
 "Vengeance is mine. I will repay" saith God—
 For each side-step fro'th' straight and narrow way
 For each delinquency above the sod.
 But that once done the future is thine own
 The piper paid—the future is all gold
 After the sweat and blood and soul-wrenched groan
The splendours of Hell's life can scarce be told!
 So let the prospect cheer thee, sir and friend
 And know that as on earth trouble hath end'."

XLV

"We now may start. On passing thro' thy door
 Turn to thy right and do as I direct.
 Thou there shalt find a marble corridor
 Of palest pink. *This warning ne'er neglect.*
 Look neither to thy right nor to thy left
 But keep thine eyes severely on the ground
 Continue till of colour 'tis bereft
 And nought but pure white marble may be found.
 Follow this colour till it turns to green—
 A green translucent like to cresting wave—
 When looking up a portal may be seen
 Strike bold the knocker and an entrance crave.
 On entering thou wilt be shown thy seat
Raise not thine eyes till then I stern repeat."

XLVI

"Our friend thus cautioned wended on his way
 Nor once his eyes did raise from off the ground
 Which he did find just as the Voice did say
 And when he did look up a door he found.
 A door like that of a Cathedral old
 Carved marble stained by time a misty grey
 Its knocker—a huge human hand in gold—
 The new-arrived let fall as th' Voice did say.
 A peal as hollow as a funeral knell
 Struck on his startled ear a dismal clang
 A boom as heavy as a huge Church-bell
 Shot from the mighty knocker's raucous bang.
 A solemn voice within said: 'Who is here?'
 The Voice spake for him: 'One who craves thy cheer'."

XLVII

"The mighty door swung open without sound
 And closed upon him then as silently.
 Whereat the new-arrived did glance around
 No sooner done than no one did he see.
 He saw a vast and lofty Banquet-Hall
 Arranged with tables its vast entire length
 Richly bedecked as for a festival
 Loaded with plate and wines of richest strength.
 No viands on the board did yet appear.
 He stood at ease and waited the next move
 When an enraptured sound smote on his ear
 As love-lorn as the cooing of wood-dove.
 Great tears of ecstasy sprang to his eyes
 At this mellifluous and wild surprise."

XLVIII

"The female voices floated down the Hall—
 A mighty chorus with stringed instruments—
 The Opera it instant did recall
 But by these tones *its* tones were rudiments.
 Ne'er had he heard such music in his life—
 And ear well trained in music eke had he—
 Such ecstasy of counterpointal strife
 Such harmony of Music's witchery.
 The voices rose like winds that lash the main
 Or strip a virgin forest of its limbs
 Then like hushed waves they sobbed a soft refrain
 Which lulled the soul as heard-at-evening hymns.
 He stood enraptured—like one in a trance
 In perfect bliss—nought could his joy enhance."

XLIX

"Sudden a mighty portal opened wide
 And down the Hall a mighty Concourse came
 Garbed as himself their Monkish weeds did hide
 Wounds that did make them crippled, halt, and maim.
 The Voice low at his ear said: 'These same men
 Are brothers in adversity to thee
 What they've gone through hath ne'er been writ by pen
 Nor told by tongue—nor yet did eye e'er see.
 What they've gone through in time must thou go through
 And suffer as thou seest them suffer here
 But if so be to thyself thou art true
 Thou'lt rise triumphant—on that have no fear.
 These thou seest here pertain to Christendom
 Other religions to this zone ne'er come'."

L

"Each nationality is by itself
 Each County and each Town group with their own
 Ranked as they were in life—by birth or pelf
 Thus none in Hell are asked to stand alone.
 Some friends thou'lt find—both friends and comrades true—
 Thy place is straight reservéd amidst them—
 "Manhattan" Clubmen—a most jovial crew—
 They'll be rejoiced to see thee once again.
 They're grouped today at this first table's end
 Stand by a plate and wait their coming there.
 To their advice thy strict adherence lend
 Then of the future thou need'st have no fear.'
 The new-arrived—his eyes ablaze with joy
 Strode towards his seat—as happy as a boy."

LI

"The mighty throng advanced at a slow pace
 Their crippled state prevented ought of speed.
 He saw that Pain was seated on each face
 That Suffering therein had her full meed.
 A deadly fear assaulted straight his heart
 In thinking that these men portrayed his fate.
 It came upon him with a sudden start
 None the less poignant in that it was late.
 He pulled himself together out of pride
 For fear his ancient comrades would it mark
 And for his lack of courage him deride
 Since after all he did not fear a mark.
 With mighty effort he assumed a smile—
 That of Society—with all its guile."

LII

"The leaders by this time were near at hand.
 The face of each he 'gan with vim to scan.
 He caught a chair—or he had failed to stand—
 When he encountered that of the first man.
 It was a Judge of high and wide renown
 Learned and upright as a ramrod he
 Who seldom wore the dark Judicial frown
 For he was known for geniality.
 Above the sod he'd known his Honour well
 And with him at the Club had oft played pool
 His horror hence at finding him in Hell
 And so cut up was something far from cool.
 The Judge gazed on him with an awful eye
 That seemed to say: 'Ask me not how nor why!'"

LIII

"Our friend—whose tact was vast—said not a word
 But bowed and smiled as he had been on earth.
 This in the Judge struck sympathetic chord—
 Of friendly manner had he ne'er shown dearth.
 Our friend then glanced beyond—and wild amaze
 Did hold him rigid as a statue cold
 Whose fearful shock his nerve did nearly 'faze'—
 It was a Bishop—if truth must be told!
 A Bishop in his Church—Episcopal—
 Of fame so lily-white and sacrosanct
 That for an Angel he seemed formed as 'pal'
 And all who failed to worship were thought 'cranked.'
 '*What's coming next!*' Our friend in horror thought
 'Who'd ever thought his Rev'rence could be caught'!"

LIV

"With '*Pax Vobiscum*' air the priest came on—
 Deeply embarrassed—but he passed it off—
 Saying in steady tones: 'How is my son?'
 And then fell back upon a nervous cough.
 Our friend just bowed and smiled as heretofore
 'Silence is golden'—thought he—'e'en in Hell.
 I'd give stout sum to know what *he's* here for—
 Whate'er it be I'm "dead sure" he won't tell!
 And then appeared a Roman Cardinal
 Known to our friend from his newspaper cut
 Whose face was prey to bitterness and gall
 On having fallen into Hell's deep rut.
 'Here is a goodly "bunch"—so help me G—d!
 Enough to bring a smile to Boston's Cod'."†

†The effigy of the codfish in the State House in Boston, U. S. A.

LV

"‘But where on earth is my “Manhattan” crowd
 I’d love to have them by me at this board’—
 He silent thought and full as deeply vowed
 When—looking up—he caught a smile most broad.
 Some ten feet from him sat a merry band
 Of what were known on earth as ‘dead-game-sports’
 Who all and sundry waved him the ‘glad hand’
 Tho’ from their wounds and cuts they’d all done torts.
 ‘That is the place for me! No doubt of that’—
 Thus thought our friend prepared to make a bolt—
 This grave “bunch” here will swift “talk thro’ their hat”
 And bore me stiff, and give my nerves a jolt.
*Hurrah for the old Club! She stands up well
 And her bold offspring hold their own in Hell!”*

LVI

“He swiftly then did engineer his bolt
 And bowing gravely right and left slipped out
 Feeling as doth at liberty a colt
 And a pronounced temptation to shout out.
 To his delight he found the jovial crew
 Had—in their midst—for him a vacant chair.
 So on the six he beaming glances threw
 And for the nonce was wholly free from care.
 He started to shake hands but found that all
 Had one arm or the other in a sling
 This wrapped his spirits as t’were in a pall
 And to his cheek a pallor swift did bring.
 His comrades saw it and said: ‘Have no fear
 This sort of thing you won’t meet for one year.’”

LVII

““On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined”
 As sang the mighty Byron in his day.
 In Hell both Joy and Torture are combined—
 E’en intertwined—in a most wondrous way!”
 Thus spake the leader of the Jovial Crew—
 A Stock-broker of note in his hot day—
 And from our friend e’en rich commissions drew—
 In ringing voice thus did the ‘scalper’† say.
 ‘You’ve no idea the fun we have down here
 There’s nothing like it even on Broadway
 All is fair play—there’s no foul play to fear
But bear in mind you must the piper pay.
 But that’s too complicate to unfold here
 Wait till you’ve sojourned with us for a year’.”

LVIII

“‘So now sit down my friend and feel at home
 And well you may since for one hundred years
 From this dread Zone you never once shall roam—
 This Zone of laughter intermixed with tears.’
 Thus speaking he did show our friend a chair
 In which he sat and found himself at ease
 At ease and for the nonce full free from care—
 To see his old Club cronies did him please.
 Sudden a stillness fell upon the Hall
 And a sepulchral voice said in chill tones—
 ‘Beware, my brothers, lest in sin ye fall
 But now fall to and leave nought but the bones.’
 A mighty shout as from an arméd host
 Cheered to the echo this hint of their host.”

†A slang term for a Wall Street Stockbroker. Alluding to their taking—“scalping”—commissions from the losings, as well as the winnings, of their customers.

LIX

"And then a marvel rose before his gaze!
 Magic of magic did at once unfold
 Our friend did view in wonder and amaze
 A thing which did his senses spell-bound hold.
 A thousand silver platters did appear
 Before the thousand guests spontaneously
 The sight did fill him with a sudden fear
 As 'twas his first sight of necrómancy.
 The platters brought themselves—sans other aid
 Laden with oysters cool and succulent
 An oyster fork then by each platter laid
 Then at it tooth and nail th'assemblage went.
 Goblets of gold were by gold flagons filled
 Silent and swift and not a drop was spilled."

LX

"‘We have had nought to eat for one whole week’
 His Club friend said as he a lemon squeezed—
 ‘Hence secret of our zest’s not far to seek
 E’en with less fairy fare would we be pleased.
 But once a week we eat—as you now see
 And each may have his fill sans ought of stint
 At the same time we “watch out” warily
 Bearing in mind our stern Preceptor’s hint.
 Each man may drink as much as he can stand
 But let him dread beware of drunkenness
 I’t’h’ calaboose for one month that will land
 The brother who doth show such thoughtlessness.
Thus drinking is a test of self-control
 Strengthens the will and cheers the striving soul.’”

LXI

"Just then two of the walls dissolved in air
 Facing each row of guests as they did sit
 And opened on a stage beyond compare
 Vast in proportions and by Magic lit.
 A dreamy melody then filled the air
 Soft as the sighing of an evening breeze
 Which instant soothed the soul suffused with care
 And equally the intellect did please.
 If trees had leaves were harps Aeolian
 And Zephyr softly played upon their strings
 With Apollo as the grand custodian
 O'th' baton and his orders silent flings—
 You'd get a hint of music that brought tears
 As its soft melodies sunk in our ears."

LXII

"Then on a sudden voices low did call
 From the umbrageous trees which formed the wings—
 Sweet girlish voices whose clear tones did fall
 Upon the ear as soft as beating wings.
 And a Midsummer Night's Dream 'fore us rose—
With real and actual fairies in the cast—
 Did Titania and her Oberon disclose
 And Fays and Fairies—a whole concourse vast.
 A second cheer deep-throated as the first—
 A cheer that caused the lofty dome to ring—
 Did from th'entranced host like thunder burst
 And to the Fairies' cheeks sweet blushes bring.
 The actors then their rôles did straight rehearse
 Another text but in great Shakspeare's verse."

LXIII

"The Fairies' figures were a thing of joy
 Of grace and symmetry and lovely lines
 Their stature was as that of girl and boy
 Which five feet, five feet two in each confines.
 But beyond that their figures were mature—
 Their dainty drapery hinted a breast
 Whose sweetly swelling lines were firm as pure
 Whose beauty was a thing can't be expressed.
 Their faces matched their forms in fairy charm
 The like of which our eyes had never seen
 Their glance intelligent as it was warm
 The whole ruled over by an air serene.
 The faces of the males were stern and bold
 While their muscled frames a warlike vigour told."

LXIV

"King Oberon did port a Kingly beard
 Which did resemble that of Charlemagne
 Its dusky strands his cuirass' top just cleared
 And from his square jaws tumbled like a mane.
 Titania's lovely tresses were pure gold—
 A gold as delicate as sunset-sheen
 With glamour and with lustre can't be told
 The like of it mine eyes had never seen.
 Her teeth of pearl and lips as ruby red
 Her dark grey eyes that like two jewels shone
 The fairy grace which shone forth in her tread
 As she and Oberon did mount their throne
 Her charms—my boy—totted up such a sum
 That—on my soul—the sight clean struck me dumb."

LXV

"And when she spoke her voice did bear the tones—
 The witching murmur—that one hears in streams
 In little streams which murmur o'er the stones
 When o'er the bank long summer shadow streams.
 And when she laughed 'twas like a chime of bells—
 Of elfin bells heard on a frosty night
 Within the hollows of those haunted dells
 Where Dian loves to shed her silvery light.
 No rhapsody is this but solemn truth
 Poor mundane ears ne'er yet heard such a sound
 On hearing it I almost swooned in sooth—
 Swooned from pure joy—near went off in a swoond.
 The voice of Oberon was strong and stern
 But through its chords a tenderness did yearn."

LXVI

"Upon the other stage was shown the Court
 Of Fairyland's Crown Prince, and Consort fair
 A handsome stripling with dark locks curled short
 While like Titania's was the Princess' hair.
 I merely turned to look then turned away
 Because my heart Titania fair had won
 But my esteem all lust firm held at bay
 In Hell adultery i'th' head is done—
 Just as Christ said—and in Hell all soon find
 Illicit thoughts it pays one *well* to shun
 Unless i'th' calaboose he'd be confined
 Unless for thirty days he'd lose all fun.
 A play dramatic as its verse was grand
 Then held us spell-bound—by magician's hand."

LXVII

"Such jewels as the lovely Queen had on
 Were never worn by Empress on the earth
 Suffice to say they like the dew-drop shone
 When the first rays of sunshine reach their birth.
 Her pearls were like the hoar-frost when the moon
 Draws near her time and falls upon the wane.
 Her rubies like a tulip at high noon
 When not a breath doth stir the weather-vane
 And when the sun doth glow like new-shed blood
 Athwart her lustrous velvet petal fine
 Or when red wine that in a goblet stood
 Is slowly spilled and through't the sun doth shine.
 Her robe was pearl-sheened silk—her shoon of gold—
 But of her charms I scarce the half have told."

LXVIII

"Meantime the banquet did sans halt proceed—
 Viands and wines to grace a kingly board—
 All dined with gusto but sans hint of greed
 And not a brother took too much aboard.
 Another wonder then did straight unfold—
The knives and forks did cut the meat themselves!
 Thus those whose wounded arms a sling did hold
 Were, as it were, tended by viewless Elves.
 Nought of the scene behind did any hear
 Magic did halt the sound-waves instantly
 Thus nought of discord jarred upon the ear
 And all moved smooth and Fairy-pleasantly.
 Cigars of rich aroma then were brought
 And the solace which they bring by all was sought."

LXIX

"Now what I straight shall say will make you smile
 But you do know full well I'm Truth itself
 That on the earth I was as free from guile
 As I was surely, surely free from pelf.
 Sudden the scene changed to a *Minstrel Show!*
 'Interlocutor' and 'End Men' black as night
 With tambourine and 'bones' to make things go—
 The vasty stage did make a gorgeous sight!
 I feared the tympana of these my ears
 Would crack beneath the weight of that vast yell
 Of rapture—of catcalls and joyous jeers
 That burst from out the throats of us in Hell!
 The ebon Interlocutor so bland
 With smile full mundane bowed and waved his hand."

LXX

"Whereat another and a *fiercer* yell
 Than e'en the former made the welkin ring!
 Which quieted by magic 'neath the spell
 Of singer who did like a Seraph sing!
 Like raindrops on a desert fell those tones
 Upon the parchéd ears o'th' mighty throng
 Which burst in stormy laughter as the 'bones'
 His comic end-man 'business' brought along.
 The Interlocutor's unruffled air
 As he did pose his questions to the 'ends'
 Brought vividly to mind the upper air
 And when all hands were bent on human ends.
 The grand finale brought ecstatic yell—
 Featured: 'Smart Aleck's' *entrée* into Hell."

LXXI

"Which roaring farce had scarce come to an end
 When a deep bell struck one soul-chilling tone
 Warning the throng their banquet straight must end
 And sobering the face of everyone.
 Once more the Voice with the sepulchral tones
 Re-echoed down that vasty Banquet-Hall
 Bounding and echoing along its stones
 Up-conjuring all bitterness and gall.
 The cowed assemblage slowly, sadly rose
 And with bowed heads awaited stoical
 Th'irruption of those awful tones that froze
 The heart and chilled th'immortal soul of all.
 Like breath from glacier o'th' Boreal Pole
 Then slowly swept those tones upon the soul."

LXXII

"All things have end in Hell as on the earth
 Save torment in the Brimstone Lake of Flame.
 Prepare ye now for six days of dread dearth
 When all meet here again if free from blame.
 That fasting desert past ye feast once more
 In this our Banquet-Hall of Hell's good cheer
 Where's ne'er a thought of care, nor hint of bore—
 Nor Care nor Bore dare show their noses here.
 So summon up your courage—brave my lads!
 Call up the Soul's reserves of nerve and gall
 Which make Her timber's strong as ironclad's—
 Enable you to triumph over all.
 Think on the joys which 'wait the victor-soul
 The bliss and glory waiting at the goal!"

LXXIII

"Once more the walls on both sides lifted swift
 Disclosing scenes past all description grand
 As though the Walls of Paradise showed rift
 Which did a view of Her delights command!
 Beside a silver stream whose shaded banks
 Of velvet lawns her wimpling waters kiss
 My dazed gaze beheld in serried ranks
 The blushing beauties of the Maids of Bliss.
Immortal maidens destined for the brave—
Rewards of valour and of constancy—
One for each hero who his soul doth save
Who o'er his passions holds the empire.
 In modest mien they grouped upon the marge
 Prizes to fire the *coldest* to the charge!"

LXXIV

"Their robes diaphanous of creamy hue
 Veiled while they showed the splendours of each form
 To th' lines of Grecian beauty ever true—
 A beauty magical—beyond the norm.
 Their golden zones beneath their budding bust—
 Cup-like and perfect as fair Helen's own—
 Held firm the garment 'gainst the breast's firm thrust
 A sapphire and a ruby clipped each zone.
 Their naked feet in sandals of pure gold
 Dimpled the lawn, like petals from blown rose
 Whilst of their face the beauty can't be told
 'Twas purest Greek—from lips to brow and nose.
 In groups they stood—of modest mien serene
 A sight to warm an anchorite—I ween"

LXXV

"The vast dome seemed to *rock* above the cheer
 Which burst from out the Host at this sweet sight
 Whose roar received an echo sweet as clear
 From that green bank with beauty thus bedight.
 The maidens smiled and waved their rosy hands
 And showered flowers on the rippling stream
 Then ranged themselves beneath one whose commands
 Had the authority one yields a Queen.
 In double lines they formed—then rhythmic moved
 To unseen music in a stately dance
 Which their sweet grace and suppleness full proved
 And did their stately beauty deep enhance.
 Then from their coral lips floated this song
 Which held spell-bound the cowed and breathless throng."

LXXVI

"'Rouse! Warriors! Be brave! And win the prize
 Which 'waits each hero on this flowery bank.
 Your doughty deeds are viewed by Beauty's eyes
 And with her smiles your efforts will she thank.
 In us ye view the Soul-Mate of each one
 Of thy vast throng foredoomed by Destiny
 For sweet companionship—once task is done—
 Throughout the aeons of Eternity.
 Thy hopes are ours! Thy wishes are *our own*!
 We yearn for thee as ye do yearn for us
 We weep in anguish when we hear thee groan
We see thee suffer—'tis ordained thus.
 If ye do yearn to fall into our arms
 Speed ye to combat! *Rush* to war's alarms!"'

LXXVII

"Near us Satiety doth never come
 Our beauties never wither, never fade.
 In sketching thus the programme of our home
 We must be frank and call a spade a spade.
 With us sweet Love is one long Honeymoon
 Throughout the confines of Eternity
 It lasteth not for one poor paltry moon
 As for our sisters in Flesh' frailty.
 Each morn we rise a virgin from our bed—
 For sleep reneweth our virginity—
 Each morn forget what passed when we did wed
 What happed last night in our vicinity.
 The same forgetfulness doth thy love renew
 Hence is it ever maiden—*ever* new."

LXXVIII

"We are thus frank because we know the world
 Know that man's nature is polygamous—
 How hotly Passion's flames are round him curled
By meeting nearly any one of us!
 The prospect of eternity with one
 Would be to most men a most awful curse
 Hence have we shown a miracle brought on—
A miracle of love—no less—no worse.
 With fell Satiety by Fate thus banned
 With beauty never fading—ever young
 Our life together will with joy be crammed—
 The *sweetest* honeymoon was *ever* sung!
 If ye do yearn to fall into our arms
Speed ye to combat! *Rush* to war's alarms!"

LXXIX

"When a tornado thunders through a wood
 Uprooting trees—backed by the lightening's crash
 Leaving deep holes where once an oak tree stood
 Midst roar of thunder and the levin's flash
 Thus rushed a storm of passion thro' the souls
 Of that vast throng of desperate heart-sick men
 Who on a sudden saw before them goals—
Enchanted goals—rising within their ken!
 Whereat a shout like that of a vast Host
 That runs to combat with a joyful heart
 Ready to conquer or give up the ghost
 From those grim lips did like tornado start.
 Ere it died down the scene did disappear
 And nought but grey walls on each side appear."

LXXX

"Once more arose the voice of our grim host
 Whose tones sepulchral chilled our very heart
 As hopeless as the tones of a soul lost
 Where Hope hath dwindled to a withered wart.
 'Ye see my boys I did not overdraw
 The beauties of the Maids ye just have seen
 A beauty matchless as it is sans flaw
 The whole ennobled by an air serene.
 Therefore, my lads; "Be *brave!* Be *fortunate!*"
 The prayer said o'er the dauntless Knights of old—
And bear in mind that when each wins his mate
His coffers will be flowing o'er with gold.
 So now gird up thy loins and set forth home
 And one week hence may ye all hither come' ".

LXXXI

"With a stern martial air the Host set out—
 With head erect and firm and haughty tread—
 And as they rose gave forth a mighty shout
 That seemed to shake the rafters overhead.
 By two and two they marched in column long—
It roused the soul to watch their stately pace—
 And as they marched their stern lips gave forth song
 To which all slightly swayed with rhythmic grace.
 It was as though the magic of the sight
 Of that green bank peopled with lovely maids
 Had healed the wounds all suffered from *outright!*
 Had rendered them intangible as shades.
 My heart took fire when I did hear the song
 That burst from the fierce lips of that grim throng."

LXXXII

"‘We are the men condemned to fight with flame—
 The Magic Snakes which Satan, Prince of Hell
 Hath organized to purge us free from blame
 And rid us of our faults and failings fell.
 Fierce is the battle with these deadly things
 From whom a thrust doth reach the marrow’s heart
 Who full i’th’ heart or liver plant their stings
 And make the very *soul* from torture start.
 Skillful the thrust of these dread enemies—
 These *masters* of the school of deepest fence!
 Who now attack our mouths—and now our eyes
 And ’gainst which nought but *thought* is a defence!
Except one thinks both just, and true, and quick
These Hell-Snakes’ fangs do pierce him to the quick!’”

LXXXIII

"The problems posed by one's Subconsciousness—
 To which on earth each lent a heedless ear—
 In Hell are put with this increased stress
Not to respond fills each with grisly fear!
For whilst one halts, his snake doth stab him fierce
And drives its fangs through limbs, and arms and thighs
 One's lungs and abdomen doth vicious pierce
 Whilst deaf as adder to his groans and cries.
One's very brain is not immune thereto—
These Hellish fangs do pierce clean through the skull.
 Do shoot from wall to wall sans more to do—
Thrust through the skull as though its walls were wool!
 Their fangs feel like an iron at white heat
 And torture throbs therefrom from head to feet'."

LXXXIV

"You lose an eye and then—the sight's restored!
The very instant that the pangs are passed!
 A thrust i'th mouth makes teeth go by the board
 The anguish gone—the teeth in rank are massed.
 A thrust i'th' heart or brain doth cause *swift death*
 Pain gone, *by magic* one doth live again!
 Thy death hath lasted but a single breath—
 By magic too is driven off all pain.
But in that breath thou'st once more tasted death.
 And so it goes! one dies and lives again
 All in the compass of a fleeting breath!
 But in that breath lurk aeons grim of pain
One dies a thousand deaths within the week!
 Till hard-run soul Oblivion would seek!"

LXXXV

“No bones e’er break—the flesh alone doth sear—
 Or what at least takes up its place in Hell—
 And wounds ne’er suppurate—they heal full clear
 Acting beneath the Prince of Hell—his spell.
 The magic ichor that doth stand for blood
 Flows through the veins as doth the blood on earth
 But ne’er a drop is spilled of its rich flood—
Too priceless is its rich—immortal worth!
 Its ruby drops do hover round a wound
 And then return to th’ stream from whence they came
 No drop of ichor e’er falls to the ground
 But like quicksilver joins its ruby main.
One’s ichor keeps one cool or warm by turns!
Warm when ’tis cold—cool when the noontide burns’.”

LXXXVI

“Hence garments are for grace and decency—
 To deck the figure of a man or maid—
 And never by a chance, utility
 Since by the ichor is all warmth e’er made.
 Since all wear armour of the Grecian type
 Spear, shield, sword, helmet, greaves and steel cuirass
 For combat all in Hell are ever ripe
 And ne’er an insult unavenged may pass.
For Self-Respect’s the motto here below
 Here all are equal when it comes to that
 And Hell’s fierce Prince doth make all taste of woe
 Who when insulted force not *tit for tat*.
 Thus Self-Respect and Courage are nursed strong
And ne’er in Hell may live unrighted wrong’ ”.†

†Showing where Hell—as the sporting phrase hath it—can—for Justice—give this much lauded world: “*Cards, spades and a licking.*”

LXXXVII

"‘Ideality’s the watchword of all Hell—
 Of all who’ve done their time and serve her Prince—
 Who love the clash of arms e’en passing well
 And from the shock of battle do not wince.
 Ideality’s our Watchword and our God—
 For what *is* God but Ideality—
 Whose sceptre’s a *sharp sword*—no mere blunt rod—
 Whose rulings rest on Truth and Equity!
Jehovah Jah—that mighty ‘Man of War’—
Fills—on His record—the above rich cup
Hence doth His praise in Hell deep echo far
E’en towards the stars doth its incense rise up!
 A Warrior-God, He rules o’er warriors
 Hymns to His glory fill Hell’s corridors!’”

LXXXVIII

“‘And when against the Hosts of Sin we war—
 The villains who seduced us on the earth—
 And from both Truth and Justice lured us far
Of zeal for deep revenge there is no dearth!
 To th’ shock of arms *exultant do we dash—*
 Eager as lover for his mistress’ breast—
 Eager to fill the air with arms stern clash
Eager to be i’th’ shock of battle pressed!
 The awful shock of the engaged Phalánx—
 Like avalanche against an avalanche—
 With her deep files of glistening steel-clad ranks
 Doth make the cheek of all but heroes blanch!
Then may be heard Hell’s long-drawn battle yell
As we do drive our doughty foes pell-mell!’”

LXXXIX

“ ‘Then may be heard the charging war-horse’ hoof
 As Squadron against Squadron *hurls* in ‘shock
 Pounding like rocks upon an iron roof
 Pulsing fierce eagerness from crest to hock!
 Their riders thrust or strike as they whirl by
 Parry or lunge as circumstance commands
 In perfect poise of body, hand and eye
 As leaders—trumpet-tongued—shout their commands.
 Like whirlwind do they meet—like whirlwind pass—
 Some horses riderless—some horses down
A pulsing thunderbolt!—A breathing mass!
 Which hath no sooner come than it hath flown!
 We cheer our comrades as we see them win
 And drive in whirlwind flight the Troops of Sin’.”

XC

“After the victory the banquet grand!
 In Satan’s mighty Banquet-Hall sublime
 Where he doth sit with’s peers on either hand
 Whose faces intellect and strength combine.
 There doth he sit and welcome us to joy—
 To joys of which earth hath no faintest hint—
 To joy unmixed and free from all alloy
 Poured out with lavish hand sans hint of stint.
 There do we feast—whilst music rapturous
 With voices sheer seraphic in their tone
 Enchant the ear of each and all of us
 Waft on the Wings of Song both all and one!
 For such sweet joys and glories do we fight—
 Cry strong: “*Lay on! And God protect the right!*” ”

XCI

"Thus the grim Throng did chant and wind along
 The labyrinthine ways from whence they came
 Our friend formed unit of that cowléd Throng
 The Voice low whispered him to do the same.
 Leaving the Banquet Hall a cloister'd way
 Led straight as arrow till the chant was done
 Which then did turn into a covered way
 Dark as a dungeon—when of light there's none.
 In utter silence did they enter here
 The only sound their sandals muffled fall
 Once entered on our friend did feel the fear
 Which gripped him when he heard that rustling pall.
 Sudden a thought like iron nerved his soul!
 The beauteous Maids of Bliss and their sweet goal."

XCII

"His Club-friend at his side low-whispered him
 'This place is haunted by the Fiends of Fear
 Who'll make the goose-flesh rise upon your skin
 And on your forehead beads of sweat appear.
This they will do. One cannot them prevent
 The bravest of the brave feel these same things
 But sans the least disgrace—they're Nature's vent
 So be prepared when this with Fiends' yells rings!'

He'd scarcely ceased when such a yell burst out—
 Soul-chilling and hair-raising fraught with dread—
 As made the sweat in streams on him spout out
A yell to bring up standing men long dead!
 Whereat the dauntless Host gave back a yell
Of fierce defiance fit to rouse all Hell!"

XCIII

"Whereat the very ground beneath their feet
 Did quake and totter with an earthquake's heave.
 It seemed as though the floor each face would meet
 Which rose in billows—like a wave did heave!
 By magic did the bricks which paved the floor
 Hold in their places as though glued thereto
 Whereby to Death was opened wide a door
 Since straight against their faces the floor flew!
 But halted just before it mashed them in—
 The earth waves making the grim heroes reel—
 And all the while the air bore such a din
 As though all Fiends in Hell their yells did peel.
*But through the darkness rose th'undaunted yell
 Of the cowl'd Host surrounded by Hell's spell."*

XCIV

"His Club-friend threw his arm about our friend—
 About his waist—and yelled: 'Cling tight to me!
 A danger spot doth lurk at this gut's end
 We vet'rans know it—though naught o't' may see.
 We know when we approach it by the smell—
 A cesspool's rose-water by its foul stench—
 For 'tis a smell peculiar *strict* to Hell
 And carries fear which makes e'en our hearts blench.
 When you first smell it crouch prepared to fall
 In this way you may dodge the giant-bats
 Which harbour at that end 'gainst either wall
 Their bodies are five times the size of rats.
 The limit of their swoop's four feet fro'th'floor
 See to it that your stature is no more'".

XCV

"These filthy things port lice a full inch long
 Which spring upon you if their wings you touch
 And if they land they bite as though a prong
 Had pierced you roundly and was in close touch.
 The bats, too, bite like any cornered rat—
 Their teeth are long and sharp as carpet tacks—
 And you may safely bet a new top-hat
 You'll fly pell-mell from one of their attacks.
 There's nothing to be done but crouch full low
 With all your muscles flexed and joints relaxed
 Thus you dodge bats and lice at one fell blow
But I warn you your patience will be taxed."
 The uproar by this time did clean subside.
 Our friend gave thanks, his nerves were sorely tried".

XCVI

"Then suddenly a stench attacked his nose
 To picture which imagination *quails*
 At its vile touch his senses almost froze
 To paint that stench my language simply fails!
 He scarcely had recovered from this shock
 When his hair stood on end at whirl of wings.
 His Club-friend in the ribs him swift did knock
 As sign of circling bats that did impinge.
 Instant our friend did crouch and grope his way
 With arms and hands outspread to grip the floor
 Whilst 'neath the waves of stench his soul did sway
 And once again outburst the fell uproar.
 Cold sweat sprang from his ears, his eyes, his nose
 As he did dodge the bats and their vile blows".

XCVII

"Sudden a light burst on their hungry eyes
 As golden-rosy as the sunset's sheen
 And their stunned ears were soothed—to their surprise—
 By female tones—cross 'twixt a song and keen†
 Slowly the words emerged as from a mist—
 In which shapes are obscure and lack all form—
 And as they did their very souls seemed kissed—
 Their storm-tried souls—so sweet these words did warm.
 'Now welcome, heroes, to a zone of rest
 For a set space no danger here doth come
 Here is brief rest for souls with strife oppressed
 Here for a time may ye breathe as at home.'
 The voices ceased. The Host sank on the grass
 Which luscious here and flower-laden was."

XCVIII

"For a full sweet hour did they slumber there
 When trumpet blast did burst upon their ears
 And once more were they roused to toil and care
 Once more to face a world of grisly fears.
 The Host up-sprang like soldiers at command
 And ranged themselves in column as before
 When they did see approach on either hand
 Two monsters which chilled our friend to the core!
 A cross betwixt an elephant and snake—
 Their trunks were snakes their tails were snakes as well—
 Who as they moved a trumpeting did make
 Which seemed to shake the base of *very* Hell!
 The serpents writhed and hissed like a simoon
 And scared our friend till death seemed a sweet boon".

†Irish funeral song accompanied with wailing.

XCIX

"‘*Stick close to me*’. His friend said in low tones
 ‘If we do hold our ranks no harm can come.
 He who falls out they crush to pulp his bones
Kill him and trample him and then roll home.
 An exercise in Moral Courage this—
A simple one and highly primary—
 An odour foul rides on each serpent’s hiss
 Of which foul smell I warn you to be wary.
 Its tendency’s to make one get away
 And if you do you never can get back
 A force mysterious holds you at bay
 Until the beasts have laid you on your back.
 After a man’s been killed he straight comes-to
 But that fell trampling is a thing all rue’”.

C

“‘The beasts are forced to keep full six feet off
 The Laws of Hell forbid they nearer come
 Those of us who’ve the nerve the brutes then scoff—
 Scoff and revile them till they make things hum.
 None but a man of iron nerve dare this
 For the beasts pick him out and let him see
 What’s “up to him” if he one point doth miss
At the dark game of cold Self-mastery!
The Cardinal’s the only man as yet
 Among our thousand who dare challenge them
But’s logic is a thing on which to bet
 And logic—of *all* things—is rare in men.
 The beasts first try our ranks both front and rear
 To see if any one hath budged from fear.’”

END

OF

CANTO ONE.

NEWSPAPER REVIEWS

SCORPIO.

(Sonnets)

By John Armstrong Chaloner.

Keats has told us that "they shall be accounted poet-kings who simply say the most heart-easing things?" It may well be, therefore, that the author of the present volume of sonnets has no desire to be ranked among the poet-kings. For he certainly does not come to us with heartsease in his hand. On the contrary he prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man "to sleep" with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort "Scorpio." So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect.

Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls "The Devil's Horseshoe." We reproduce it for the benefit of all concerned:

"A fecund sight for a philosopher—
 Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
 That gem-bedizen'd 'horse-shoe' at th'Opera
 Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
 His votaresses doth Mammon there array
 His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!
 To Mammon there do they their homage pay!

Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace.
 Crores whose old bosoms in their corsets creak
 Beldams whose slightest glance would fright a horse
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
 Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.
 A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
 But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knockout blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corset, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-flaying, bosom-stinging, or general thumping. Some of them show the tender emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. He is always on the side of the angels even if he is frequently over vigorous; and his book is well worth possessing. We gather that he has undergone personal troubles of no light or ordinary nature, and it is pleasant to note that, despite these troubles, he still retains a sane and reasonable outlook upon life, for when he likes he can be quite pleasantly humorous instead of acridly bitter.—THE ACADEMY, London, August 8, 1908.†

THE TIMES-UNION, Albany, N. Y., August 4, 1913.

Scorpio, by J. A. Chaloner. \$1.50. The Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

"Scorpio" is a volume of sonnets in which the author's talent as a satirist has been given full play. He is merciless in his attacks upon the frailty of man, and his puny indifference to big, vital matters which are slowly, but none the less surely, sapping our nation's strength. Yet, true poet as he is, no one could revel in the beauty of lighter or more deli-

†The *Academy* heads the American Reviews for the sake of auld lang syne—it being the first publication in the world to notice the author's work.

cate fancies, when he turns his thoughts to things that are not man-made. As he writes of Kipling, it can be said of him: "His work is palpitant with strength and blood; elastic vigor leaps in every line."

KIPLING.

Thy work is palpitant with strength and blood.
 Elastic vigor leaps in every line.
 There fire of Elizabethan hardihood
 Far-reaching and vig'rous as of yore, doth shine.
 There glint of bayonet and roll of drum—
 That world-encircling drum-tap of the race—
 Flash on the eye and pulse-stir with their hum—
 There strides the British soldier's sturdy pace.
 New life didn't thou impart to British verse.
 In Alexandrian doldrums did she swoon—
 "In irons" to Formality's cold curse —
 To her fair sails you came a breezy boon!
 Long may you live to voice your peoples' will
 A voice whose utterance needs not strength but skill.

Mr. Chaloner is a graduate of Columbia University and a member of the bar. He comes of distinguished ancestry, being the lineal descendant—on the distaff side of the house—of Peter Stuyvesant—the last Dutch Governor of New York—then New Amsterdam—and John Winthrop, appointed by King Charles II, Governor of Massachusetts. Besides being a blood relative of the following three prominent Generals in the Revolution—General Nathaniel Greene, recognized as the second General on our side after Washington—General Francis Marion, of South Carolina, known in History as "The Swamp Fox," from the trouble he gave, and the chases he led the superior British forces, through his native swamps, at the head of his small body of horse—which makes our author a blood relative of Charlotte de Corday—General Marion being of French Huguenot ancestry—and—through the Heroine of the French Revolution—a blood relative of the greatest of French dramatists, Corneille. Lastly, John Armstrong Chaloner is the great-great-grandson of General John

Armstrong, on Washington's staff at the British victory of the Brandywine; and author of the famous Newburgh Addresses, which came near splitting the newborn American Republic in half, by raising such resentment in the breasts of the officers and army when stationed at Newburgh-on-Hudson (after peace with Great Britain) because Congress refused to make good the arrears of pay of the men who had saved them from the halter—that the army was ripe for taking their pay at the point of the sword—and nothing but a hurried trip to Newburg, and the prayers *and tears* of Washington, saved the situation. Mr. Chaloner also claims relationship with the oldest and wealthiest Knickerbocker families.

EDGAR SALTUS IN "VANITY FAIR."

Scorpio is a shandigaff of prose and verse. Usually such things are inoffensive specimens of harmless literature. *But not Scorpio.* Richepin wrote a breviary that was like an explosion of Roman candles. He also wrote a hymnal that was so many doors slammed in your face. Richepin, though a member of the French Academy, a membership which usually is a patent of incapacity, had something to say and knew how to say it. *In piety and truculence this thing of Mr. Chaloner's equals Richepin's wares.* In commenting on an earlier performance, a critic called the author a literary bruiser.—New York, January, 1914.

HENRY BRINSLEY IN "VANITY FAIR."

New York, January, 1914.

* I have been deeply moved recently by some verses of Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner's, who has just published a slender volume of sonnets called "Scorpio." *The following lovely little lyric will tell its own message without prosaic comment on my part.*

DEATH.

When our appointed sands shall run their course
 When in life's brief hour-glass none doth remain
 When death's mysterious river we must cross
 The following thoughts may ease the Soul her pain
 Death the Angel is of all activity
 The "open sesame" to action rare—
 The quick'ning of a new nativity
 In a world which is as dreadful as it's fair.
 The bones do rest, the dust doth rest. *They rest.*
 But the *Spirit*—that which sprang from God's bright
 Throne—
 The Spirit which His breath gives life and zest
 The Spirit thro' eternity goes on!
 Tomb the portal is to Hell or Paradise—
 Purgatory is Hell and *versa vice*.

From NEWS SCIMITAR, Mempis, Tenn., July 29, 1912.

A SON OF MARS.

John Armstrong Chaloner is a true son of Mars. Evidently he was born under the blood-red planet. He has been a fighter since he reached manhood, and the prospects are that he will have to fight until he is gathered to his Fathers. He is a scion of the Astor family, and is therefore wealthy, reputed to be worth \$1,500,000. He first came into public notice by marrying that sizzling vessel of molten lava, Amelie Rives, shortly after she had perpetrated on the world "The Quick or the Dead." Amelie seems to have exhausted all her warmth on this book, and toward Chaloner, she was as cold as the iceberg that sank the Titanic. War soon began between the couple, and it ended in a divorce on the ground of incompatibility.

Explaining his circumstances in the instrument of transfer, and the reason why he adopts the chosen method, he has turned over all of his property in trust to a strong Southern financial institution, he retaining only a life interest, and com-

plete and absolute control until his death. After his death his estate is to be divided between the educational institutions of Virginia and North Carolina, with the residue to charities and chosen beneficiaries. In this way he hopes to defeat the cupidity of his family. They are preparing to fight this last move, and no doubt Chaloner will be engaged in a war until the end comes.

Boston, Mass., ADVERTISER, December 20, 1913.

SCORPIO STILL STINGS.

We are sweetly toasted by John Armstrong Chaloner in "Scorpio, II."††† (Palmetto Press):

THE TOURNEY.

I love an enemy that strikes out bold!
 To th' Boston *Advertiser* doff I my hat
 E'en tho' he lives where one eats beans grown cold
 Or beans e'en hot as H—l—"all's one for that."
 I love the shock and clamour of the joust!
 I love the roar! I love the battle's din!
 As they charge at me from my *selle* to oust†
 As I hold firm my pen to keep *selle* in!
 'Midst press o'th' knights o'th' pen I love to ride
 Where sword meets sword, or spear, or gleaming crest!
 Where th' good red blood flows in a silent tide
 Where each grim swordsman doth his d—dest best!
 I'th' thick o' th' press o' th' knights I love to be
 When I feel my snow-white charger under me.††

By this time Mr. Chaloner must be riding in gore to his stirrups. With his broadsword, or stiletto, or lance, or club, or snickernee, or shotgun, he is daily as diligent as a book-keeper at his desk. Now that he is paying his militant respects to States and cities as well as persons, there's no end to material. We are gladdened with a promise of "Scorpio, Vol. III."

†Saddle.

††A snow-white piece of paper.

†††Published, 1913.

White Plains (N. Y.) ARGUS, October 12, 1915.

John Armstrong Chaloner *is again attracting attention because of his literary sonnets.*

THE NEWS DEMOCRAT, Providence, R. I., September 21, 1915.

BOOK NOTES.

"Robbery Under Law." By John Armstrong Chaloner.
Published by Palmetto Press. 50 cents, net.

John Armstrong Chaloner has just written "Robbery Under Law, or The Battle of the Millionaires," a play in three acts and three scenes, exposing the viciousness of the Lunacy Laws.

He has given eighteen of the best years of his life in a crusade against the Lunacy Laws of various States.

In the dramatization of the Virginia tragedy, Chaloner, is Hugh Stutfield, of "Rokeby," Albemarle County, Virginia, and New York, millionaire art-patron and law-writer; James Lawless, of New York, rejected suitor of Viola Cariston, who is in love with Stutfield; Winston Blettermole, cousin and heir-at-law of Stutfield; Belisarius P. Spink, an unscrupulous, but learned, New York lawyer, and Albert Wedge, an inventor, are the important characters who tell the story of Chaloner's strange career.

Viola and the love romance woven about her are fictitious, but Mr. Chaloner says the other characters correctly portray participants in events.

This bids fair to be as interesting as his telegram "Who's Looney Now?" to his brother, "Sheriff Bob" Chanler, when the latter divorced Mlle. Lina Cavalieri, and should find many appreciative readers.

THE PORTLAND OREGONIAN, Portland, Ore., August 22, 1915.

"Robbery Under Law," by John Armstrong Chaloner, 50 cents, Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

There are two plays in this book.

One is "Robbery Under Law," in which Lunacy abuses are pictured, and "The Hazard of the Die," a three-act play in blank verse treating of the conspiracy of Catiline during the last days of the Roman Republic. *Both plays are unusual, interesting, and show the undoubted dramatic talent of the author.*

THE EVENING TELEGRAM, Portland, Oregon, July 24, 1915.

Robbery Under Law By John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Scorpio" and "Who's Looney Now?" Price 50 cents net. Published by Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Who's Looney Now?" here offers two plays.

The play, "Robbery Under Law, or the Battle of the Millionaires," purports to be an autobiographical one. It is to be played, too, the author says, in every State in the Union, and he will appear for a curtain talk after each production to emphasize the need of Lunacy Law reform. "The Hazard of the Die," a blank verse drama of Catiline, in imitation of Shakespeare, follows with an epilogue in which the author says this is but the first of a series of plays. *The work has passages of real vividness.*

There is real value though to students of Abnormal Psychology in the accounts of the "Napoleonic trances," of the mediumistic letters and the like which the author includes in this heterogeneous volume; he quotes William James, the American psychologist, as styling him a medium of unusual powers, and includes a letter from Thomson Jay Hudson, author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena."

THE POST-EXPRESS, Rochester, N. Y., July 24, 1915.

"Robbery Under Law; or The Battle of the Millionaires: A Play in Three Acts and Three Scenes." By John Armstrong Chaloner, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., Palmetto Press.

Mr. Chaloner's play, "Robbery Under Law," has obviously been based on his own experiences.

In the same volume there is another play entitled "The Hazard of the Die," treating of Catiline's conspiracy. It is in the manner of Marlowe, even that dramatist's peculiarities of accentuation being imitated. The author shows a knowledge of Roman history which is very creditable to his memory. Among the *dramatis personae* are the poet Catullus, Cicero, Crassus, Sulla and Caesar.

The book will amuse and in many ways, astonish the average reader.

THE SCIMITAR, Memphis, Tenn., July 15, 1915.

From the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., comes a fat volume garnished in purple and gold, with two splashes of red across the front paper cover, the author of which is John Armstrong Chaloner, who startled the reading public some time ago by the famous query "Who's Looney Now?"

The volume contains a play called "Robbery Under Law" and another called "The Hazard of the Die," together with a vast amount of comments and correspondence that he has gathered up and assembled. His play shows that his reading has been discursive and by no means desultory. *He certainly has imagination and inventive genius, and his workmanship shows a command of literary technique not to be despised.* His gifts are eminently respectable, and he is fortunate in having the money to place himself before the public in spite of the Pharisees and the guardians of our literary morals.

THE AGE-HERALD, Birmingham, Ala., September 5, 1915.

"Robbery Under Law, or The Battle of The Millionaires."

(A play in three acts and three scenes.) By John Armstrong Chaloner. The Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Scorpio," presents a play under the title of "Robbery Under Law, or the Battle of the Millionaires," *which has attracted widespread attention.*

Among other things—interesting things—about the play, is Mr. Chaloner's "Prologue," which throws considerable light on the subject as follows:

"Since finishing the play, 'Robbery Under Law,' last fall, the undersigned has written another play found herewith, entitled, 'The Hazard of the Die,' a three act play in blank verse treating of the conspiracy of Catiline during the last days of the Roman Republic."

* * * * *

From the foregoing the object of the play may be deducted and *the brilliant manner in which the author has handled the subject is in keeping with the other clever things he has written.*

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, November, 1915.

THE THEATRE.

The Magazine for Playgoers.

New Dramatic Books, November, 1915.

"Robbery Under Law." By the author of "Scorpio." Palmetto Press, North Carolina.

Mr. Chaloner who, on apt occasion, set going the somewhat famous expression "Who's Looney Now?" has written a play in attack of Lunacy Laws.

"Robbery Under Law" is the title of a play by Mr. Chaloner. The plan is to produce the play widely as a performance. It is lurid and *extremely dramatic in some of its*

scenes. It has the imaginative qualities and force to be expected from a writer who was assured by the late Professor William James that he had the Psychic temperament and the qualities of a medium. The second section of the book is devoted to the "Hazard of the Die," a play in three acts, of the last days of the Roman Republic.

THE VIRGINIAN, Richmond, Va., September 29, 1915.

"THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE," MASTERPIECE.

John Armstrong Chaloner Produces Sequel to "The Hazard Of The Die." Deals With Caesar.

Following close upon the heels of his "The Hazard of the Die," John Armstrong Chaloner has written a three-act drama, "The Serpent Of Old Nile," which he terms a sequel to the other in that both plays treat of the same epoch and the same man—Julius Caesar. In the former he is shown as a young man when he was scheming for power and in the latter effort he is depicted as the man of maturer years, who has achieved power. In "The Serpent Of Old Nile" Mr. Chaloner essays to paint a sorceress and her wiles and *probably not even Shakespeare himself would be ashamed to claim what the "Master of Merry Mills," who is a past master of English as it is written, has put forth in blank verse.* It should have a stage production and with intelligent interpretation would make a hit.

The book has been issued by the Palmetto Press, of Roanoke Rapids, N. C., in paper cover at fifty cents.

“THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE”

A Drama in Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HEPHAESTION-THE-ATHENIAN. *Commander-In-Chief of Cleopatra's Forces in The Civil War with Ptolemy her Brother. In Love with Cleopatra.*

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR. *Dictator of the Roman World. In Love with Cleopatra.*

POTHINUS. *Cleopatra's former Minister of State now with Ptolemy—the Stirrer-up of Civil Strife betwixt Brother and Sister.*

HOLOFERNES. *Captain of Cleopatra's Body-Guard.*

A RUNNER. *Attached to Cleopatra's Forces.*

ARAXID. *Chief of Cleopatra's Eunuchs.*

A HERALD. *Attached to Caesar's Army.*

CLEOPATRA. *Queen of Egypt.*

SAPHO. *An Athenian. Cleopatra's Lady-In-Waiting.*

ROMAN Soldiers, Greek Mercenaries, Egyptian Soldiers, Bedouin Arabs and Citizens.

Time: 48 B. C.

Place: Egypt.

THE SORCERESS

PROLOGUE TO

"THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE"

Chorus *loquitur*.

We now essay to paint a *sorceress*—
 The "Serpent of Old Nile" of Antony—
 That man-devouring-Sphinx—*Egypt's*—none less
 Whom Shakspeare limned in divine alchemy!
The task is dread—the task doth chill the heart—
 All in the steps of Shakspeare thus to tread—
 Especially as herein plays the part
 Of lover *Caesar*, whom th' world held in dread.
 Especially since Cleopatra's tossed
 Upon the bosom of *two* passions *dire*—
 Love—whose fulfilment world-empire would cost
 Ambition—which holds *forth* the *world's empire!*
 'Twixt Caesar and the bold Hephaestion
 The sands of Fate's dark glass portentous run.

From A SOUTHERN SHORT STORY WRITER.

"The third act of "The Serpent Of Old Nile" reached me yesterday and I like it *immensely*. You know how pleased I was with the first two Acts, and this is a fitting climax.

The conflict in Cleopatra's heart is splendidly represented:

(Sappho:)

'So Cleopatra sways between two winds.
 The wind of love and Power's mighty wind.
 Which of the two winds win the Gods sole know
 Meanwhile her heart is tossing to and fro'
 Tossing and troubled like a troubled stream.'

This whole soliloquy of Sappho is very fine indeed.

I admire the attitude of Hephaestion when Cleopatra is

trying to dazzle and charm him—the way in which he reads below the surface, and says to her:

(Hephaes:)

‘I see a spirit in whose plumbless depths
Lurk passions deep as multifarious—
Lurk Love and lurk Ambition hand in hand
Joined whilst they sleep, but parted once they wake.
I note Ambition to o’errule the world
I note the courage to achieve the task
Backed by a Policy as deep as dark—
As subtle as ‘The Serpent Of Old Nile’
Learn’d in all policy, skill’d in how to rule
The hearts of men as sway a kingdom’s host.’

I also admire the perfectly *natural* way in which he finally yields to her blandishments!

And these lines:

(Hephaes:)

‘Thought were not meant for words but for the heart—
Thoughts hot as blood and as that hot blood fierce
Thoughts all of fire that burn the very veins
And arteries as they the heart surge thro’!’

The termination of this love scene between Cleopatra and Hephaestion is original and *very well* done—the triumph of the Queen’s ambition over her love.

It is interesting to note the contrast between Caesar and Hephaestion—when Caesar appears on the scene he appears so entirely confident of himself and his success with Cleopatra that he can talk about the scenery, and not hurry to his love-making:

(Caesar): ‘How lovely gleams the Nile from where I stand,
A silver shield it verily doth seem.’

The end is very exciting and unexpected—I didn’t guess at all *how* Caesar would conduct himself in regard to Haphaestion’s death, and I was heartily glad that he punished the treachery of the ‘fatal sorceress’ so completely.”

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE

A Drama in Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LUCIUS SERGIUS CATILINE, *Head of the Conspiracy to overthrow the Roman Republic.*

CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR, *Candidate for Pontifex Maximus.*

MARCUS CRASSUS, *The richest Roman of Antiquity.*

MARCUS CORNELIUS LENTULUS, *Patrician, Praetor (Chief Justice) of Rome*

CAIUS CETHEGUS, *Patrician.*

CAIUS SULLA, *Patrician, nephew of the Dictator Sulla.*

QUINTUS CURIUS, *Patrician.*

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, *Consul.*

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS, *The great Roman lyric Poet.*

CAIUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS, *Known to modern times as Sallust; Roman Historian, Author of "The Conspiracy of Catiline."*

PUBLIUS CLODIUS, *Patrician, Democratic Politician; Organizer and Leader of a Band of Gladiators with which he terrorizes his Political Rivals.*

TITUS ANNIUS MILO, *Patrician, Republican or Senatorial-politician; Organizer and Leader of a Band of Gladiators in Opposition to Clodius.*

SPARTACUS, *Lieutenant of Clodius' Band.*

VELTIUS, *A Spy in the pay of Cicero.*

A SOOTHSAYER.

AURELIA ORESTILLA, *Wife of Catiline.*

CLODIA, *Sister of Clodius, Mistress of Catullus.*

FULVIA, *Mistress of Quintus Curius.*

SENATORS, CITIZENS, GLADIATORS AND SOLDIERS.

Conspirators with
Catiline.

TIME: The last days of the Roman Republic.

PLACE: Rome.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Secluded Street In Rome.

Time: Forenoon.

Enter Catiline alone, dressed in a toga.

Cat.: Now by the Gods I'll do a deed of blood
 That certes shall trump my fame to the world's end.
 That shall the name of Catiline surround
 With nimbus dread of horror, and black death
 With divine cloud of rapine and revenge,
That knows no equal this side Phlegethon!
 Methinks I see the city now aflame—
 This haughty city, this proud conquering Rome,
 Who sets her foot upon wide-breathing earth
 And bids the world yield tribute to her lust.
 Ha! Thou great harlot I shall make thee writhe
 Squirm and contort thyself in Hellish pain
 When once my plans swift ripening gather head.
 Then let the haughty Senators beware—
 Those iron fools who know no law but gain—
 Whose daily thought and daily care are but
 How t' cause their crop of sesterce to increase—
 To see two coin where was but one before.
 My purpose is to seize the government
 Snatch her grand reins from out the feeble hands
 Of Cicero, that old wife in man's garb.
 That self-sufficient upstart with a tongue
 A silver tongue I'll grant but only tongue
 Sans heart, sans eyes, sans skill, sans all but tongue.
 A bigger coward never walked abroad
 Than that same smug-faced parvenu-poltroon.
 Some lusty spirits have I now in train—
 Caesar that easy bold voluptuary
 Whose heart's as cold as his dark lusts are hot

Whose breath is power no matter how come by
 Whose morals are as easy as his ways.
 Suave, smooth, polite, e'er cordial Caesar is
 An easy-going, smooth, good-natured man—
 But o' th' share o' th' spoil his must the lion's be.
But master ne'er hath met this Catiline.
 Fierce Caius Cethegus that soul of steel!
 Ne'er saw I yet a firmer heart than his
 Danger's the trumpet that doth rouse his soul!
 And Sulla *brother* might be to Cethegus
 So firm his spirit and so sure his soul—
 The brightest jewels in my carcanet
 A ruby and a diamond they gleam!
 Mark Crassus cometh next into our ken.
 A cold and calculating business-man
 Whose every thought is for his money-bags.
 But these same money-bags do have their use
 When 't comes to paying troops to win our cause.
 Next a bold spirit Quintus Curius
 Of proud ancéstry and of courage high
 But curst mercurial and giv'n to talk.
But if Adversity can steel the soul
 And burn out weakness in the fires of woe
No man should be more firm than Curius.
 Last the slow-moving haughty Lentulus.
 The weakest blade in all my armoury
 But great his station and grand his mighty gens
 Cornelian—Sulla's own—my late great chief's,
 With *such* a galaxy of jewels rare
 I'll deck my diadem of Lord of Rome—
 Hist! Who comes here followed by martial tramp?

*Enter Clodius Fully Armed at the Head of his Band of
 Gladiators, also Fully Armed with Sword and Shield.*

Well met bold son of Mars, well met, I say. And you
 stout fellows (*Making a Military Salute to the Gladi-
 ators who, Drawing Swords and Saluting Catiline,
 form a Line of Battle across the Stage and Stand at
 "Attention" with Drawn Swords*) bid ye welcome,
 too.

Clod.: My Catiline, how wags the world with thee?

Cat.: E'en passing well, bold Clodius, passing well.

Clod.: 'Tis well. Hast any news to tender me to-day?

Cat.: None, Clodius, none. The times with me are dull.

Clod.: Ha! Say you so. Methought that Catiline

Ne'er rested day or night from plot or scheme—*pardie*.

Cat.: Than Catiline is no man more maligned

Believe me Clodius, none—not one sole one.

Clod.: Well, I must jog for Milo is agog.

His band doth prowl the Forum, so I'm told.

Cat.: Be cautious how you clash with that same man.

Your band's too precious to be risked in brawl.

Clod.: We know our worth—eh soldiers?

Gladiators: (*Clashing their Swords against their Shields*)

That we do!

Cat.: I'll jog with you my home you know's hard by.

(*Catiline and Clodius put themselves at the Head of the Band and exeunt*).

The St. Louis STAR, October 19, 1915.

LITERARY NOTES.

John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Scorpio," has issued altogether two plays of the life of Caesar: "The Serpent Of Old Nile," and "The Hazard of the Die." *They have the merit well known to attach to all His work.* Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapds, N. C., 50 cents.)

The Troy RECORD, Troy, New York, October 16, 1915.

The Serpent Of Old Nile. By John Armstrong Chaloner. The Palmetto Press. Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Mr. Chaloner may be called the *enfant terrible* in literature. His latest *tour de force* consists of two blank verse dramas.

Few will deny that sometimes he succeeds in reaching very high levels in the management of his characters and in the style of his verse and the unique personality of the author.

“THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE”

ACT I. SCENE I.

Time: An hour before sunrise.

(Outside Cleopatra's Tent—the Head-Quarters Tent—of her Army on the Outskirts of Alexandria. The Tent is a Large Pavilion of Purple Silk bordered with Gold. In the Back Ground are seen Other Smaller Tents of the Officers of her Army. Holofernes and a Sentinel in Roman Armour are Pacing Back and Forth before the Pavilion. The Camp has not yet Waked. Other Sentries are Pacing Up and Down before the Officers' Tents. The Flap of the Nearest Officer's Tent Opens and Hephaestion Emerges, Clad in Full Armour. He is a Powerfully Built Man of Handsome Face and Figure, in the Prime of Life. He Approaches Cleopatra's Pavilion. Holofernes and Sentry Salute him with their Swords. He Acknowledges the Salute in an Abstracted Manner and Says:)

Hephaes. Withdraw yourselves a space but keep your watch.

I would have silence to resolve my thoughts.

Holo. My lord, if but the Queen should miss our tread
Each one of us would swiftly lose his head.

Thou knows't my lord, but one short week ago
What happened to the sentry who did doze?

Hephaes. A week ago Pothinus' embassy

Took up my thoughts t'exclusion of aught else

The crafty schemer sought to trap our Queen

Holo. Then by thy leave, my lord, I'll name th' event.

Drusus, the Roman, did hold watch with me.

The moon was at the full, the night was warm

All nature slept engulfed in her soft ray.

I heard a sound hard by and strode to see

If any crafty Arab was at hand.

The sound receded as I did advance.

I followed it might be a hundred yards.

Drusus meanwhile did halt—leaned on his spear

And as we soldiers can—slept where he stood

Feeling that he could safely steal a nap

So brief as that at his spear's head the while.

I traced the sound and did return to him
 And swiftly whispered I would sound th' alarm
 Ere I'd surpass'd my watch a hundred yards.
 As I did reach the limit of my line
 I saw a jackal slink into the gloom.
 I then turned on my heel t' retrace my steps—
 When lo! a sight I saw made my hair rise!
 The pavilion of the Queen did open slow
 And her imperial head did peer there-thro'.
 Her glorious face shone in the moon's soft beam
 Like 'Dian's self—the Huntress of the bow.
 Her breast was bare and like to Dian's own
 Did shed effulgence in the pale moonlight.
 She glanced at Drusus—then she looked for me.
 My errand by her general's eye was seen.
 She then again scanned Drusus in her gleam.
 Never saw I a change so swift and fell
 As did sweep o'er her countenance divine!
 When first her face peered out 'twas scrutiny—
A soldier's piercing glance was written there.
 What next I saw did chill my very blood!
'Twas tho' Medusa's self had come to life
 And gloated o'er her victim ere she killed!
 Her breasts did rise and fall like waves of snow.
 Her eyes did gleam like lightening 'gainst a cloud—
 The thundercloud of her dishevelled hair.
 Her rich full lips drew in to one thin line
 Thro' which her teeth did like a lion's gleam!
 One instant thus—and then she disappeared—
 The *next*—the spear she carries as her sceptre
 Since she 'gainst Ptolemy hath ta'en the field—
Thrust thro' the tent-flap and did Drusus pierce
Above his corselet deep into the neck!
 No sound he uttered save a muffled moan
 As he fell dead and his stout spirit passed.

Hephaes. (*With a Smile*) The tigress! (*Aside*) *By Mars*
I love her all the more!
There is a prize worthy a soldier's life!
 (*Aloud*) What did she then? (*With an Air of Military Indifference*)
 Thy tale doth interest me.

Holo. She gazed adown upon stout Drusus' corse,
 And slowly disengaged her rubied spear
 I had by now approached and stood my guard.
 First did she wipe her spear upon his arm
 Then slowly thrust it in the desert sand.
 She then leaned on her spear and turned to me.

Hephaes. How was she clad? Thy tale is interesting.

Holo. My lord in sheen of fairy gossamer
 Like to a cloud of fleece—*so light it was!*
 Like to a veil spun from the moon's own beams.

Hephaes. Enough! What did she then?

Holo. She then did fix me with her wondrous eyes
 Which yet did hold the death-light in their depths
 And, on a pause, did say in careless tones—
 "Remove that sleepy-head from out my sight
 And tell thy guardsmen that a fate self-same
 Awaits all soldiers who sleep on their watch"
 Sans other look at Drusus, she was gone.

Hephaes. I comprehend thy zeal upon thy guard.
 But recollect that *I do take thy ward*
 Within the confines of one hundred feet
 You to the right, your guardsman to the left
Sleep not upon your watch—that's all I say.

Holo. I go my lord. (*Holofernes and Sentry March off*)

Hephaes. (*Pacing Up and Down before the Tent of Cleopatra*)
 By Ammon Ra! Here is a Queen indeed!
 One worthy to sit throned upon the world.
 Would I could find a wizard with an eye
 Piercing enow to sound her subtle soul
 And tell me if she loves me or—loves not.
 As general of her troops she leans on me
 For my experience in strategy.
 As general of her troops she seems to take
 Me to the secret councils of her soul—
 But *doth* she so, or *doth* she merely seem?
 Sappho befriends me and she says she doth—
 Says that the Queen hath me in fond regard.
 That she hath caught her sighing and asked why.
 Whereat the Queen hath sighed again and said
 "Sappho the general is a likely man
 A man of parts—a man to conquer maids."

“Maids! Saith thy grace,” said Sappho, laughingly.
 “Can great Hephaestion but conquer maids!
 Methought his prowess in the Orient
 Amid the Parthians was more proof than that.”
 Whereat the queen did smile her wondrous smile—
 That smile so sinuous and hard to read
 That smile that like a charm doth veil her face
 And make it as the Sphinx inscrutable!
 Its charm hath wound itself about my heart
 As coils a serpent round a flutt’ring bird.

(Cleopatra’s *Voice from within the Tent*)

“Ho! Without!”

Hephaes. (*Starting. Swiftly, Recovering himself, Says in
 Abrupt Military Tones*)

Hephaestion the general stands on guard.

Cleo. “Hephaestion the general stands on guard!”

And our two last night’s sentries—where are they?

Hephaes. So please the queen they stand upon their watch.

Full flanking her pavilion right and left.

Cleo. But why this change without my orders sir?

Hephaes. So please the Queen I took it on myself
 Wishing to pace away some truant thoughts
 That had curtailed my sleep and driv’n me forth.

Cleo. (*Laughing Softly*)

What! Truant thoughts in stern Hephaestion

The terror of his enemies in war!

The warrior whose brow is diademed

With fame that’s second sole to Caesar’s own!

Prithee my general tell thy warrior-Queen

What thoughts are these that so o’ermaster thee?

Hephaes. My queen I fear me much to lift their veil.

Cleo. (*Laughing*) “Fear” is a thing as strange as truant
 thought

To find a lodgment in *Hephaestion’s* breast!

Hephaes. I’d sooner charge a legion of proud Rome

With a mere cohort of six hundred men

Or face the phalanx Macedonian.

E’en led by Alexander’s god-like self—

Than tell the thoughts that lurk within my breast.

Cleo. Summon thy courage then Hephaestion!

Call up thine ancient race—thine ancestry

That with great Alexander ruled the world—
For I do charge thee charge that legion now
For I do charge thee face that phalanx here.

Hephaes. My Queen vouchsafe one word—who's in thy tent
 Who doth the royal pavilion share with thee?

Cleo. Granted my general. None but Sappho's here
 My faithful friend and thine too I may say.

Hephaes. (*Drawing a Deep Breath*)

That being so I'll e'en the charge essay.

(*After a pause*) I wonder did—my most puissant
 Queen—

Provided victory doth crown our spears
 And she doth place thee upon Egypt's throne—
 If thy poor servitor—my most unworthy self—
 Might aspire unto—I know not—*what*.

Cleo. (*Laughing*) Thou know'st not what! Why then no
 more do I!

How can I answer thing so nebulous?

Hephaes. (*Smiling*) If, dread my Queen, thou'lt deign to
 bear in mind

No question did I put your Majesty.

Sappho. (*From within. Laughing*) In this first bout He-
 phaeston scores one.

Cleo. (*Laughing in her Turn*) That I admit—ye subjects
dutiful

That I admit. But say Hephaeston

Didst ever yet when "charge" thou didst essay

Lead on thy soldiers in such loose array

As were but now thy scattered flock of thoughts?

Sappho. (*Laughing*) I' th' second bout the Queen doth score
 full sore!

Hephaes. (*Laughing*) I'll rally them and this time—*charge*
amain!

Pardon a soldier's bluntness, sweet my Queen

But if we win wilt thou deign marry me?

Sappho. That was a "charge" in sooth to frighten *Hell!*

Cleo. (*Coldly*) Sappho thou sayest well, Hephaeston
 'Tis time this conversation drew to close.

Hephaes. An t' please the Queen I now do take my leavee.

Leaving this prayer to humbly plead for me.

I "charged" because my Queen did bid me "charge"

I but obeyed my orders—that is all.

Cleo. (*Coldly*) As I have said this interview is closed.
Never dare broach that subject, sir, again.

Hephaes. (*As Coldly*) Queen I now go, and th' order will obey.

(*As he Strides Away to His Tent—but Before he has Gone Three Yards—a Runner Appears in Breathless Haste.*)

Runner. *Where is the General—where's Hephaestion?*

Hephaes. (*Halting—and in Stern Military Tones—in Which there is Not a Vestige Left of the Softness and Almost Feminine Charm, which Marked his Conversation with Cleopatra*)—

Hephaestion is here. What is thy news?

Runner. My lord the Roman Caesar, is at hand.
At head of 's army—not a league from here.
He's made a forced march and is coming on
With all the speed his footsoldiers can show.
I spied him six miles off as I did wake
In a rude hamlet where doth dwell my wife.
All unperceived I swift did get away
To warn the general without delay.

Hephaes. (*Taking a Hand's Grasp of Gold from a Purse at his Sword Belt*)

Prithee take this my man, thou hast done well—

Cleo. (*From within the Pavilion*)

Hephaestion give orders where you stand

I must consult with thee—and instantly.

Hephaes. (*In the Same Tone*) 'Tis well. (*Motioning to Holofernes*)

You heard the news. Inform mine officers.

And bid them call their soldiers straight to arms.

(*Exit Holofernes*).

(*Aside*) This jumps well with my plans—Caesar's a man

T'whom reason doth appeal as to none else.

And reason points to Cleopatra, Queen.

An ally in the Roman we shall have

Or I know not his course throughout his wars

(*A Pause, Meditatively*) An ugly doubt doth now
obtrude its head.

Caesar is a proved voluptuary
 That with 's ambition e'er goes hand in hand.
 What if he fall to Cleopatra's charm
(Starting Violently) That doubt bites keener than
 a serpent's tooth!

(A Pause. With Deliberation) What would I do
 if he paid court to her?

What would I do—I'd *kill him out of hand!*

That's what I'd do—kill him or any else!

Ambition weighs not in the scale with love

With me who with Fame's trump am surfeited.

For Cleopatra shall I throw the die.

I'll throw a main with Death—let Death sit in

Death face me at the board and hold the box.

(Meditatively) If I do lose? Why then th'Elysian
 Fields

Are broad enough to give my spirit room.

Cleo. *(From within the Pavilion. In a Winning voice)*

Hephaestion! Art there my counsellor?

Hephaes. *(In Milder Tones)* Here at thy side my Queen—to
 do or die.

Cleo. There spoke my noble right arm in this war.

Believe me Hephaestion I lean on thee—

As leans a sister on her brother's arm.

Hephaes. The relationship my Queen doth sicken me—

My gorge e'en rises at th' comparison.

Cleo. Well let that pass—humour a woman's whim!

If I do call thee "brother" let that go—

I am thy Queen and call thee what I will.

Hephaes. Thou art my Queen so call me what you will.

Cleo. I shall be armoured in a little trice

The last buckle of my cuirass Sappho's on—

Give me my helmet girl—so—that will do.

And now my sword—and—last—my golden spear.

*(The Curtain of the Pavilion is Drawn Aside by
 Sappho from Within, and Cleopatra Emerges
 Looking like the Statue of the Goddess Minerva.
 A Silver Cuirass covers her Breast. On her
 Head is a Silver Helmet designed Precisely like
 that of Minerva. In her Right Hand is a Light
 Spear whose Glittering Head is of Steel, Plated*

with Gold. The Silver Hilted Sword at her Side is Concealed by a Greek Mantle of Gauzy Diaphanous Silk, Dyed in the Hues of the Lost Art of Tyrian Purple—Shot with Gold Stars, and with a Heavy Border of Gold, which falls to her Feet, but in which an Opening at the Side Permits Added Freedom of Movement for the Limbs. Hephaestion Draws Back Dazzled by this Vision of Female Loveliness in the Panoply of Mars. Cleopatra Smiles Serenely at him and Says as she Draws Near him)

Thou seest that I'm armed to fend my rights
And Queenlike head my army in the field.

Hephaes. By Mars my Queen to th' soldiers this same sight
Of thy ethereal beauty decked for war
Were worth two legions at the very least!

Cleo. Two legions then are here, Hephaestion.
For 'tis my purpose to review the troops
So soon as our war-council shall break up—
(*A Trumpet Heard. Enter a Herald under Escort of Cleopatra's men*).

Herald. For Queen Cleopatra there's no need to ask
Since my eyes tell me I behold her now.

Cleo. Herald thou dost. Thy purpose with us now?

Herald. The Dictator Caesar craves a conference.
He is hard by, waiting at's legions' head.

Hephaes. Comes he in peace? Or what are his intents,

Herald. In peaceful guise comes he—e'en as all's.

Cleo. Bid Caesar welcome, Herald, at our hands
And say we do await his coming here.

Herald. 'Tis well, fair Queen, thy bidding I essay.

Hephaes. Permit me, Queen, one word to venture on.

Cleo. Speak my brave general, nought's done sans thee in
war.

Hephaes. 'Tis that the Roman halt his legions
Beyond the furthest confines of our camp
But enter same with fitting body-guard.

Cleo. Agreed Hephaestion. Thy words are wise.

Herald. (*Bowing*) I take thy message, Queen, and take my
leave. (*Exit Herald*).

Hephaes. (*Smiling*) This strikes me well, my Queen, how strikes it you?

Cleo. It strikes me e'en the same. I'd like to see
What mould of man this conquering Roman is.

Hephaes. (*Frowning*) Thy motive then is curiosity?

Cleo. Part curiosity—part interest.

Hephaes. Interest in him or interest in our cause?

Cleo. Interest in both, Sir cross-examiner!

Hephaes. They say the Roman likes the gentler sex
That's amours e'en are counted by the score.

Cleo. (*Smiling*) So have I heard and so do full believe.

Hephaes. Would'st thou be one-and-twenty on his list?

Cleo. (*Frowning*) Sirrah beware! You broadly trespass
there.

Hephaes. What if I do Queen, Caesar doth the same.

Cleo. Comparest thou thyself to Caesar sir?

Hephaes. (*Laughing*) I frankly do fair Queen and with good
cause.

Cleo. (*Sneeringly*) Ah! So thou hast conqueréd the Ro-
man world?

Hephaes. (*Smilingly*) One-third of it I conquered fair my
Queen—

Cleo. And when was that o'er-bold Hephaestion?

Hephaes. On Carrae's bloody day the plan was mine.

The Parthian general was in quandary—

A very bog of doubt—o'erflood with fear.

The night before the fight he came to me

And said, "Hephaestion e'en counsel me

For I know not, in sooth, which way to turn"

I then the plan evolved which won the day

And taught the Romans that the mystic East

Was free forever from barbaric sway—

That their barbarian swords could never pierce

The portals of the land my forbears ruled.

Cleo. (*Laughingly*) Call'st thou the Roman proud, "bar-
barian?"

Hephaes. Without a doubt when measured with a Greek.

Cleo. (*Sneering*) Caesar'd be flattered did he hear thee
now.

Hephaes. (*Smiling*) Of that puissant Queen I make no doubt.
They come to us to teach them letters, Queen.

Greece is the college that doth train Roman's brain
 Her dramatists, poets, and Philosophers
 Have set the compass that doth steer proud Rome.
 No dramatist, poet, or Philosopher
 Hath Rome ever produced to march with ours—
 Her's are pale copies of our own grand men.

Cleo. I never knew such things did interest thee.

Hephaes. Because my Queen, you never trenched thereon
 As soldier solely didst thou send for me—
 Drawn by my fame which filtered thro' the world
 And has been doing so since Carrhae's day—
 But I at Athens read philosophy
 E'en as a youth, before I studied arms.

Cleo. (*Smiling*) Then two polished blades will gleam here
 presently
 For Caesar's orator and author too.

Hephaes. (*Starting. Aside*) Did she then prophesy unwittingly!

Did Delphi's Sybil speak from her curved lips!
 Doth this presage a duel to the death
 Twixt Caesar and myself ere many suns?

Cleo. Hephaestion you seem deep wrapped in thought.

Hephaes. (*Starting and Recovering his Usual Air of Calm Indifference*)—

Graciously pardon me, my Queen, I dreamed.

Cleo. Dream in broad daylight and before thy Queen!

Hephaes. Pray bear in mind I am unused to Queens
 The only women I have ever known
 Were those I captured at the sack of towns.

Cleo. (*Laughing*) Tut! Tut! Hephaestion you fable there.
 Tell that to some young chit that knows not men.
 No man with thy poise and audacity—
 When thou dost face a Queen in badinage—
 But in boudoirs hath served apprenticeship.

Hephaes. (*Smiling Grimly*) My boudoirs were the sack of
 captured towns

Where falling timbers and where falling stone
 'Midst cracking archways in a trembling house
 Did urge compliance in the coldest dame.

Cleo. (*Laughing*) Br-r-r thy polished methods lend to me
 a chill!

A Hyrcan tiger but no lover—*thou!*

Hephaes. (*Calmly*) What did I tell thee but a moment since?

Cleo. (*Aside*) Doth all that fire lurk 'neath that cold calm mask!

He tempts my will to rule—I'll conquer him!

And play him 'gainst the Roman Caesar cool.

I could not have two finer specimens—

Two strings to my love-bow—than these two men.

With me do love and war go hand in hand.

Hephaes. (*Smiling*) 'Tis now thy turn to dream—mysterious Queen

A drachma for thy thoughts I'd willing give.

Cleo. (*Laughing*) A drachma for my thoughts—no more than that!

You hold me cheaper than a captured spoil!

Hephaes. (*Smiling*) Because I'd lose my money either way!

If they were worth a talent you'd them hide

And hand me but a drachma's worth of truth.

And if a drachma thou wouldst colour them

And give me less than drachma in return.

(*Trumpet Heard*).

Here comes our Roman. Now for glimpse of him.

(*Enter Julius Caesar Surrounded by a Powerful Body-Guard. He is in Full Armour with a Mantle of Purple Silk over his Corselet. The Body-Guard Halts some Fifteen Feet from Cleopatra, and Caesar Strides Forth. Upon coming to Within Three Paces of Her he Halts and Drawing his Sword makes a Military Salute, Saying as he Sheathes his Sword and Stands Stiffly Erect*)—

Caes. Hail Queen of Egypt! Cleopatra hail.

Fair daughter of the Nile thy ally I.

Cleo. (*Smiling Graciously and Extending her hand*)

Welcome, world-conquering Roman to our camp.

(*Caesar Advances and Taking her Hand Raises it Respectfully to his Lips. Hephaestion Starts and Involuntarily Drops his Hand to a Dagger at his Right Side. The Movement is Unperceived by Both Caesar and Cleopatra. Hephaestion Instantly Recovers his Usual Cold Composure and Stands at Ease. Cleopatra*

Starts Involuntarily as Caesar Kisses her Hand, and Glances Hastily at Hephaestion; but the Moment has Sufficed for the Latter to Assume his Nonchalant Calm. Cleopatra Quickly Recovers, and Withdraws her Hand. Saying with a Haughty Smile)—

Thy manners, smack, sir, somewhat of the camp.
 Caes. *(Shrugging his Shoulders Involuntarily, and then Instantly Assuming an Air of Humility says Hastily)*

Pardon me Queen. Let my life be my excuse.
 In camps—not courts—I've spent my latter years.
 Cleo. *(Smiling Graciously)* Roman you stand excused I know thy wars.

Thy book on Gaul I've read with interest deep.
(Caesar Bows. Cleopatra Continues. Pointing to Hephaestion)—

This is my general who doth stand at hand.
 Hephaestion—the Greek—who heads my host.
(Caesar Turns and Advancing a Step towards Hephaestion Extends his Right Hand Saying in Pleasing Tones and with a Frank Smile)—

Caes. Thy fame I know and I've a debt to pay—
 Most warlike Greek—for solving riddle hard—
 'Twas you who took rich Crassus off my hands.

Hephaes. *(Advancing towards Caesar and Calmly Taking his Hand. On Relinquishing it he Says)—*

So Crassus was a riddle puzzled thee?

Caes. *(Laughing)* The riddle of the Sphinx and nothing less!

Had'st thou not slain him I'd had it to do.
 A cold hard money-grubber and insatiate
 For power as for gold Mark Crassus was.
 The Roman Senate incarnate was he.

Hephaes. I'd heard as much and glad am I he's gone.
 Of all Rome's soldiers, I would deal with thee—
 Who shows the polished light of clemency.

Caes. *(Smiling and Bowing)* I follow in the steps of Pericles.

And mighty Alexander—Philip's son—
 That god-like offshoot of wild Macedon.

Greece is the Mother of my intellect—
 Rome Mother of my arms—my toilsome wars.
 Those wars now drawing to a close, I yearn
 For the repose of Greek philosopher
 Who rules an empire with philosophy.

Hephaes. (*Bowing*) I'th' name of Greece I thank thee for
 thy praise.

Cleo. (*Smiling*) Minerva surely rules this interview.

Caes. (*Smiling and Bowing*) That Goddess in thy guise
 before me stands.

Cleo. (*Smiling*) I thank thee Caesar for thy compliment.
 And now methinks the time draws on apace
 When we should settle just where we do stand
 I'th' warlike game whose prize is, Egypt's crown.

Hephaes. Thy point fair Queen is taken adm'rably.

Caes. I stand for Cleopatra, Egypt's Queen—
 To place thee on the throne have I now come.
 (*Hephaestion Gives a Sigh of Satisfaction. Cleo-
 patra Smiles Radiantly at Caesar and Says*)—

Cleo. I thank thee Caesar for thy valued aid.
 Thy troops and mine will settle the debate
 Which Ptolemy and Pothinus began.
 (*Sappho now Emerges from the Tent Clad in
 Greek Costume Befitting a Lady of High Rank.
 Sappho is a Young Woman, Tall, Slender and
 Fair. Of Classic Greek Features, and with a
 Winning and Ready Smile. Her Eyes are Blue.
 She Approaches the Group with Easy Dignity,
 Saying*)—

Sappho. (*Smiling*) The air within the tent was somewhat
 warm

I thought I'd change it by e'en coming out.

Cleo. (*Smiling*) Right glad am I thou didst—my Sappho
 fair

As a lone woman midst these warriors bold

I 'gan to miss thy presence wondrously.

(*To Caesar*) This is my fair right hand in confi-
 dence

No Queen e'er had a maiden was more true.

Caes. (*Bowing to Sappho who Returns his Salute with
 Easy Dignity*)—

- Another Greek—judging from thy fair face.
- Sappho. (*Blushing and Smiling*) The Dictator guessed true
at his first guess.
- Caes. And now, fair Queen, I take my leave of thee
Hoping to have a later conference
Whereat we three may straight perfect our plans
For carrying on the campaign on this soil.
- Cleo. We name three hours before the set of sun
For holding our war-council 'fore our tent
- Caes. Agreed. Ladies farewell till we do meet again.
- Cleo. Farewell.
- Hephaes. (*To Caesar*) I'll 'company thee to th'outskirts of
our camp.
- Caes. The honour, warlike Greek, I highly prize.
(*Both men Salute Cleopatra and Sappho and at
the Head of Caesar's Body-Guard March off the
stage. So Soon as they Disappear, Cleopatra
Sighs with Relief and Turning to Sappho Says*)
- Cleo. Glad am I that the Roman e'en hath left
Two men to handle ever is a crowd.
- Sappho. Methought my Queen, you handled them with ease.
- Cleo. That—yes. But ease and pleasure are not always
one.
- Sappho. (*Laughing*) Pleasure is only when the man is *one*?
- Cleo. When the man's one—and—when that man is *won*.
- Sappho. To win a man is nothing for the Queen.
- Cleo. Nothing or something. That depends withal
Upon the character o' th' one man won.
- Sappho. Here *two* men have you won—or I mistake.
- Cleo. Why think'st thou that, my fair and subtle Greek?
- Sappho. Fro'th' looks of both—and from the tone of both.
- Cleo. Both looks and tone may be but surface deep
None know what's in the heart—what dark thoughts
sleep.
- Sappho. True my fair Queen most true as general rule
But not when *you* men's feelings put to school.
- Cleo. (*After a Pause and Dreamily*)
How strikes the Roman Caesar on thy view?
- Sappho. A comely man and mild—for all his wars.
- Cleo. (*Meditatively*) So thought I too. There's nothing
fierce in him.

- Sappho. Nought. And his record proves that clemency
Joins with forgiveness towards his direst foes.
- Cleo. But towards his wife he showed not clemency.
Her he divorced and would not hear a word
When Clodious to th'sacred rites stole in
Disguised as female—in a woman's garb
And in the Bona Dea's mysteries
Most sacreligiously did push himself.
Altho' no proof did ever come to hand
That Caesar's wife was party to his crime—
Nor ever to his suit gave countenance.
- Sappho. (*Laughing*) In the intrigues of Rome's society
Ne'er guessed I that my Queen was so deep learn'd.
- Cleo. A Queen should know the secrets of all courts
Of all the Kingdoms which impinge on hers.
- Sappho. Callest thou Rome *Kingdom*, sweet my Queen!
- Cleo. Not yet in name but 'tis in very fact
Ever since Caesar seized th'Imperium.
Enough of this deep talk—it wearies me.
Affairs of State are well—but in their place.
Pray tell me which thou thinks't the better man
Imperial Caesar or Hephaestion?
- Sappho. In looks Hephaestion doth win the day.
In brains 'tis nip and tuck between the two.
In heart Hephaestion wins the day "*hands down!*"
- Cleo. (*Smiling*) Hephaestion's herald you appear to be.
- Sappho. I herald his points as they appear to me
- Cleo. You seem to have studied deep, Hephaestion.
- Sappho. I study deep what near regards my Queen.
Since he's thine armed right hand in this thy war
I've studied him to ascertain if's true.
- Cleo. Methinks he's true, but full presumptuous.
- Sappho. A soldier's love is ever so, my Queen.
- Cleo. (*Starting Angrily*) Ha! Dar'st thou name that
word twixt him and me!
- Sappho. Any with eyes can see that he doth dote
Worship and love the very sand you tread
- Cleo. (*Coldly*) Enough of this I hear his echoing tread.
(*Hephaestion's Firm Martial Step Approaching is
Now Heard. He salutes Cleopatra Coldly and
Draws himself Up To Attention in Stiff Mili-
tary Fashion*).

Hephaes. (*In Cold even Tones*) I saw the Roman Caesar
from our camp.

Cleo. (*Smiling*) And how doth he impress thee—soldier
mine!

Hephaes. (*Softening at These Last Words, and in a Milder
tone*) As a suave Roman and—an enemy—

Cleo. (*Surprised*) *Enemy!* As *ally* did he come to us.

Hephaes. So he did say. But *saying* is one thing
And being quite another, gracious Queen.

Cleo. Tush! You Greeks are e'er suspicious of all men—
A franker man than Caesar ne'er saw I.

Hephaes. Vercingetorix did find him frank enough—
Yet Vercingetorix he put to death.

Where was his vaunted clemency toward him?

Cleo. (*Smiling*) Tak'st thou the cudgels for a savage
Gaul?

Hephaes. (*Coldly*) He was a King in name and King in deed
A knightly warrior—a chivalrous
As e'er bestrode a steed and led the charge!

Cleo. Caesar did merely as the Romans do
Reserved him for his triumph—then him killed.

Hephaes. That is the very point I urge 'gainst him
His boasted clemency ne'er showed its head.

Cleo. Enough of this. *Now mark what I shall say.*
If thou dost care to stand in my good books
My valiant sir, no more of these black looks.
Caesar is needed to support our cause
His veteran legion's eagles are our own
Since our most weighty compact he did sign
Seal and deliver e'en before thine een—
By his unasked support which he did give
Proffer and offer sans one word from us.
With his support all opposition dies
And I full quietly shall ascend the throne
Which wily Pothinus did filch from me
Treading my Father's will under his feet—
His will and testament—which plain did say
The throne should be to me and Ptolemy.
Ptolemy's cooked his goose. So I alone
Shall swiftly, presently ascend the throne.

(*Smiling*) So no more, sirrah, dost thou look on me
With eyes so sombre in their scrutiny.

Come to our council at the hour set

Guard well my warning and do not forget.

(*Hephaestion Bows Coldly and Strides Away*).

END OF ACT I.

The Bang

Edited By

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"SAUL."

A TRAGEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SAUL. *King of Israel.*

SAMUEL. *The Prophet. Former Judge of Israel.*

JONATHAN. *Son of Saul, and Heir-Apparent to the Throne of Israel.*

DAVID. *The Son of Jesse.*

DOEG. *The Edomite, Formerly Chief Herdsman of Saul. Now Head of Saul's Body-Guard.*

ABNER. *Commander of the Army of Saul, and Saul's Cousin.*

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

RIZPAH. *Saul's Queen and Concubine.*

MICHAL. *Princess of the House of Saul. Later, Wife of David.*

PLACE: Palestine.

“SAUL”

ACT I. SCENE I.

Time: An hour before sunrise.

(The Royal Palace in Gibeah of Saul. Saul's bedroom. This room is large and lofty. The only door in the room is at the rear. At the right of the stage is Saul's bed. A wide low couch having over it hangings of silk, of Tyrian purple. As the curtain rises Saul is discovered tossing uneasily on his couch. The coverings of said couch are merely soft dark green stuff resembling blankets but much lighter in texture. The night robe of Saul differs only from his Kingly robe in being simpler in design—the cut is the same, namely, reaching to the feet and slightly open at the neck. The texture is the finest lamb's wool dyed a deep red. There is a hanging lamp of antique pattern, of solid silver suspended by a silver chain in the centre of the room depending from the rafters of the ceiling. Saul's spear is at his couch's head by his right hand. His sword is suspended from a post at his left. His shield rests by his spear. In a corner is seen his helmet and breastplate. His clothing is thrown in a confused mass upon a smaller couch across the room. After tossing uneasily for a few moments the King awakes with a start and gazes wildly about him. He breathes heavily and almost instantly grasps his spear, leaping out of bed at the same time and gazing with fierce penetrating glances into every corner of the room which is bare of all furniture except what has been described).

Saul By Almighty God my soul in torment is!
 The Spirit from the Lord doth torment me
 The Spirit foul sent at Jehovah's word
 To punish me for sparing Amalek—
 For harkening untó the people's wish
 That I spare Agag and his mighty herds

Of sheep and oxen fat as Bashan's bulls
 To make a sacrifice unto the Lord
 In place of killing everything that breathed
 As Jah ordained byth' mouth of Samuel
 From that day forth am I a haunted man!
 Haunted by this foul Demón from the Pit
 Which preys upon me when I wake or sleep.
 Anon It goes and I am Saul again
 Saul King of Israel—afraid of naught!
 Anon It swoops upon me like a vulture foul
 And drags my soul unto the depths of Hell—
 Where it is smothered in a sea of woe—
 Unnerves my courage and unmans my soul
 Making me fearful as a timid maid
 Afraid to see her shadow in the dusk—
 When only stars are out and moon there's none.
 Anon It tortures me and makes me fierce—
 Fierce to shed blood—and shed it out of hand—
 That *instant*—while the mood doth prey on me.
 Nought can I do to master the vile Thing—
 Save that I will not let It make me kill.
 Would to the Lord It would take human shape
 That I might grapple It and take Its life
 Or pierce it with my spear and see It die
 And rid me of Its Hellish tyranny.
 Mine health is sound in body as in mind
I know what aileth me and thus am sane
 And that this Ill will go—(*a sombre pause*) but—
 come—again.
 (*After a pause*) I'll call me Doeg the stout
 Edomite
 His stolid countenance doth hearten me
 To face the worst Jehovah e'en can send.
 Ho! Doeg. Thou Benjamite—come to thy King.
 (*Enter Doeg in full armour, with a spear in his
 right hand, and a shield on his arm— his sword
 at his side. Doeg is a powerful man of sullen
 and forbidding countenance. In the prime of
 life. He has a scar running across his
 shaven face from the left eye-brow, down his
 left cheek and across his chin made by a sword*)

*stroke in battle. His voice is a low harsh gut-
teral. He bows low to the King and says):*

Doeg. An't please the King his servant stands at hand.

Saul. Well come stout Doeg, G—d! my soul's in Hell
Tossing and tumbling in her waves of flame—
I dreamed I'd lost the crown—and then awoke.

Doeg. (*Smiling grimly*) Dreams go by contraries, my
mighty liege.

Dismiss the dream and be thyself once more—

That self that is the Host of Israel's *pride!*

To follow into battle at thy call—

To hear thy clarion voice wild sound the charge

As thou dost *leap* upon the sons of Amalek

As leaps a leopard on a mountain ram!

(*Saul sighs deeply and begins to pace the cham-
ber in long stately strides carrying his javelin
at arm's length, grasped in the middle—the
muscles of his powerful wrist standing out
like cords, as he grips the spear—the arm rigid
as though about to spring into a relaxed atti-
tude and hurl the weapon.*)

Saul. Thy words, stout Doeg, do recall the joy

I ever feel when battle's in the wind.

But I would speak with Rizpah—call my Queen

I long to gaze upon her dauntless face—

That face as proud as it is beautiful

That face that facing Death would smile in scorn

And bid the King of Terrors do his worst.

Doeg. (*Bowing low*) I go my liege to notify the Queen.
(*Exit*).

Saul. Now shall my sombre spirit find repose.

(*Pacing slowly up and down the apartment, but
far less tragically. His arm relaxed. The
spear carried at a trail. He has hardly taken
three turns of the room before Doeg enters and
bowing low says in a low subdued voice*)—

Doeg. My mighty liege—the Queen.

(*There is a soft rustling sound heard and Rizpah
enters.*)

Constructive genius of the finest kind is manifested by John Armstrong Chaloner in nearly every detail of his tragedy of "Saul."

The play is wrought in so deft, so sure a fashion that its effect of unity alone would hold a reader's interest. The story is told irresistibly.

The characters, too, are realized vividly, sympathetically. Saul is humanized for us with no sacrifice whatever of the atmosphere investing him as a being in direct contact with the supernatural forces. On the other hand, he is very actual. One is made to feel while reading this play that it all happened.

Saul, again, is effectively contrasted with the others in the tragedy as he bares his burdened soul to each in turn. The subtle Rizpah is precisely what Saul's Queen must have been. She is the more impressive because of the blend of action with debate which is so characteristic of this latest Chaloner play. I once heard Cecil Chesterton say that a very good play could be made out of a debate. John Armstrong Chaloner has not made his tragedy of "Saul" out of a debate. It conveys an impression of action, tense and vigorous, from the opening line to the glorious words at the close.

But Mr. Chaloner has had the wisdom to refrain from what has been called the "vice supreme" of the French playwrights. He has not assembled a lot of characters in any scene and there abandoned them to their own conversation. Every word is vital to the tremendous issue, promoting the action. There is no halt. Merely as a great story greatly told this play is a triumph of narrative art. It illustrates the neglected truth that when a great story is told greatly, its greatness is apparent, not otherwise. A great story may be told so badly as to seem weak.

The success of Mr. Chaloner in this play is a direct consequence of more than one factor, but he must have failed with so tremendous a theme, as anyone must have failed, but for the spirituality of his whole attitude to his subject. The implicitness of his faith in the story, the reverent humility of his own self-effacement in unfolding it, the perfection with which he has gone to the heart of it—these are a few only of the secrets of his power over his reader.

What impressed me from the first as I read the play was

its penetration by this spiritual quality. The atmosphere, the mood and the very inspiration are so directly out of the Bible that every character as well as every scene contributes to an inexplicably startling effect.

The influence of such a woman as Rizpah upon such a type as Saul is an element difficult to deal with in any circumstances, but here it is managed with an absolute delicacy. She comes before us as a beautiful female of the odalisque type, given to wild worship of an alien goddess.

Michal, that Princess of the house of Saul who later becomes the wife of David, is sketched into the piece subtly not merely by way of contrast with Rizpah, although that is effected as well, but as a character essential to the development of the piece. Rizpah and Michal, the two eternal types of woman, are living commentaries upon the character of the two men. All that is of the senses is given expression through the sheer physical vehemence of Saul's devoted spouse. The spirituality of Michal is discerned as a reflection from the soul of David. In fact, an arresting feature of Mr. Chaloner's play is this very introduction of the feminine factor in its appealing forms without the slightest descent from the inherent loftiness of his theme.

His Witch of Endor is worthy of the great climax which affords her a setting. There is little of the weird sister in the tall, graceful woman with plentiful dark hair who paces to and fro in her abode on the highroad to Beersheba. In this avoidance of a gratuitous morbidity Mr. Chaloner reveals again the good taste and the unerring instinct which never failed him at any stage of the composition of this work.

The remorselessness with which every irrelevancy has been excised from the action makes the catastrophe a thing of breathless interest. The climax when the Witch announces the coming of Samuel has all the qualities of the "scène à faire." For, to the French, a play is simply a "scene" to be "made." Everything leads up to this great scene, puts us in the mood for it, renders it intelligible and convincing. *In this respect considered by itself, without reference to any of the other qualities I have indicated the "Saul" of John Armstrong Chaloner is one of the few great plays written by anyone now living*

Turning next, to a purely literary consideration of a technical kind.

Mr. Chaloner's judgment in adopting the blank verse form was sound, since it enables him to attain an indispensable solemnity of effect.

His lines almost always have strength and they never sink to the level of mere prettiness.

SAUL'S MEDITATION UPON DAVID.

From "Saul"; a Tragedy.

This upstart son of Jesse is my bane.
 Do what I may, his fortune conquers mine.
 Killing Goliath won the people's heart.
 Their hero since that day he's surely been.
 Returning from the spoil of that great day—
 The day Goliath died and all Philistia
 Did flee before the hosts of Israel—
 Returning from the slaughter of the foe—
 Whom we did mow down as one mows the grass—
 The women sang a song of ecstasy
 Which was an insult dire as e'er I heard!
 "Saul has slain his thousands"—'twas thus it ran
 "And David his ten thousands-thousands ten."

* * * * *

Nought can I do to rid me of that man.
 His fortune brings him through the direst straits.
 If this goes on the people'll name him king.

* * * * *

That bit me like an adder in the grass.

* * * * *

I'd rather risk this Spirit sent from Hell—
 Which since his coming hath been subjugate
 Flying at once his fingers touched the harp—
 Than risk my Kingdom thro' his popularity
 Michal doth love him with a perfect love
 Her life she'd lay down if 'twould ransom his.
 With Jonathan the thing is past belief
 His love surpasseth woman's love in strength!
 He David loves as David were his soul—

Its like have I nor seen nor heard' twixt men
 One would think Jonathan were not my heir—
 Heir to my crown and all its grand domain.
 By Abraham's beard, it passeth all belief.
 The Heir-Apparent sleeping on his rights
 As Heir-Apparent whilst another steals
 The favour of his people day by day.
 I'll save my throne e'en if I risk my soul
 And have a Fiend from Hell to wrestle with!

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER.

Copyright by Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

New York EVENING SUN, October 12, 1915.

THE SUN DIAL.

"Scorpio" Stings Again.

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers Brought Up to Date," by the Author of "Scorpio," who is none other than John Armstrong Chaloner, is a sonnet series attacking certain New York newspaper critics who have attacked Mr. Chaloner's earlier poems in years past.

A perusal of it makes us glad that we were always too cautious to criticise Mr. Chaloner. Here is one of the sonnets in which he gets back at a critic:

This clown starts out with a most rattling lie—
 Says in plain words we cannot write blank verse
 And aims to back his malice helplessly
 Showing an ignorance that's even worse!
 The greatest work on English Prosody—
 A work that's monumental in its reach—
 By the deep learn'd Professor Saintsbury—
 For that epochal work, lo! we now reach.
 His "History Short of Lit'rature" also—
 Of English Lit'rature, of course we mean—
 For this same clown will spell a Hellblack woe
That we've writ by the card is therein seen.
 Training New York's wild critics is our task
 Savage Yahoos who in vile ignorance bask!

After that picture of the "History Short of Literature" and "Scorpio" reaching toward each other to discomfort the reckless critic, who would dare be that critic? Not we!

But to lift lines from their context is seldom fair to a writer; the full flavor of "Scorpio" only comes out in the complete sonnet. As we read the one which follows we again thanked heaven that we had never been among the number of his critics:

We "roasted" you so brown in "Scorpio Two"
 No single Gothamite had word to say
 When we with "roasting" you had eke got through
Silence of Death did shroud that roundelay!
 Not a New York newspaper had a line
 In answer to our vitriolic verse
 Tho' doubtless ye in privacy did whine
 Tho' doubtless us ye *sulphurous* did curse.
 Flat as a field of turnips laid we you
 Flat as a turnip field—*flat as a plate*—
 'Tis "easy" for us Gotham's press to "do"
 So easy we need not expatiate.
 Ye rogues ye know when master ye have found
 So of your lies swift halted the foul round!

The volume ends with a threat which is also a promise. Some day "Scorpio" is going to produce all his plays in New York:

The working-man ye cannot e'er keep down—
 We *are* a working-man—our works prove that—
 Our vitriol shall e'en thy yelps deep drown
 And cause ye stop your "talking thro' your hat."
 In time w'll win our case and get our "pile"
 When we get that ye'll hear the welkin ring
 Our plays we'll stage upon Manhattan's Isle.
 And hit the bull's-eye—make the same go "*Ping!*"

We are sure they must be different from most plays we have seen. *We can't think of any play we'd rather see.*

New York TRIBUNE, October 11, 1915.

CHALONER VERSE RAKES PARK ROW.

Author of "Who's Looney" Strikes Fire at Critics
of His Outbursts.

PREDICTS TRIUMPH OVER "YELLOW CURS."

"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers Up To Date"
Name of Latest Sonnets.

By a DISTINGUISHED SOUTHERN SHORT-STORY
WRITER FOR THE MAGAZINES; To Whom the
Author Sent "English Bards" For Review October,
1915.

Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner has paid his respects to some of the reviewers of his recent play, "The Serpent of Old Nile," in a caustic sequence of sonnets, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers Up-To-Date," just issued from "The Palmetto Press," Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

The New York *World* and the New York *Morning Telegraph* come in for a major part of Mr. Chaloner's maledictions, and in his sequence of sonnets he rips his critics up the back, down the front, and across the sides, until their critical gore incarnadines every page of his "up-to-date" pamphlet.

The book is written with the independence of a wood-sawyer and the ripping effect of a buzz saw; and what it does for the *World* and the *Telegraph* may be denominated "a plenty."

These sonnets testify that he knows how to land a solar-plexus blow as neatly as John L. in his palmiest days.

Mr. Chaloner's sonneteering style is modelled on Shakespeare's but his methods of expression are as individualistic as Walt Whitman's. He may not please everybody especially the critics of the *World* and the *Telegraph*, but he "gets there with both feet" whether the feet be iambs, or troches.

"Bards and Reviewers Up-To-Date" is characteristically unique; and in it Mr. Chaloner demonstrates that, like Alan Breck Stewart, he is "a bonnie fighter." As you read the

sequence, and hear the sword whistle and see the blood spurt, you will say, with Stevenson's fighting hero:

"This is the song of the sword of Alan."

Richmond, Va., NEWS-LEADER, October 13, 1915.

"LEAVE ME ALONE" MOTTO ABOVE CHALONER CREST, A BEAR.

John Armstrong Chaloner, of "Merrie Mills," who gave the English speaking race a new phrase—"Who's Looney Now?"—has just published a satirical poem, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers Up to Date." The crest of Mr. Chaloner is a grizzly bear walking quietly along with the motto, "Leave me alone." This motto is amply lived up to by the author in his scorpion-like attack upon those New York papers which failed to leave him alone.

BRITISH REVIEWS

ABERDEEN FREE PRESS, 30 Union St., Aberdeen, Scotland, March 12, 1916.

"Pieces of Eight," by J. A. Chaloner. (North Carolina; Palmetto Press. 25 cents.)

Mr. Chaloner who is an American and strongly pro-Ally, denounces the Germans in a series of sonnets, entitled "The Swine of the Gadarenes." Aiming deliberately at the fierceness of Swift, he does not mince his words in so good a cause. Here are the opening lines of his first sonnet:

The swine o' th' Gadarenes are here once more,
That demon-haunted herd now scours the earth,
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar;
Their antics, 'pon my soul, give cause for mirth!
In massed formation do they charge pell-mell,
Showing less judgment than a herd of swine;
In massed formation are they sent to Hell—
That's where dead Germans go I dare opine.

Mr. Chaloner tells us that the first eight sonnets were offered free to several American newspapers but were refused. This could not, he thinks, have been owing to their lack of quality, for "anyone can see that they are correct iambic pentameters." We wonder what more those American editors could want than correct iambic pentameters!

OUTLOOK, 167 Strand, W. S., London, February 19, 1916.

"Pieces of Eight," by J. A. Chaloner. (North Carolina; Palmetto Press. 25 cents.)

A sequence of twenty-four war sonnets, the first eight of which were offered to various American newspapers and re-

fused. The sonnets are all condemnatory of Germany, and the author suggests that he "aimed at the fierceness of Swift" in his denunciation.

HUDDERSFIELD WEEKLY EXAMINER, England,
February 19, 1916.

ON THE BAT'S BACK.

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back do I fly
After summer merrily."

The Tempest.

"PIECES OF EIGHT."

The Americans are a wonderful people. They have given to the world the Declaration of Independence, cock-tails, and the poems of Ella Wheeler Willcox. They have also produced Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, of "The Merry Mills," Cobham, Albemarle county, Virginia. Lest, in your benighted ignorance, you should be unaware of the antecedents and achievements of that gentleman, let me inform you in his own words, that he is "an Anglo-Saxon who has also the following strains in his veins—namely, Welsh, Scotch Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, Wales, in 1710, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina—a veritable olla podrida of ancestors, as you will observe. Mr. Chaloner has already made the world of letters richer by a treatise on "The Lunacy Laws of the World" and a metrical nosegay under the title of "Scorpio." He now seeks, under the further influence of the divine afflatus, to "unbosom himself upon the European situation," and does so in a slim volume of twenty-nine sonnets, entitled "Pieces of Eight." The dominating strain in our sonneteer is evidently British—

Proud am I that my veins do course thy blood,
Proud am I that my home's beyond the sea—
Home o' my fathers—be it understood—
For Columbia's the home that shelters me—

and he is vehemently—indeed almost diabolically—pro-Ally. His sonnets are grouped together under the engaging title, “Swine of the Gaderenes,” and he is out (in vulgar parlance) to let our enemies “have it in the neck.”

POEMS OF PUGNACITY.

When “Scorpio” claimed the attention of the Press in 1908, Lord Alfred Douglas hailed its author, in the columns of the *Academy* as a “metrical bruiser.” The appellation is apt. Mr. Chaloner goes for his spiritual foes bald-headed, and neither gives nor asks for quarter. “How far” he writes, “we fall below the standard of fierceness set forever and in all tongues—bar, possibly, only Juvenal, Voltaire and Lord Byron—by the mighty Dean of St. Patrick’s—is for others to judge.” As a humble member of these others *I confess that for frankness of expression our poet appears to me to out-Swift Swift*. He writes beneath the American flag, but his enthusiasm could not be bettered in London, Paris or Petrograd. If he lays on the stripes, he makes his opponents see stars. Had Mrs. Willcox mothered these sonnets, I doubt not that she would have labelled them “poems of Pugnacity.” They certainly deserve the title. Our metrical prize-fighter commences his series with an engaging little trifle entitled “Pig-Sticking,” the introductory lines of which run as follows:

The swine o’th’ Gadarenes are here once more,
That demon-haunted herd now scours the earth,
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar;
Their antics, ’pon my soul, give cause for mirth!

“Bill William Two” is left under no possible misapprehension as to the opinion which our author holds of him. Elsewhere he is hailed as

Thou treaty-breaking, perjured potentate,
and

Scrofulous leper, with a wither’d arm.

While Mr. Chaloner puts into the innocent mouth of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the delicate warning:—

Watch out for that bloody Dutchman, Windy Bill,
That smug, moustacho'd lanz-knecht, William Two.

Shades of "my Grandmother"! What would the regular readers of *The Spectator* say, were their editor, indeed to address them in this fashion? As for the "psychology" of Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, *Our Modern Swift* describes it thus:

Back number'd dry-as-dust rot-gut it be
Enough to make Emanuel Kant blank stare.

And as for the enemy, in gross, Mr. Chaloner encouragingly assures us that

These gross Sausage-eaters surely have no show—
Less chance than snowball in fell hottest hell.

A forceful, though not original simile, which I should never have thought of myself.

METRICAL BRUISING.

Our sonneteer has nothing but contempt for "Jews and Gentiles, Bond and free, and All other members and Supporters of Premature-Peace Societies." His feelings, I dare say, are shared by most of us, but we would hardly have the temerity to express them as he does. As thus:—

Ye piffling little squirts that drape the earth,
or

Lying fakers who the tin horn toot.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the American press magnate who "for palpably selfish ends yells for premature-peace in Europe," comes in for a similar lash of the whip—"and *id hoc genus omne*," as our poet puts it.

Ye pimps and panders of the daily press
 Pimping your vicious wares e'en day by day,
 Ye make me smile—e'en laugh—I must confess,
 The way ye do your blooming public "play."
 Flim-flam and buncombe are your stock-in-trade
 "Hot-air" hypocrisy your longest suit.

To this friendly greeting is appended a foot-note, which concludes: "Mr. W. R. Hearse (we spell it this way intentionally, since his character acts as funeral casket for his vaulting political hopes) we are informed, owns rather a large tract of land in Mexico. Eh! What! And also prints a German edition of the *Evening Journal*. Eh! What!" I myself feel pretty strongly about some of our British newspaper magnates, but I should not venture to castigate them with quite such vehemence as that. But Mr. Chaloner has no such qualms. *He sees what he calls elsewhere "the cold, hard, undodgeable, non-lie-outable fact" that Premature-Peace people whether here, or in the United States, are playing Germany's game, and, having seen it, he has no hesitation in expressing his opinion in fitting language. Nor has he any doubts as to the issue of the war.* He speaks confidently of a time "when Germany shall have been crushed between the upper and nether millstone—between the Colossus of the North and France—and her undaunted but tottering ally, Austria—a house divided into three warring sections against itself—Teuton—Magyar—and Slav—shall have been actually dismembered"————! I wonder how the printer keeps up with the demand for dashes!

AMERICA AND THE ALLIES.

I hope that in the improbable event these lines reach Mr. Chaloner's eye, he will forgive me for chaffing him so freely. For I appreciate, as any Englishman must, the deep and sincere sympathy for the Allied cause which has dictated these sonnets, and the passionate hatred of the Prussian military machine which breathes through every line of them. And I believe that, for all President Wilson's silence, our sonneteer expresses the feelings of the majority of his fellow-countrymen. America is with us in this struggle. Whether she as-

sures us of her sympathy in the *shattering denunciations* of Mr. Chaloner, or in the gentler cadences of less strenuous voices, we accept and value all that is involved in her support. We understand her problems no better than she understands ours, and perhaps if we were in the place of Mr. Wilson, we should have played no more dramatic part. But it is an immense asset to the cause of the Allies—not only now, but for the future—that the citizens of the United States should have passed judgment upon our enemies as unmistakably as they have done, and that after full discussion and consideration. America has her quarrel with us over the blockade—a quarrel which foolish folk would have us exacerbate—but it is a quarrel of legal nicety rather than of moral responsibility. With Germany her quarrel—as is abundantly evident in these sonnets—is that of civilization, outraged and ravished by Prussian “necessity.” Many Americans, as we know, are fretted by their President’s impassivity. Mr. Chaloner is one of them. He strains at the leash and fumes to be off on the trail. But I think we are justified in assuring him and all who think with him, that we in this country appreciate the sympathy which we know to be ours, and realize the great services which American men and women have already rendered to the cause of humanity in the war. If we wish for something more, that is only natural. But for what we have already received, we are grateful.

ARIEL.

HAMPSHIRE INDEPENDENT, England, February 10, 1916.

“Pieces of Eight” is a long pamphlet, by Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, the author of “Scorpio”, a copy of which is sent us by the publishers, the Palmetto Press, of Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U. S. A. It embodies a sequence of twenty-four war sonnets by Mr. Chaloner, who is “an Anglo-Saxon, who has also the following strains in his veins, namely, Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, in Wales, in 1710, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina.” and the writer desires through its pages to unbosom himself upon the

present European situation. He is no pro-German. Listen to what he writes about "The Kaiser":—

"Thou treaty-breaking, perjured potentate!
 Blaspheming with thy lips the God of Truth
 Each time that thou dost dare asseverate
 That 'God is on thy side'—thou great uncouth!
 The fate of Ananias hangs o'er thee
 That sword of Damocles o'er thee suspends
 And in the end thou shalt flat ruined be
 When in the '*rechnung*' thou dost pay amends.
 Thy mighty ancestor Frederick the Great
 Turns in his grave at sight of thy foul deed
 Which makes all true men the name German hate
 As synonym for bloodshed and for greed.
 My German blood doth curse thee to deep Hell
 A curse as black as rhyme and reason spell."

This is dated September First, 1914, so that Mr. Chaloner soon formed his opinion of the Master Hun. His other sonnets—several are in French—are in much the same view, all in denunciation of German treachery and murderous intent, and of praise of the bravery of the heroes of Belgium and of the Allies generally.

THE ENFIELD OBSERVER, England, February 19, 1916.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

An American Champions The *Entente*.

There is no beating about the bush in the war sonnets by an American, John Armstrong Chaloner, and published under the singular title "Pieces of Eight." Cosmopolitan in blood, he has brought together, within the compass of some fifty pages, scathing condemnation of German war methods, addressing the Kaiser as "Thou treaty-breaking perjured potentate"; tells supporters of Premature-Peace Societies that "your antics shew what cowards can be found in big Amer-

ica"; and, singing of the British Empire, declares that "The English-speaking race for aye is one, And all who brave it to defeat go down." Appendix notes which elaborate the themes of the sonnets should leave the reader in no doubt as to which side the writer's sympathies incline, *and amongst various reprints contributed to American journals is a forecast*, written August, 1914, *that the war will last more like three years than three months; that France will reverse 1870 . . . and that France, Russia and Great Britian will become the police force of Europe.* This interesting little publication comes from the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, and is priced at 25 cents.

DORSET COUNTY CHRONICLE, England, February 17,
1916.

"Pieces of Eight" is the title of a sequence of twenty-four war sonnets by John Armstrong Chaloner (author of "Scorpio"), in which an "Anglo-Saxon with Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German blood, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, in 1710," unbosoms himself upon the European situation. Mr. Chaloner is a well-known American, and in these full-blooded verses he utters scathing contempt for the Hun and all his works. The "pieces" were apparently too much for the New York papers, for they refused publication, and so Mr. Chaloner sends them over here in this form (price 25 cents). It is a fierce judgment which he passes on the Kaiser: "Scrofulous leper with a withered arm." "crippled German clown." are phrases in one of the sonnets, though the poet is careful to say that he means moral and not Asiatic leprosy. Mr. Chaloner evidently hates the German thoroughly, and he fairly lets himself go. *They are clever sonnets, too, and because they are so highly finished they are the more deadly.* The book issues from the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

MONMOUTHSHIRE EVENING POST, England, Wednesday, March 1, 1916.

“PIECES OF EIGHT.”

“Pieces of Eight” is a sequence of twenty-four war songs, by John Armstrong Chaloner, author of “Scorpio,” published at 25 cents, by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. The author, who describes himself as “an Anglo-Saxon who has also the following strains in his veins, namely, Welsh, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French, Dutch, and German, and whose progenitors sailed from Tenby, Wales, in 1710, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina,” is a very emphatic sympathiser with the Allies, and in these sonnets he does not mince his words. He apostrophises the Germans in the very strongest terms, and there is an inclination at times to sacrifice poetry for denunciation. *There can be no mistaking the virility of these sonnets, however.*

THE BRIDPORT NEWS, and DORSET, DEVON AND SOMERSET ADVERTISER.

Bridport, England, February 18, 1916.

REVIEWS.

“Pieces of Eight.”—One would naturally conclude that a book bearing this title had something to tell us of the Spanish Main and the prizes of the cruel and haughty buccaneers of the 16th and 17th centuries, but it has a far different purpose. As a matter of fact, it is a small volume of twenty-four war sonnets, entitled “The Swine of the Gadarenes,” by Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, and published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. The title “Pieces of Eight” refers to the first eight sonnets in this sequence, which were refused publication, although offered free,

by the New York *Herald*, the New York *American*, and the Boston *Advertiser*. *They are cleverly written sonnets* in praise of the Allies and in condemnation of the murdering Huns. Sonnet Five, which we reproduce, will give an idea of *the intensity of feeling against the German outrages on the part of the author*, who in this respect, represents the feeling of the civilized world. It is addressed:

TO THE GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS:

Who were your Mothers? The foul hags of Hell?
 And who your Fathers? Who? Fiends incarnate?
 And do your sisters, prithee, harlot spell?
 The premise to this sonnet thus I state.
 How otherwise could ye foul do a thing
 That's left to negroes wild, and savages?
 Outrage so ghastly that the world doth ring
 With your most Hellish Belgian ravages!
 Were justice to be done your Kaiser'd fall
 He and his Hellish brood would be cut off
 And your flayed hides would form their funeral pall
 In coldest frame I write—not lightsome scoff.
 Ye act like a band of drunken Malays
 Who as acts of God rape and arson appraise.

THE DEVON AND EXETER GAZETTE, Exeter, England, February 22, 1916.

"Pieces of Eight" is a somewhat strange title to a book of verse, published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. It is a sequence of twenty-four War Sonnets by John Armstrong Chaloner. Originally the sequence consisted of eight—hence the title. But others were added without the name being changed. *We only can say the poetry is of a strong order*—in fact, the author says "nothing but the dire—the awful cataclysm—now unfolding itself on the field of Europe, and our desire to stand by civilization, truth, and honour—as shown by regard for a nation's pledged word in a treaty—could have induced us to brave the possible storm of

protest at the strength of our denunciation in 'Pieces of Eight' and accompanying sonnets—or sullen silence of cold disapproval. . . . We aim at the fierceness of Swift when we denounce. How far we fall below the standard of fierceness set forever and in all tongues—bar, possibly, only Juvenal, Voltaire, and Lord Byron—by the mighty Dean of St. Patrick's—is for others to judge." Here is a sample of the poet's aroused feelings. Addressing the Kaiser, he says:—

"Thou treaty-breaking, perjured potentate!
 Blaspheming with thy lips the God of Truth
 Each time that thou dost dare asseverate
 That 'God is on thy side'—thou great uncouth!
 The fate of Ananias hangs o'er thee."

But while the pen is dipped in gall to word-paint our enemies, Mr. Chaloner is full of eulogies for the brave Belgians—

"Nation of heroes! men proud, superb, and strong—
 Who for Liberty like water pour your blood!
 'Strong as Death for Liberty' is your war song.
 'Strong as our faith in Jesus Christ His rood'".

He has some sarcastic lines for England in his sonnet on Lord Roberts—the "stark old warrior and soldier fine," who "foretold Britian's peril line by line." *Mr. Chaloner is right—the voice of "Bobs" did cry in the wilderness alone, the people slept the sleep of Laish the lost.*

"Now for their folly do they dear atone
 Now do they train armed millions—ah! the cost.
 Old hero! Thy wise words are writ in blood!
Hereafter armed will be British manhood."

We wish we could subscribe to the latter sentiment. To-day there is still too much of the policy of "Wait and See" to be at all certain that Britain will ever be armed as she should be. The book is one which will arouse one's feelings to, at least, a vigorous denunciation of our enemies and a kindly appreciation of the great acts of heroism on the part of our Allies. *One feels decidedly better after reading the sonnets.*

JOHN O'GROAT'S JOURNAL, Friday, March 10, 1916.
and WEEKLY ADVERTISER for the counties of
Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Cromarty, Orkney, and Zet-
land, Scotland.

LITERATURE.

SMASHING SONNETS.

"Pieces of Eight" is the somewhat striking title of a large pamphlet by John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Scorpio," and issued by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, price 25 cents, or 1s. The "Pieces of Eight" are war sonnets, and there are many others, *all characterized by extremely vigorous expression*, the emphasis of independent thought being more evident even than the poetical quality of the lines. We like Mr. Chaloner's straight hitting, and should like to meet him and say "shake!" In what he calls his prologue he gives the Breakers of Treaties a bit of his mind, and its to be hoped they'll profit by it. *The sonnets and prose letters are even more direct in their sledge-hammer style than the prologue, and if the author aims at the fierceness of Swift when he denounces, he certainly does not fall far below the standard set by the mighty Dean of St. Patrick's.* The general heading of the sonnets is "The Swine of the Gadarenes," and thus he opens:—

The swine o' th' Gaderenes are here once more,
That demon-haunted herd now scours the earth,
Led by Bill William Two, their great wild boar"—

Enough said.

ATHENAEUM, London, March, 1916.

Chaloner (John Armstrong). *Pieces Of Eight*: a sequence of 24 war-sonnets. Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, Palmetto Press, 1914. 9 in. 65 pp. pamphlet, 25 cents.

A collection of thirty-two violent journalistic sonnets, twenty-nine of which are grouped under the title "The Swine

of the Gaderenes." In this invective against the Germans *the author takes Swift as his model. and the sledge-hammer as his weapon*, but is likely to confuse the reader by filling up so much space (32 pp.) with notes, comments, extracts from newspaper reports, and reviews of his previous work.

PULLENS KENT ARGUS, September 30, 1916, Ramsgate.

LITERATURE.

"Jupiter Tonans."—We have once more been favored with a series of sonnets by Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, the author of "Scorpio," "Pieces of Eight," &c., *and once more the author puts his pro-British thoughts into powerful words, as evidenced by the epilogue:—*

And now farewell forever and a day!
 No more advice to Britain do we give.
 We did mean well in all that we did say
 If we have chafed thy feelings—pray forgive.
 We now retire forever from the world
 And all our time devote unto the Muse
 In Whose sweet service is our incense curled
 Who aids us when our rights our foes abuse.
 These sweet Virginia Woodlands are our home
 We love the people and we love the clime
 No more through the broad world shall we bold roam
 But worshipping the Muses pass our time.
 Farewell bold Britons! We be of one blood.
 So help me G—d, I've writ but for thy good!

KENT MESSENGER, October 1, 1916. Maidstone.

REVIEWS.

"Jupiter Tonans" (Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina), is a sequence of seven sonnets by Mr. John

Armstrong Chaloner, who continues the scathing contempt which he has previously shown for the Hun and all his works, while he tenders advice to "Albion."

THE ATHENAEUM, London, England, January, 1917.

Chaloner (John Armstrong). *Jupiter Tonans*: a sequence of seven sonnets. Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, Palmetto Press, 1916. 9½ inches, 27 pp., paper.

This collection of verse shows us something of what Mr. Chesterton called "rich badness"; it is the effusion, in several cascades, so to speak, of all-round invective. The author is quite right in saying at the end of his Prologue:—

Prepare bold Britons, for a dreadful time
When ye do turn the page and read our rhyme.

The HARROGATE HERALD. England, Sept. 2, 1916.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Jupiter Tonans" by John Armstrong Chaloner, the author of "Scorpio," "Pieces of Eight," is a sequence of seven sonnets arising out of the war. There is a gentle irony and a perverse humour running through the verses that mark them out from the usual war sonnets. Truth is quaintly expressed, whilst there is a piquancy about the criticism which gives it a flavour. It is published by the Palmetto Press.

What the Law Reviews Have to Say About "The Lunacy Law of The World" by J. A. Chaloner.

NORTHEASTERN REPORTER.

St. Paul, Minn., July, 1907.

"The Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., has printed a book on "The Lunacy Law of the World," by J. A. Chaloner, of the same place. It is an examination of the laws of each of the States and Territories, and of the Six Great Powers of Europe, on this subject, and is in terms a very severe arraignment of most of them. It would appear that the iniquitous system against which Charles Reade waged war has by no means disappeared. People may still be incarcerated in insane asylums without notice, and without an opportunity to be heard, either in person or by attorney; and once in an asylum, a patient has little protection against the keepers. They may be wise, and kind, but the instances of cruelty which occasionally reach the public indicate that this is not a safe assumption. *Mr. Chaloner holds a brief for the accused, and puts his case very strongly, but, in view of the cases he cites, it would be impossible to state the matter too strongly.* He says:

"A survey of the field of Lunacy Legislation the world over presents to-day an appalling spectacle. It affords, to put it mildly, the strongest card in favor of anarchy—of no law—ever laid upon the table of world-politics; and throws into lamentable relief the fact that in about forty per cent. of the States and Territories of the United States neither the Bench—with many honorable exceptions—the Bar nor the Legislature, can be entrusted with safeguarding that fundamental principle of liberty, the absolute rights of the individual."

"The book should awaken public interest in an important matter."

THE OHIO LAW BULLETIN.

Norwalk, Ohio, July 29, 1907.

"Chaloner, Lunacy Law of the World.

A criticism of the practice of adjudging persons incompetent and depriving them of their liberties without due process of law, fortified by decisions of the courts, is the theme upon which the author has developed this interesting and instructive work. The lunacy law of all the States of the Union and six of the Great Powers of Europe are reviewed, and surprising as it may seem, nearly half of the States and Great Britain fail to require notice of the inquisition to be given the alleged lunatic or incompetent; twenty-four of the States and Germany and Great Britain fail to afford him opportunity to appear and be heard. The author makes it conclusively appear that there is needed revision of these laws. Edited by J. A. Chaloner, counsellor at law. Published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

THE OKLAHOMA LAW JOURNAL.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, September, 1907.

"The Lunacy Law of the World.

By J. A. Chaloner.

Published by the Palmetto Press,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

This is a volume of nearly four hundred pages, well printed, but bound in paper covers—a point always detrimental to the sale as well as the dignity of a law book. However, *when the contents are carefully read and reflected upon, it is found one of the best and most needed books that has appeared for many years.*

The subject of Lunacy Law in spite of all the legislation we have had in other departments, has received little attention. In fact, it is little better than when Charles Reade wrote his book entitled "Hard Cash." The fact that many mentally deranged persons are incapable of comprehending the nature of the steps taken to place them in custody, the custom has become prevalent that no process is needed to place them on trial as to their sanity. It is to be remembered

that in every State of the Union, and in fact, in every country of the world, fraud has been perpetrated on men and women of means by greedy relatives and the unfortunate ones placed in asylums for no other purpose than to secure control of their property. And further it should be remembered that one once adjudged insane if he cannot secure a hearing of his right to restoration through the influence of true friends he is forever barred of the right to be heard. He has lost the standing of a citizen. *There is much in Mr. Chaloner's book that should be well studied by every lawyer and legislator as to what should be done to secure the constitutional rights of every one alleged to be of unsound mind.* The book carefully goes over the law of lunacy in the forty-five States and territories as well as that of the leading nations of Europe."

LANCASTER LAW REVIEW.

Lancaster, Pa., September 30, 1907.

By J. A. Chaloner, Counsellor at law

Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

The work is a review of the lunacy laws of the States and Territories of this country together with those of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria and Russia, with a view of showing their defects mainly in regard to affording proper protection to the alleged lunatic.

To those of us who have been accustomed to look with complacency on our lunacy laws, remembering how lunatics were thrown into dungeons and chained and tortured but a short time ago, this book brings home some startling truths. It shows clearly the dangers of that class of legislation in force in England and many of our States (as our own Act of April 20, 1869 P. L., 78) which permits an alleged lunatic to be incarcerated upon the certificate of "two or more reputable physicians."

The author contends that in lunacy proceedings notice to the alleged lunatic ought to be absolutely essential and that the trial should be by jury in the presence of the alleged lunatic; that any other practice is a violation of his constitutional rights and dangerous, in that it might be used by designing relatives for fraudulent purposes.

The importance of a jury trial in such cases has been recognized by Judge Brewster in Com. ex rel vs. Kirkbride, 2 Brewster, 402. The writ of habeas corpus is not a sufficient safeguard.

In setting forth the importance of allowing the alleged lunatic an opportunity to appear, the author says:

‘The test of sanity is a mental test wholly within the power of the accused to accomplish and without any witnesses, professional or lay, to back him up. Suppose two paid experts in insanity, in the pay of the other side, swear defendant’s mind cannot tell what his past history has been—that said defendant’s mind is a total blank upon the subject. Would that professional and paid and interested oath stand against the defendant’s refutation thereof by taking the stand and promptly and lucidly giving his past history, provided he were afforded his legal privilege of taking the stand in place of being kept away from court and having to allow his liberty and property to be perjured away from him in his enforced absence?’ (Page 217).

Collusion would be very difficult to prove. It has been held that no presumption arises from the fact that the parties certifying to the alleged lunacy were in fact mistaken. *Williams vs. Le Bar*, 141 Pa., 149.

The subject is an important and interesting one, and the book shows extensive and careful research. It is forcefully written and carries conviction.”

LAW NOTES.

Northport, New York, September, 1907.

“The Lunacy Law of the World.

By J. A. Chaloner, Palmetto Press,

Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. 1906. Pages 348.

The writer is assuredly earnest,.....setting forth the unquestionable abuses to which the state of the lunacy laws has given rise.

The exhaustiveness of his research into the question compels admiration, an author who can work through lunacy law from the time of the Emperor Conrad down to the present.”

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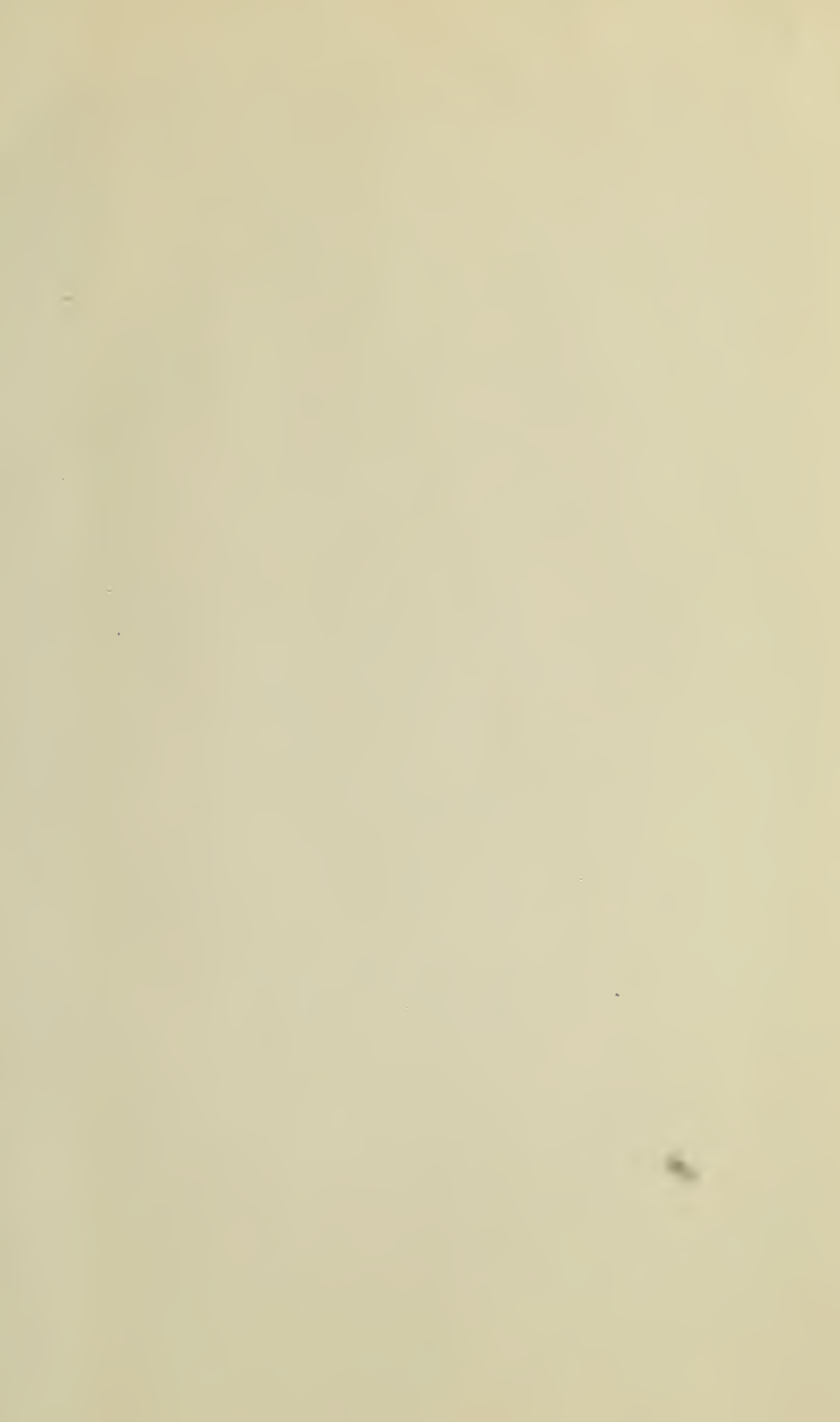
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ERRATA.

- P. 14. 12th line from bottom: "sendings" should be "sending."
- P. 15. 20th line from top: "form" should be "from."
- P. 34. Paragraph 3. The sentence beginning "The time has come" should be in italics.
- P. 40. 6th line from top: "act" should be "fact."
- P. 41. There should be quotation marks at the end of paragraph 1.
- P. 47. 6th line from top: "other" should be "rather."
- P. 50. 17th line from bottom: After the word "war" should be inserted: "between the States."
- P. 50. 12th line from bottom: "side" should be "sides."
- P. 52. 13th line from bottom: "fida" should be "fide."
- P. 54. 14th line from top: There should be a period after the word "Thinker."
- P. 54. 15th line from top: Hyphen, not dash, between "lightning" and "like."
- P. 59. 19th line from top: There should be a period after the word "woe."
- P. 61. 14th line from bottom: The word "as" should be inserted between "were" and "much."
- P. 68. 7th line from top: "doors" should be "walls."
- P. 71. 9th line from bottom: "of it" should be "to it."
- P. 149. 5th line from top: There should be a period at end of fifth line from top.
- P. 158. 18th line from top: "Thought" should be "Thoughts."

HK 257-78







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